MOON KNIGHT
BLACK, WHITE & BLOOD

MARVEL

"Moon Knight is dark, complex, and as *Moon Knight: Black, White & Blood* shows, endlessly entertaining."
— AIPT

AT LAST, THE BLACK, WHITE & BLOOD FORMAT REACHES THE VIGILANTE WHO WAS REBORN TO STAR IN IT!

A bevy of comicdom's finest creators put their mark upon the Fist of Khonshu in stories depicted solely in stark black, white and bloodred! Meet the all-different Moon Knight of the future, and wrap your head around a tale of the mixed-up marauder told in reverse! Moon Knight teams up with the ever-amazing Spider-Man for a harrowing night of adventure and seeks an odd favor from Doctor Strange! Moon Knight's four personalities come together to debrief the events of one bizarre night, and Marc Spector's mercenary past comes back to haunt him! A blood moon is rising, and these stories look better than ever on the oversized pages of a Treasury Edition!

COLLECTING *MOON KNIGHT: BLACK, WHITE & BLOOD #1-4* —
BY JONATHAN HICKMAN, MUREWA AYODELE, MARC GUGGENHEIM, BENJAMIN PERCY,
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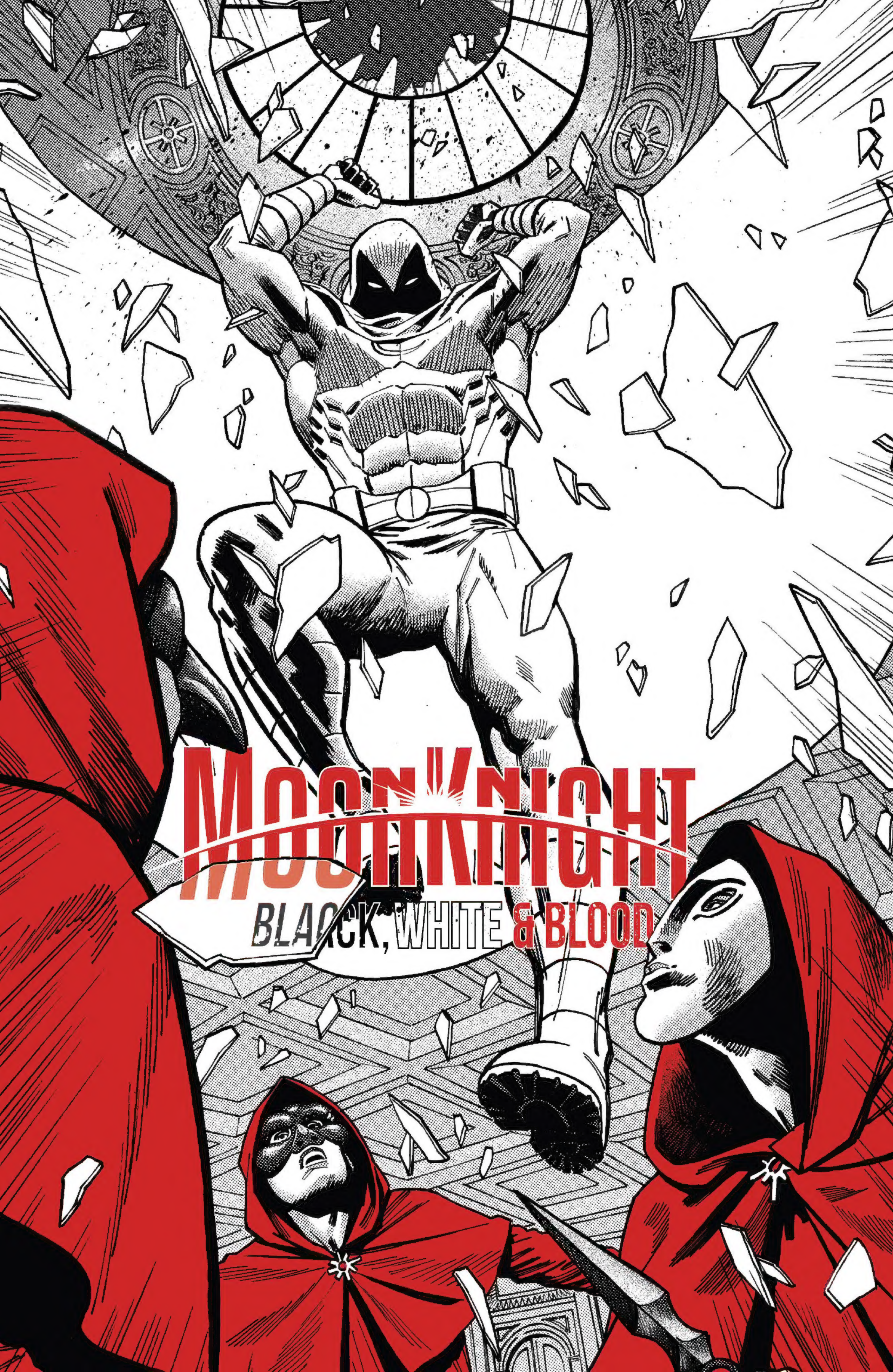
PARENTAL ADVISORY


MOON KNIGHT
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MOON KNIGHT

BLACK, WHITE & BLOOD

#1

“Anubis Rex”
STORYTELLERS Jonathan Hickman & Chris Bachalo

“So White. Yet, So Dark.”
STORYTELLERS Murewa Ayodele & Dotun Akande

“The End”
STORYTELLERS Marc Guggenheim & Jorge Fornés

#2

“The Empty Tomb”
STORYTELLERS Benjamin Percy & Vanesa R. Del Rey

“A Hard Day’s Knight”
STORYTELLERS David Pepose, Leonardo Romero & Chris Sotomayor

“Blood Red Glider”
STORYTELLER Patch Zircher

#3

“Wrong Turn”
STORYTELLERS Erica Schultz & David Lopez

“No Empty Sky”
STORYTELLERS Jim Zub & Djibril Morissette-Phan

“The End”
STORYTELLERS Ann Nocenti, Stefano Raffaele & Chris Sotomayor
EDITOR Martin Biro

#4

“Good Morning”
STORYTELLERS Christopher Cantwell & Alex Lins

“The Scent of Blood”
STORYTELLERS Nadia Shammas, Dante Bastianoni & Chris Sotomayor

“Born to Be”
STORYTELLER Paul Azaceta
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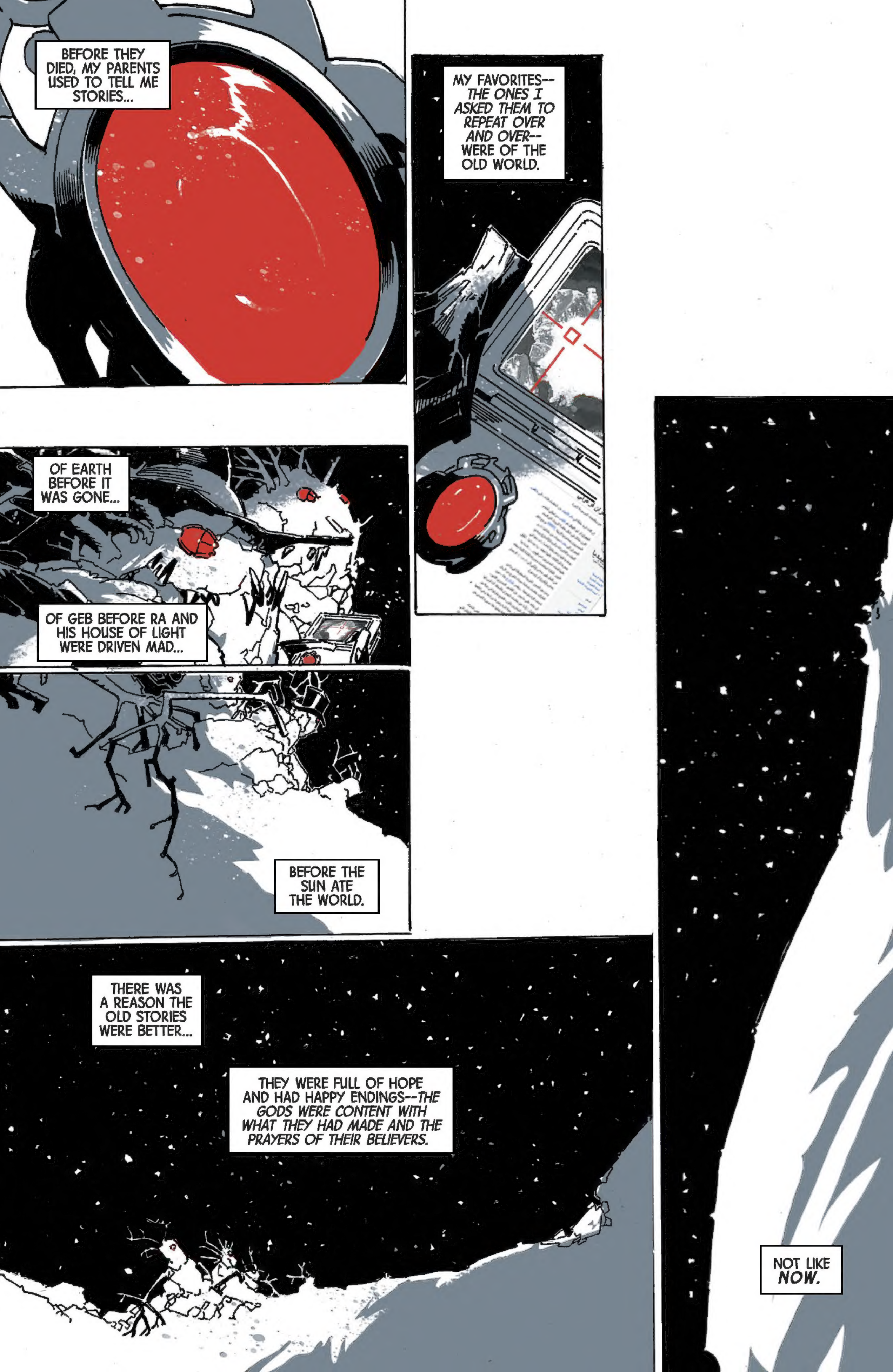
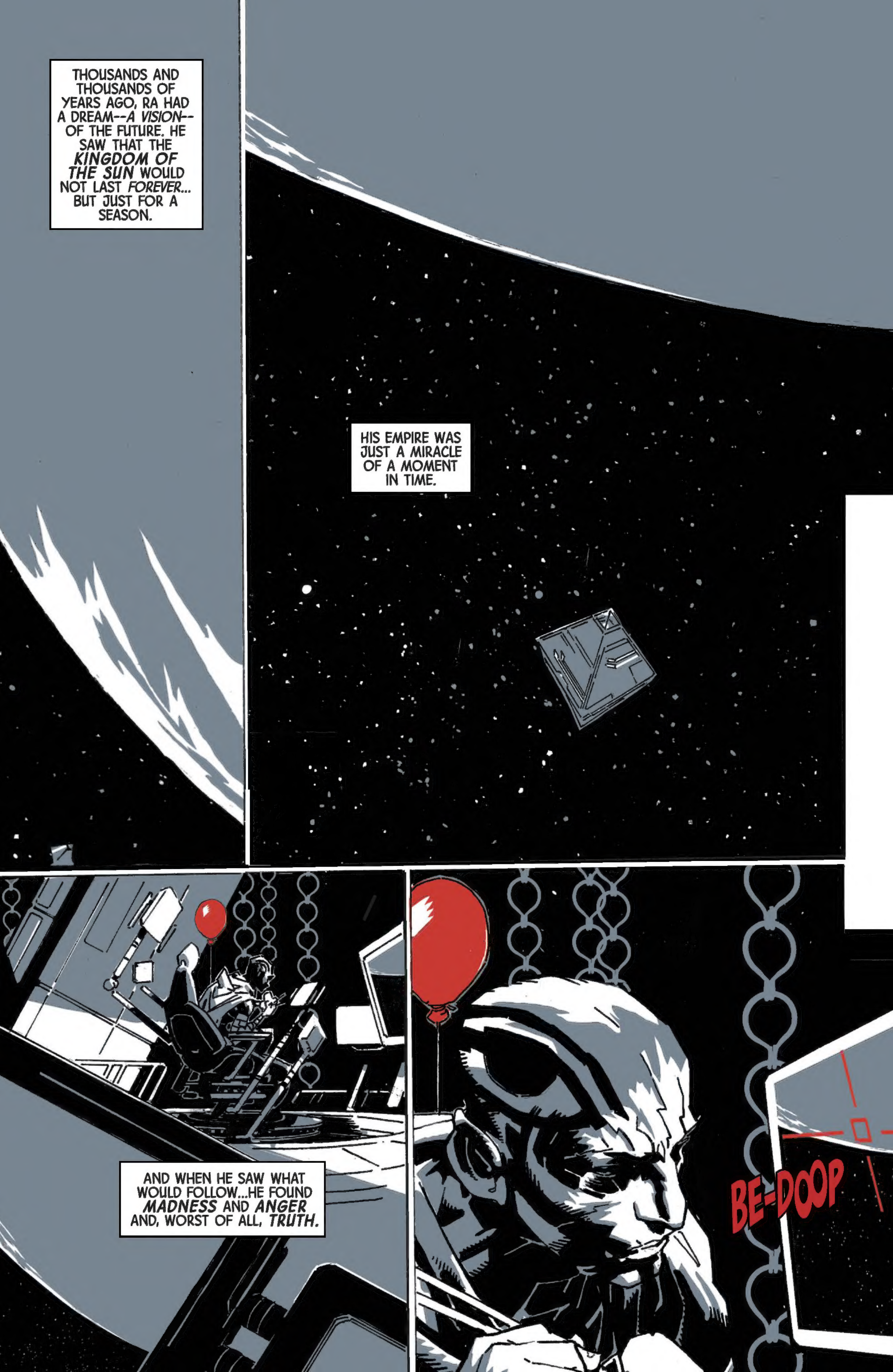
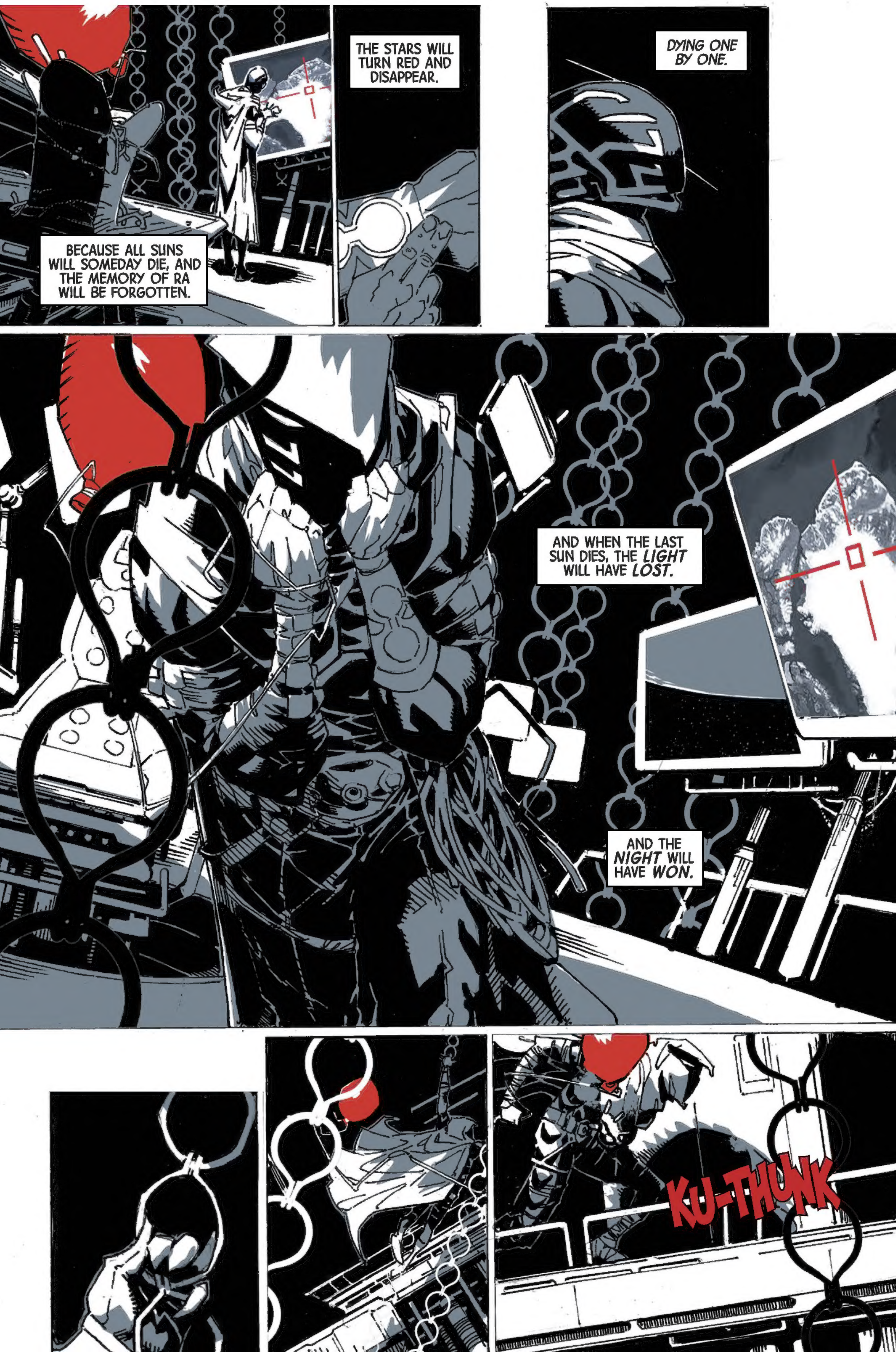
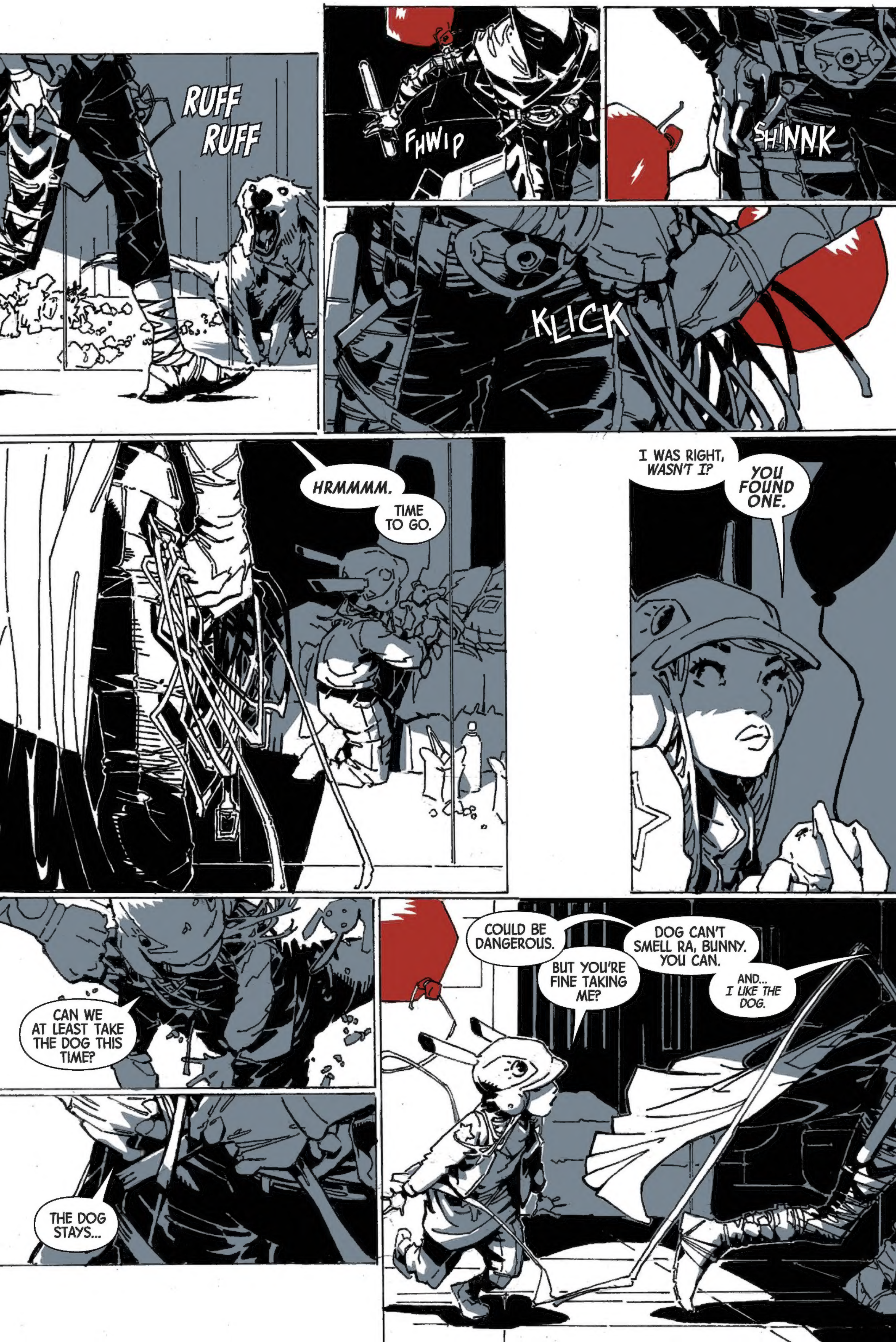
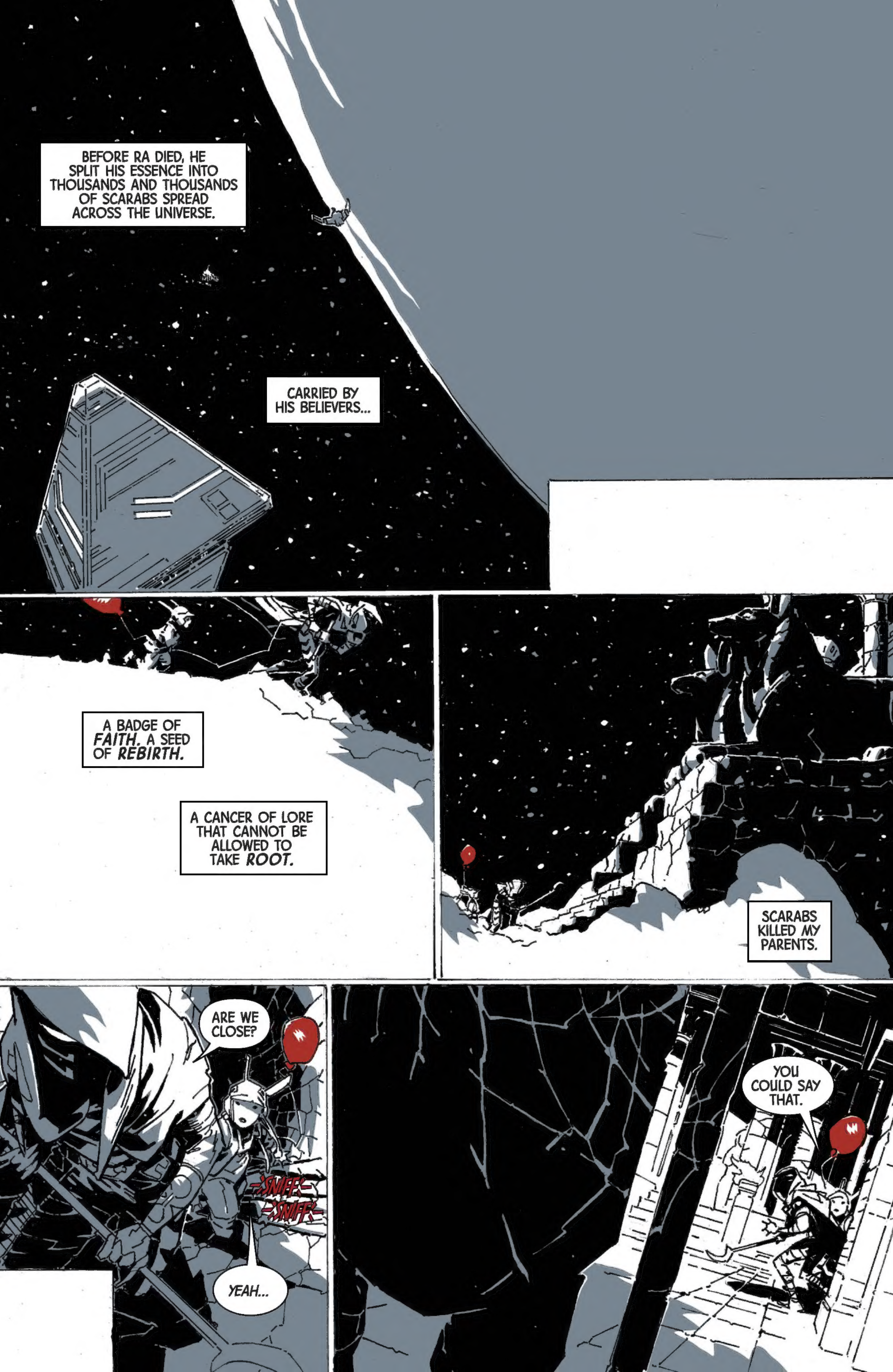
#1

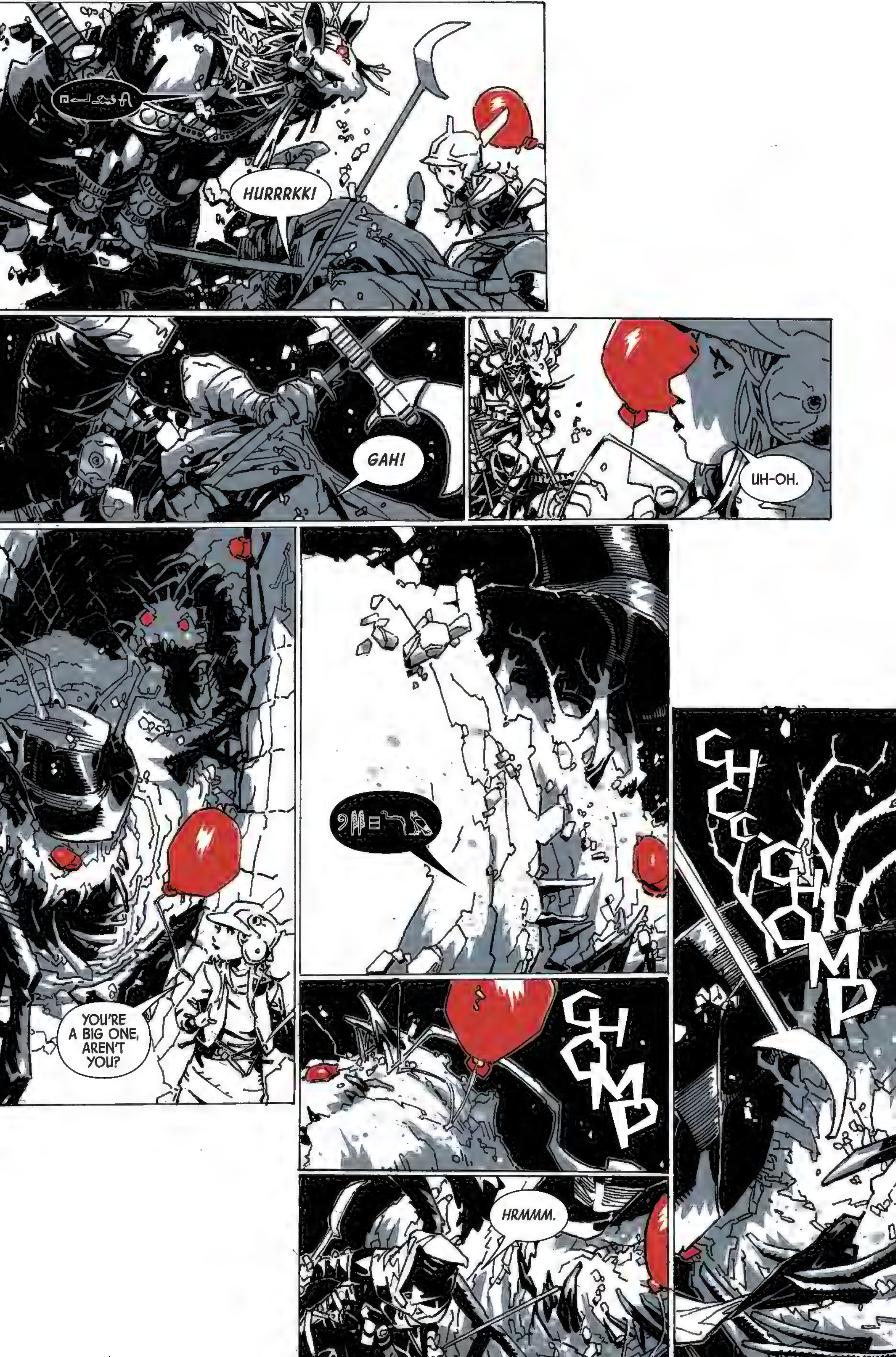

BEFORE THEY DIED, MY PARENTS USED TO TELL ME STORIES...
MY FAVORITES-- *THE ONES I ASKED THEM TO REPEAT OVER AND OVER--* WERE OF THE OLD WORLD.
OF EARTH BEFORE IT WAS GONE...
OF GEB BEFORE RA AND HIS HOUSE OF LIGHT WERE DRIVEN MAD...
BEFORE THE SUN ATE THE WORLD.
THERE WAS A REASON THE OLD STORIES WERE BETTER...
THEY WERE FULL OF HOPE AND HAD HAPPY ENDINGS--*THE GODS WERE CONTENT WITH WHAT THEY HAD MADE AND THE PRAYERS OF THEIR BELIEVERS.*
NOT LIKE *NOW.*

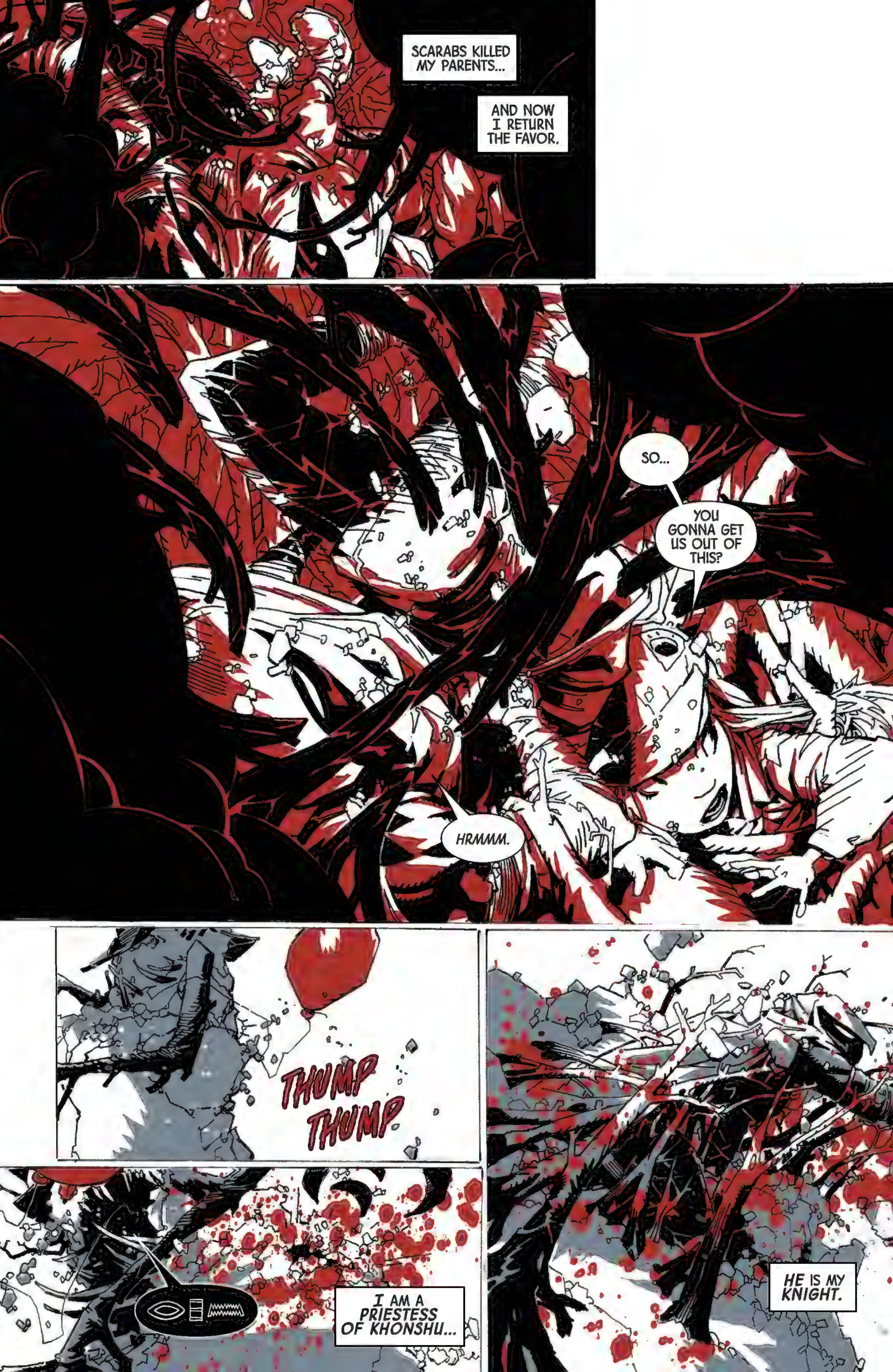

THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, RA HAD A DREAM--*A VISION*--OF THE FUTURE. HE SAW THAT THE ***KINGDOM OF THE SUN*** WOULD NOT LAST *FOREVER*... BUT JUST FOR A SEASON.
HIS EMPIRE WAS JUST A MIRACLE OF A MOMENT IN TIME.
AND WHEN HE SAW WHAT WOULD FOLLOW...HE FOUND ***MADNESS*** AND ***ANGER*** AND, WORST OF ALL, *TRUTH*.
BE-DOOP

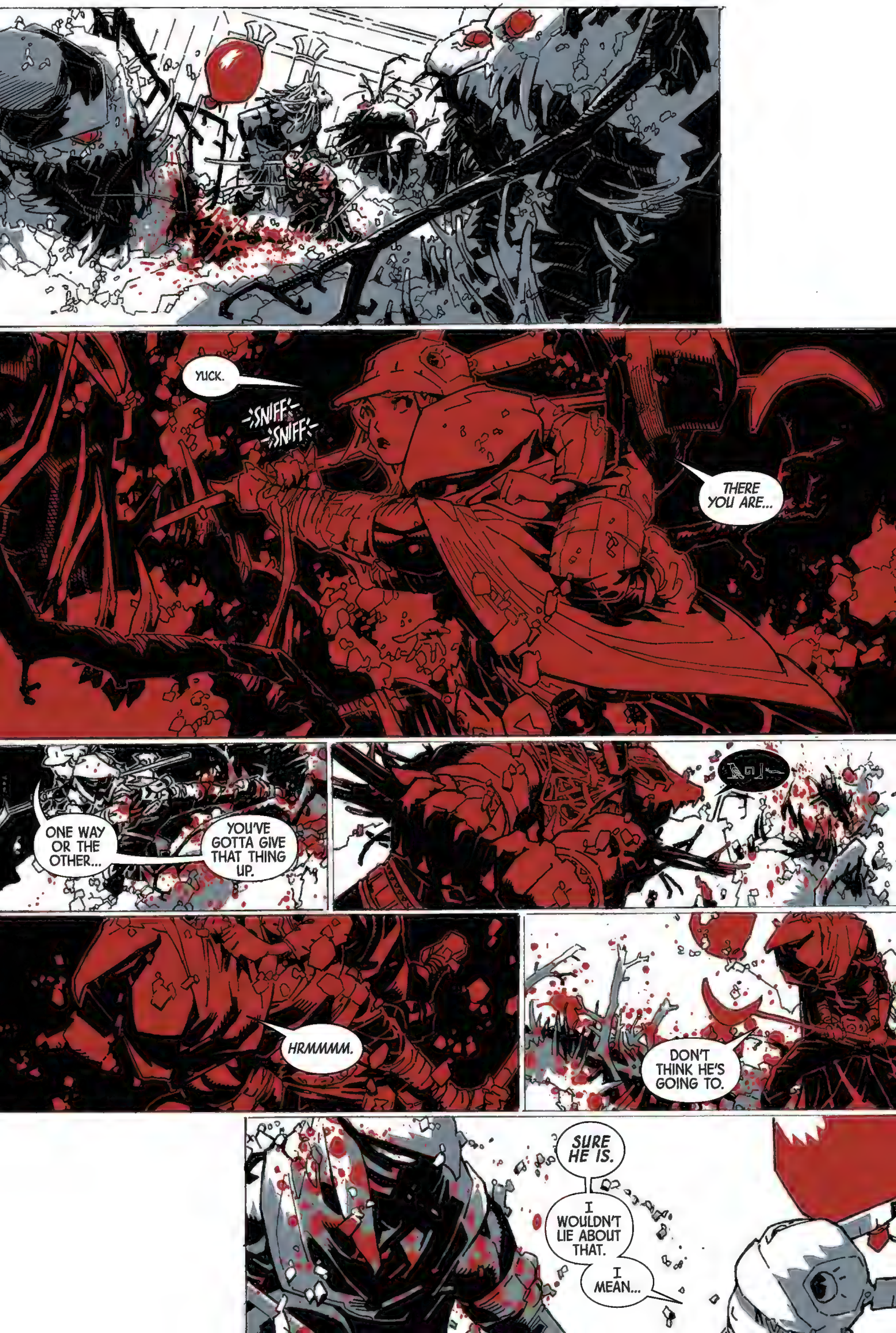

BECAUSE ALL SUNS WILL SOMEDAY DIE, AND THE MEMORY OF RA WILL BE FORGOTTEN.
THE STARS WILL TURN RED AND DISAPPEAR.
DYING ONE BY ONE.
AND WHEN THE LAST SUN DIES, THE *LIGHT* WILL HAVE *LOST.*
AND THE *NIGHT* WILL HAVE *WON.*
KU-THUNK

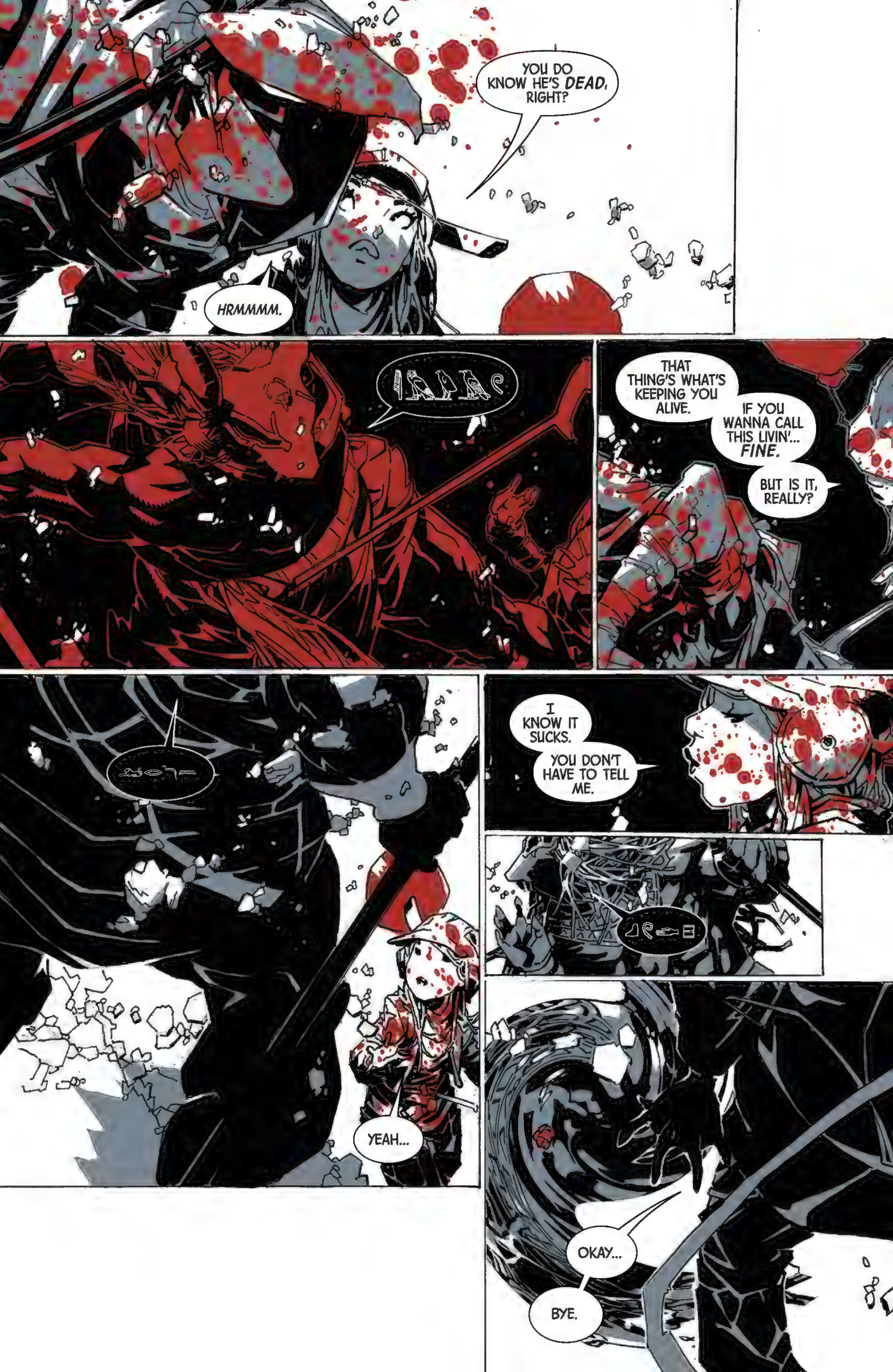

RUFF RUFF
FHWIP
SHINNK
KLICK
HRMMMM.
TIME TO GO.
I WAS RIGHT, WASN'T I?
YOU FOUND ONE.
CAN WE AT LEAST TAKE THE DOG THIS TIME?
THE DOG STAYS...
COULD BE DANGEROUS.
BUT YOU'RE FINE TAKING ME?
DOG CAN'T SMELL RA, BUNNY. YOU CAN.
AND... I LIKE THE DOG.

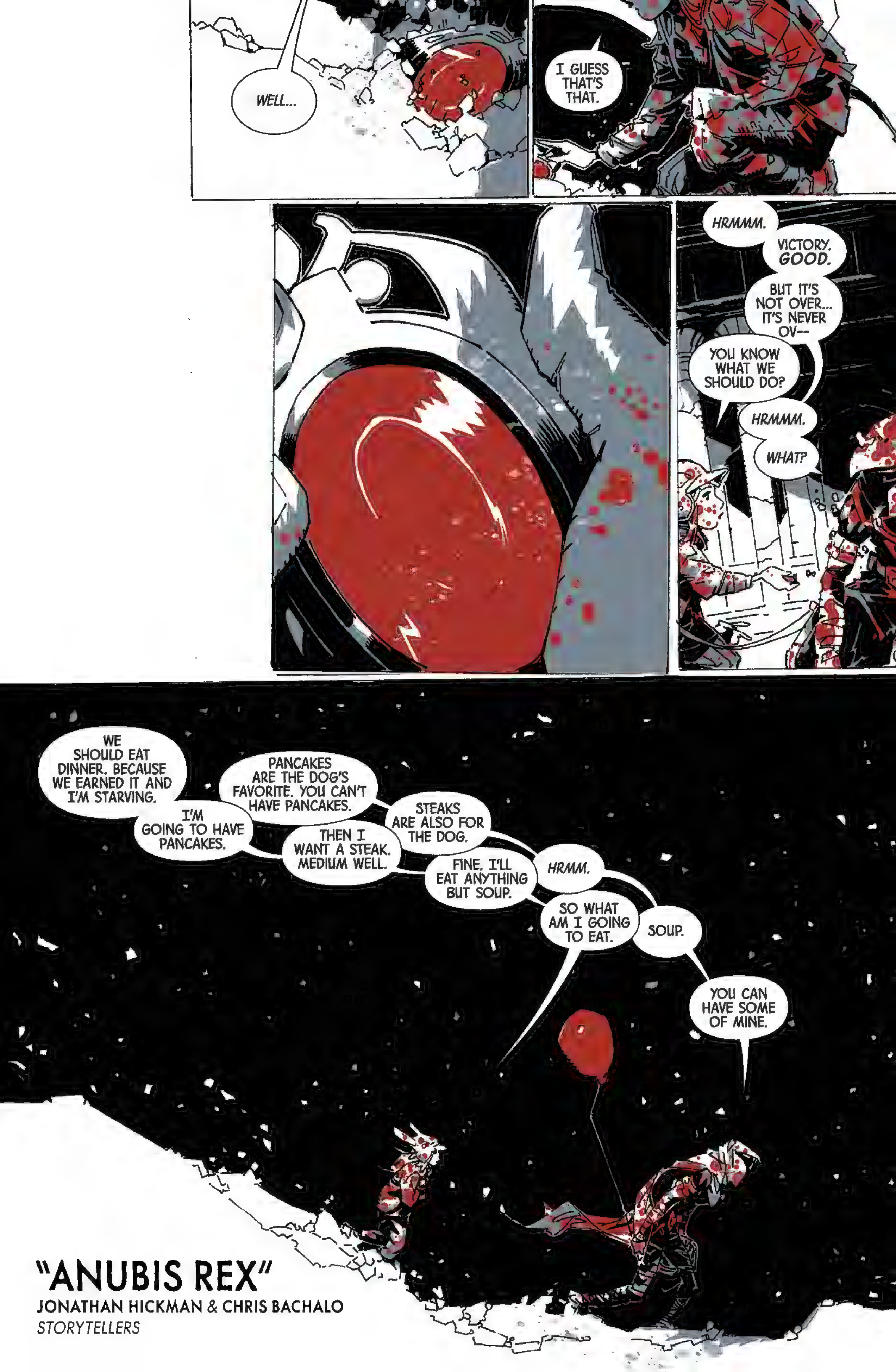

BEFORE RA DIED, HE SPLIT HIS ESSENCE INTO THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF SCARABS SPREAD ACROSS THE UNIVERSE.
CARRIED BY HIS BELIEVERS...
A BADGE OF *FAITH.* A SEED OF *REBIRTH.*
A CANCER OF LORE THAT CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO TAKE *ROOT.*
SCARABS KILLED MY PARENTS.
ARE WE CLOSE?
SNIFF
SNIFF
YEAH...
YOU COULD SAY THAT.


HURRRKK!
GAH!
UH-OH.
YOU'RE A BIG ONE, AREN'T YOU?
CHOMP
HRMMM.
CHCC-CHOMP


SCARABS KILLED MY PARENTS...
AND NOW I RETURN THE FAVOR.
SO...
YOU GONNA GET US OUT OF THIS?
HRMMM.
THUMP THUMP
I AM A PRIESTESS OF KHONSHU...
HE IS MY KNIGHT.


YUCK.
-SNIFF- -SNIFF-
THERE YOU ARE...
ONE WAY OR THE OTHER...
YOU'VE GOTTA GIVE THAT THING UP.
HRMMMM.
DON'T THINK HE'S GOING TO.
SURE HE IS.
I WOULDN'T LIE ABOUT THAT.
I MEAN...

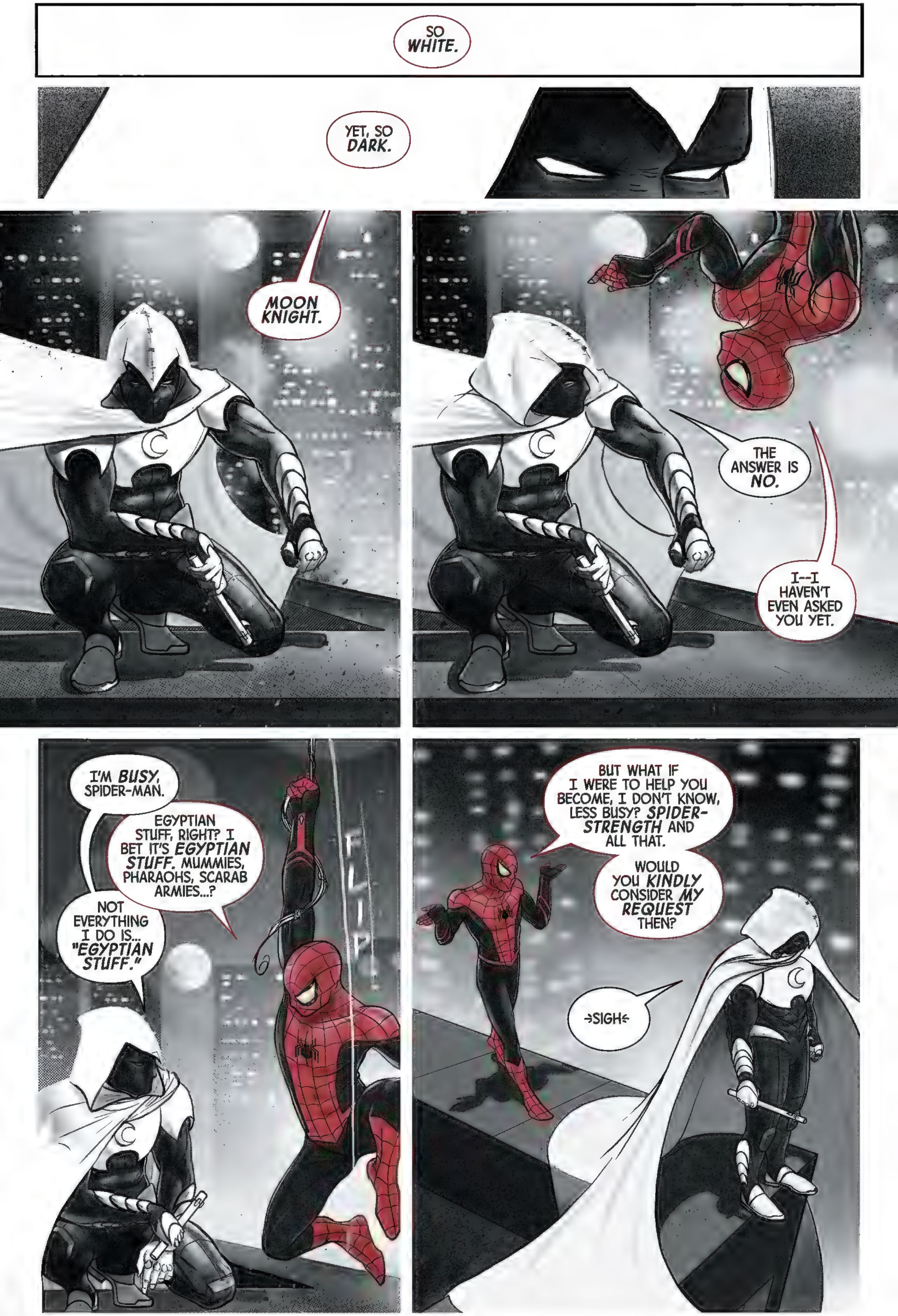

YOU DO KNOW HE'S *DEAD*, RIGHT?
HRMMMM.
THAT THING'S WHAT'S KEEPING YOU ALIVE.
IF YOU WANNA CALL THIS LIVIN'... *FINE.*
BUT IS IT, REALLY?
YEAH...
I KNOW IT SUCKS.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME.
OKAY...
BYE.

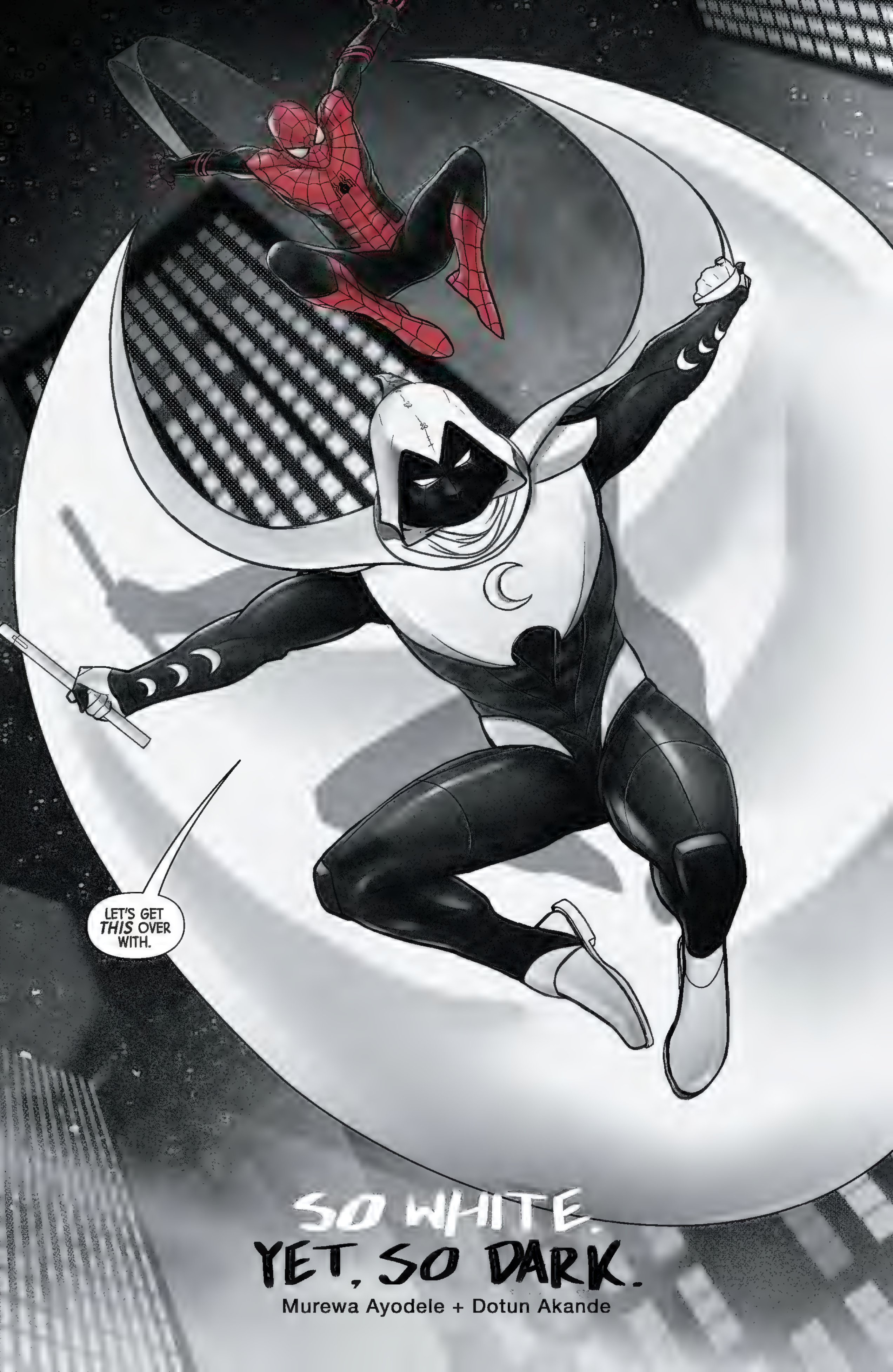

WELL...
I GUESS THAT'S THAT.
HRMMM.
VICTORY. GOOD.
BUT IT'S NOT OVER... IT'S NEVER OV--
YOU KNOW WHAT WE SHOULD DO?
HRMMM.
WHAT?
WE SHOULD EAT DINNER. BECAUSE WE EARNED IT AND I'M STARVING.
I'M GOING TO HAVE PANCAKES.
PANCAKES ARE THE DOG'S FAVORITE. YOU CAN'T HAVE PANCAKES.
THEN I WANT A STEAK. MEDIUM WELL.
STEAKS ARE ALSO FOR THE DOG.
FINE. I'LL EAT ANYTHING BUT SOUP.
HRMM.
SO WHAT AM I GOING TO EAT.
SOUP.
YOU CAN HAVE SOME OF MINE.

"ANUBIS REX"

JONATHAN HICKMAN & CHRIS BACHALO

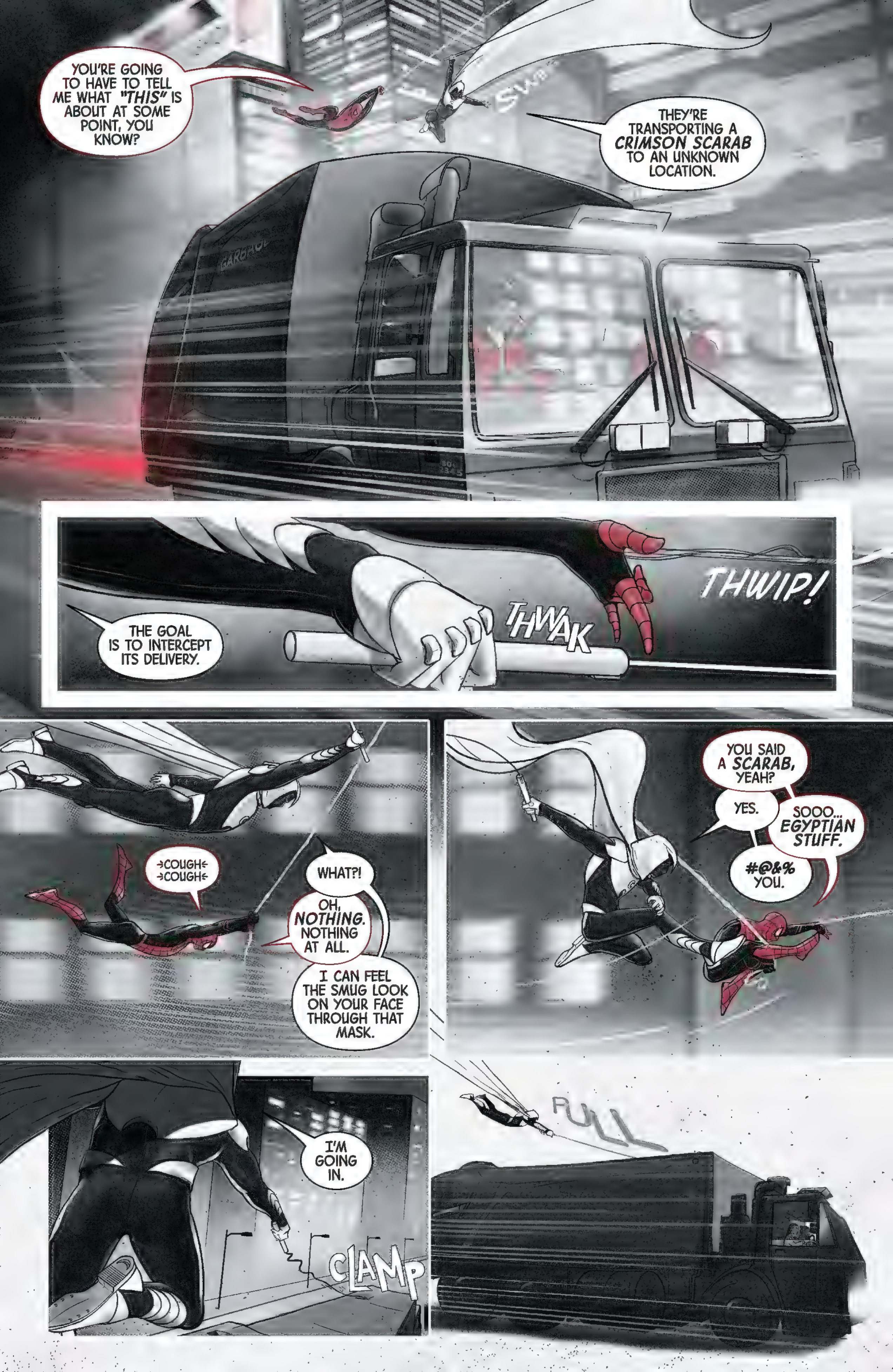
STORYTELLERS

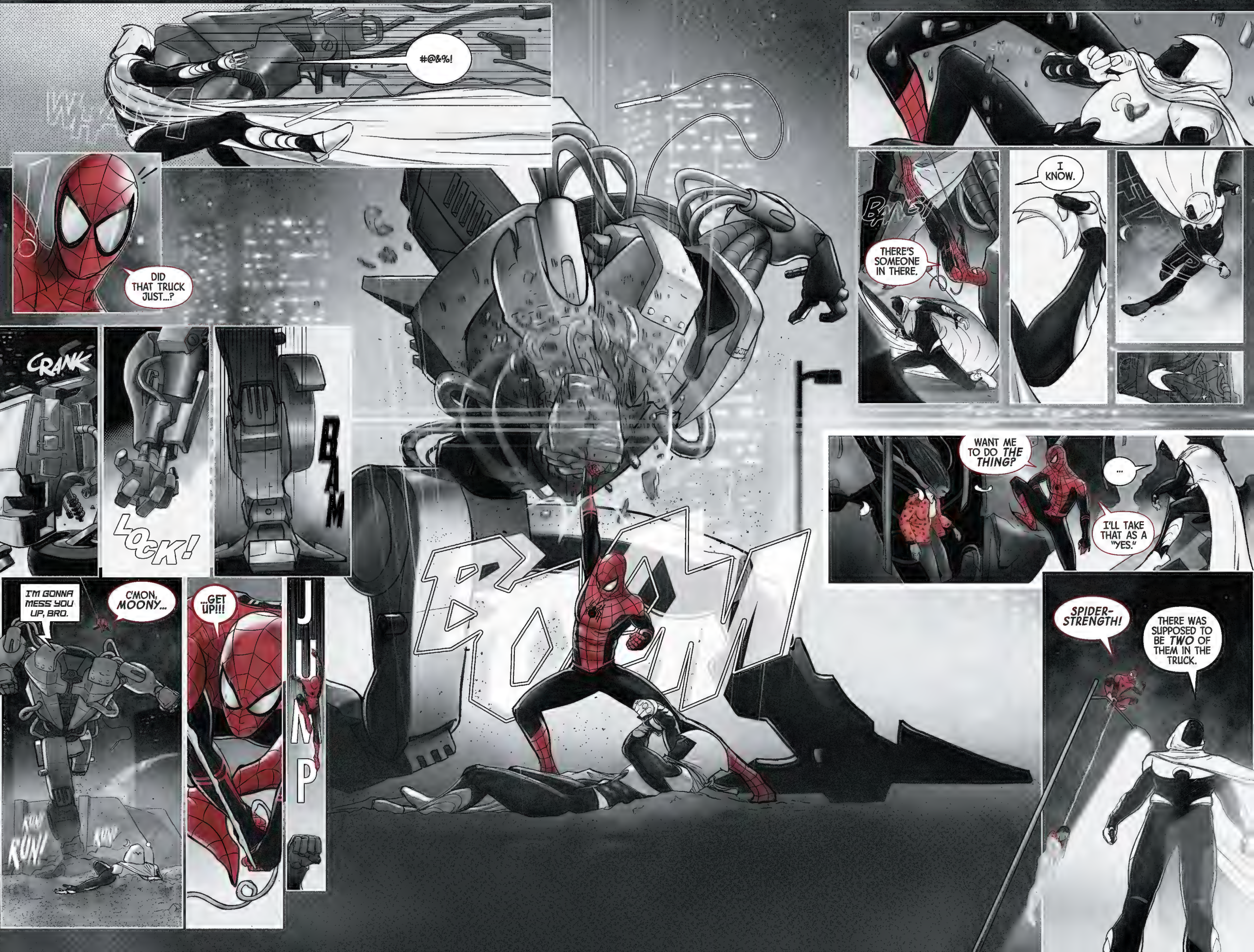

SO WHITE.
YET, SO DARK.
MOON KNIGHT.
THE ANSWER IS NO.
I--I HAVEN'T EVEN ASKED YOU YET.
I'M BUSY, SPIDER-MAN.
EGYPTIAN STUFF, RIGHT? I BET IT'S EGYPTIAN STUFF. MUMMIES, PHARAOHS, SCARAB ARMIES...?
NOT EVERYTHING I DO IS... "EGYPTIAN STUFF."
FLIP
BUT WHAT IF I WERE TO HELP YOU BECOME, I DON'T KNOW, LESS BUSY? SPIDER-STRENGTH AND ALL THAT.
WOULD YOU KINDLY CONSIDER MY REQUEST THEN?
>SIGH<

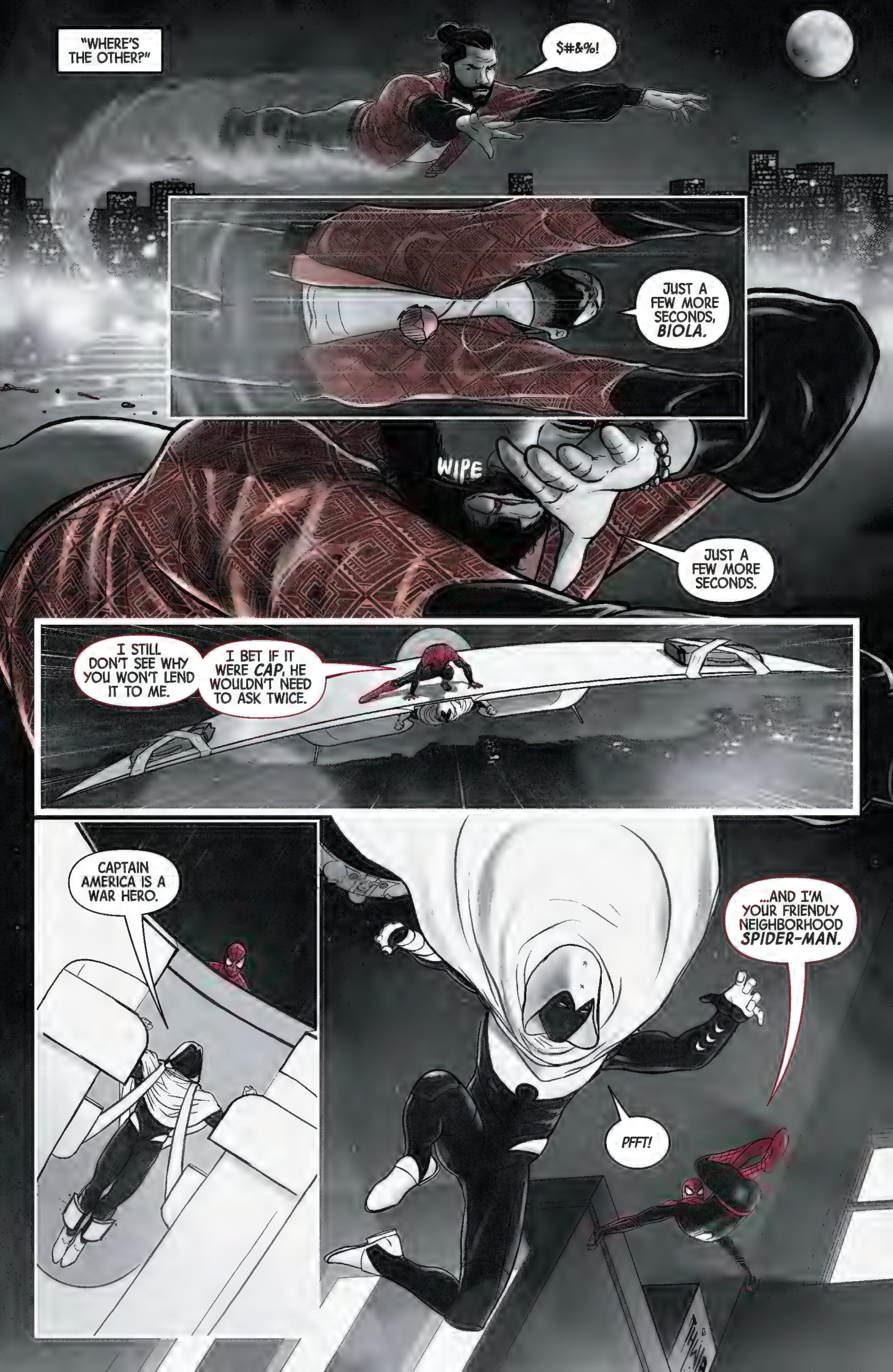

LET'S GET *THIS* OVER WITH.

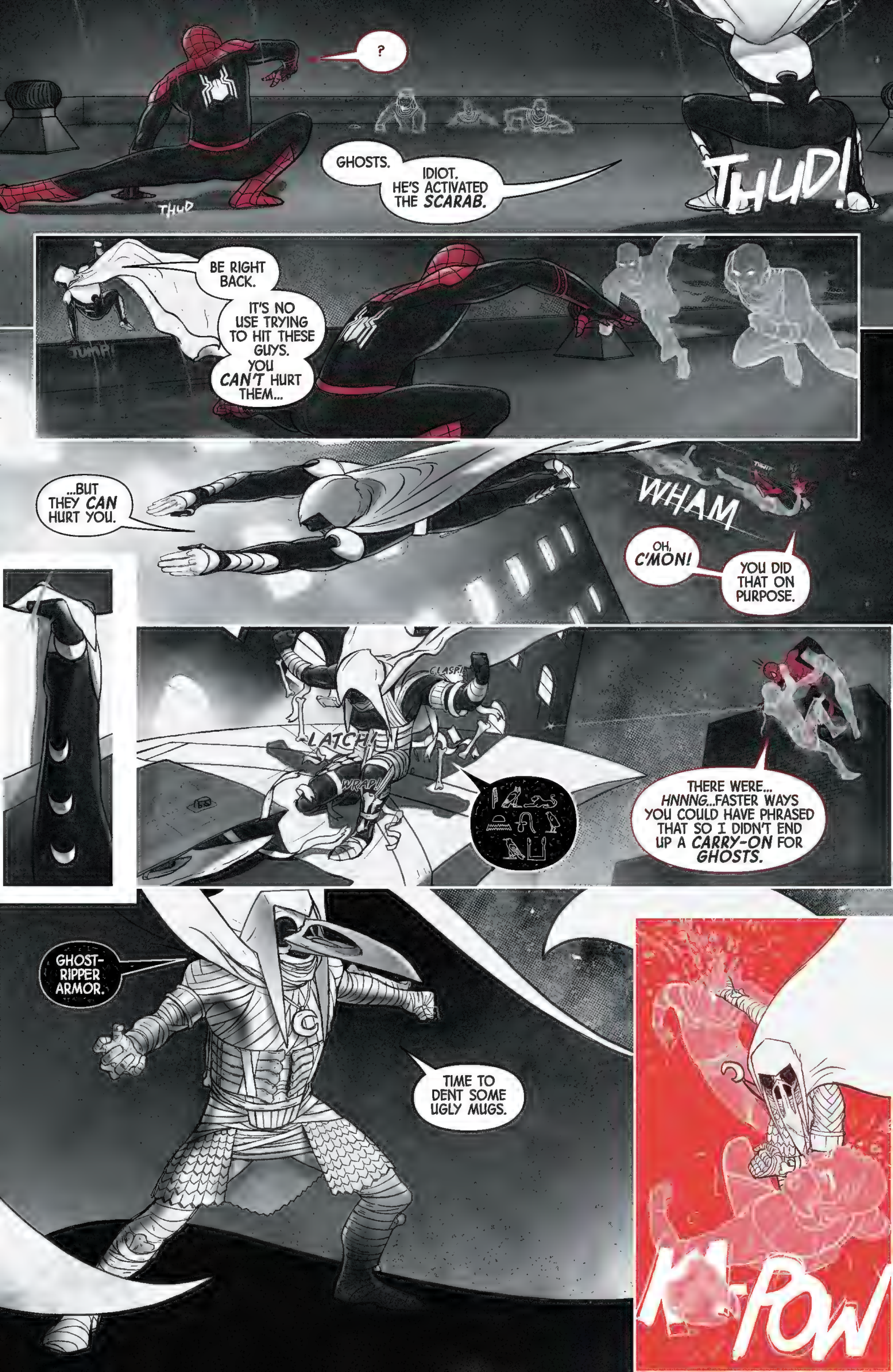
SO WHITE. YET, SO DARK.

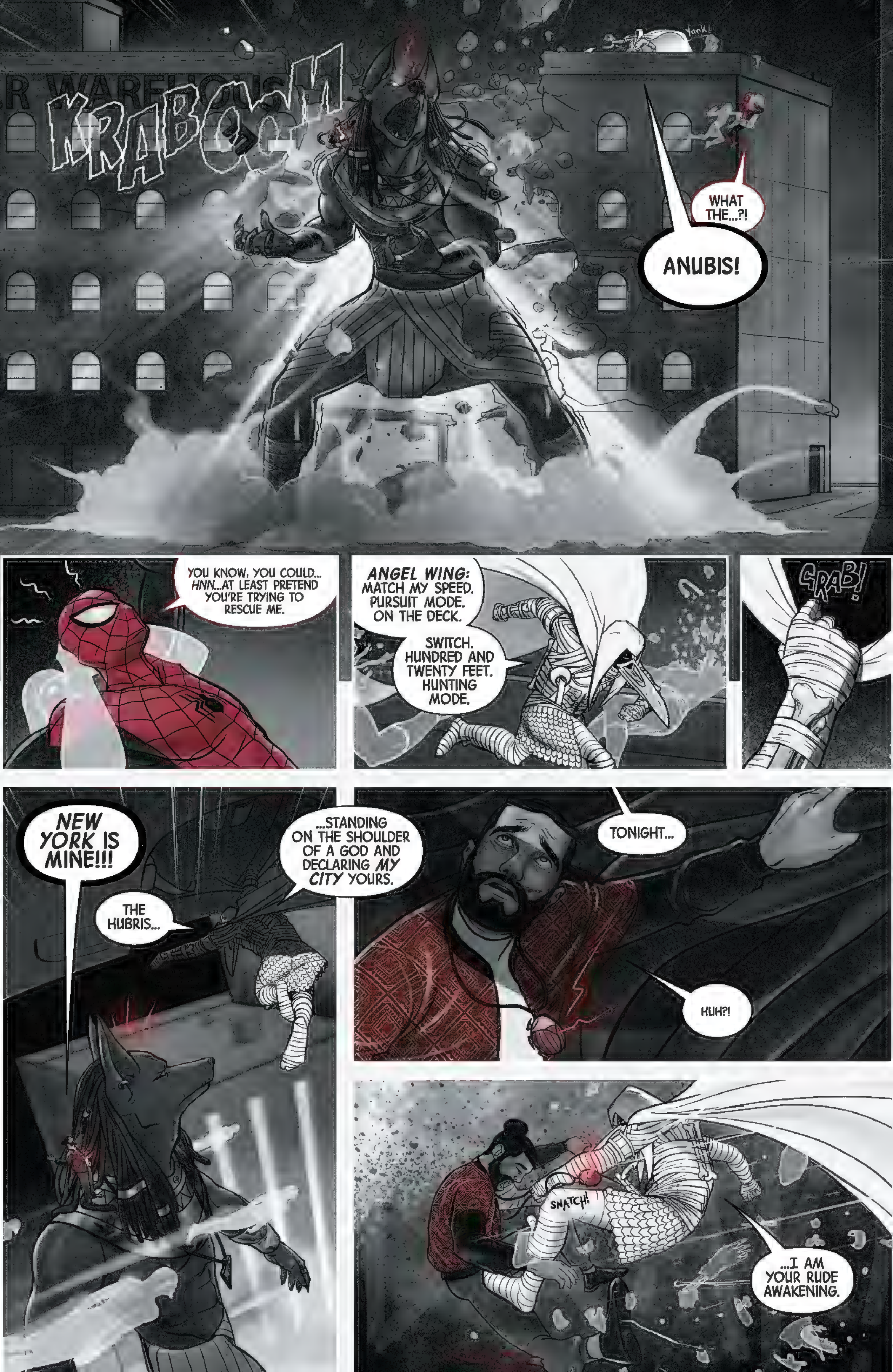
Murewa Ayodele + Dotun Akande

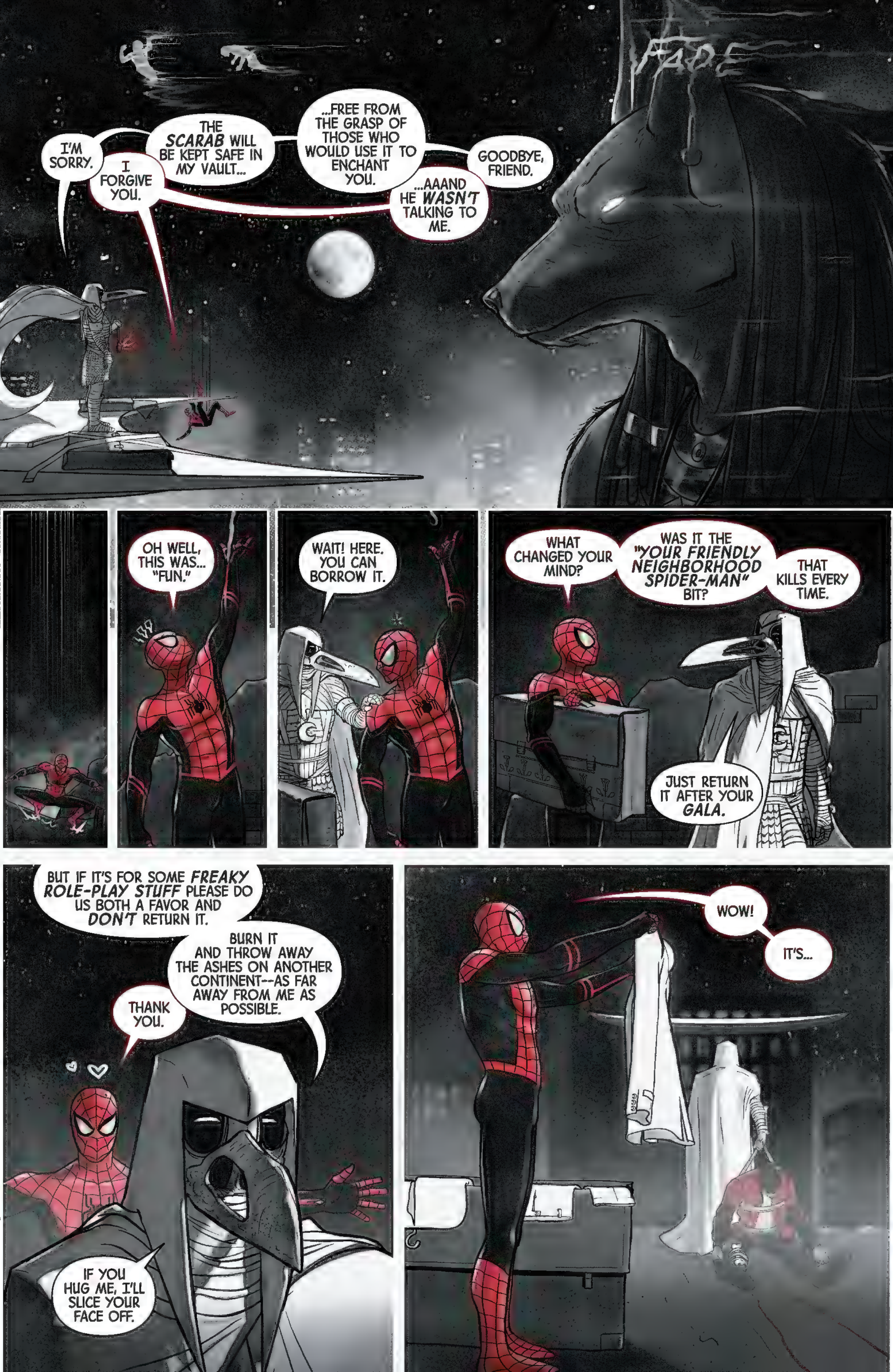

YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TELL ME WHAT "THIS" IS ABOUT AT SOME POINT, YOU KNOW?
SW
THEY'RE TRANSPORTING A CRIMSON SCARAB TO AN UNKNOWN LOCATION.
THE GOAL IS TO INTERCEPT ITS DELIVERY.
THWAK
THWIP!
→COUGH← →COUGH←
WHAT?!
OH, NOTHING. NOTHING AT ALL.
I CAN FEEL THE SMUG LOOK ON YOUR FACE THROUGH THAT MASK.
YOU SAID A SCARAB, YEAH?
YES.
SOOO... EGYPTIAN STUFF.
#@&% YOU.
I'M GOING IN.
CLAMP
PULL

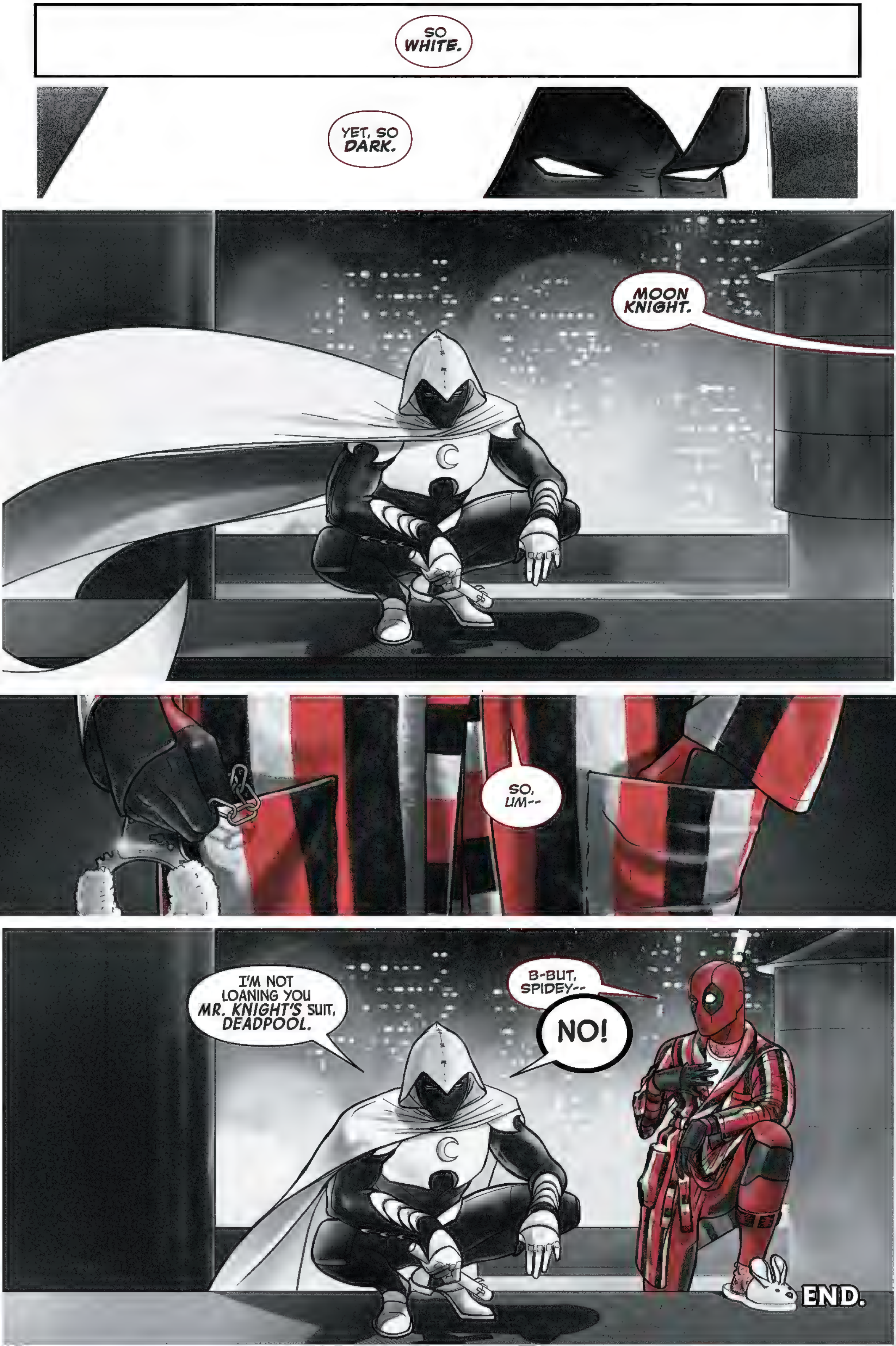

WHAM
#@&%!
DID THAT TRUCK JUST...?
CRANK
LOCK!
BAM
I'M GONNA MESS YOU UP, BRO.
C'MON, MOONY...
RUN RUN!
RUN
...GET UP!!!
JUMP
BOOM
BANG!
THERE'S SOMEONE IN THERE.
I KNOW.
WANT ME TO DO THE THING?
...
I'LL TAKE THAT AS A "YES."
SPIDER-STRENGTH!
THERE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE TWO OF THEM IN THE TRUCK.

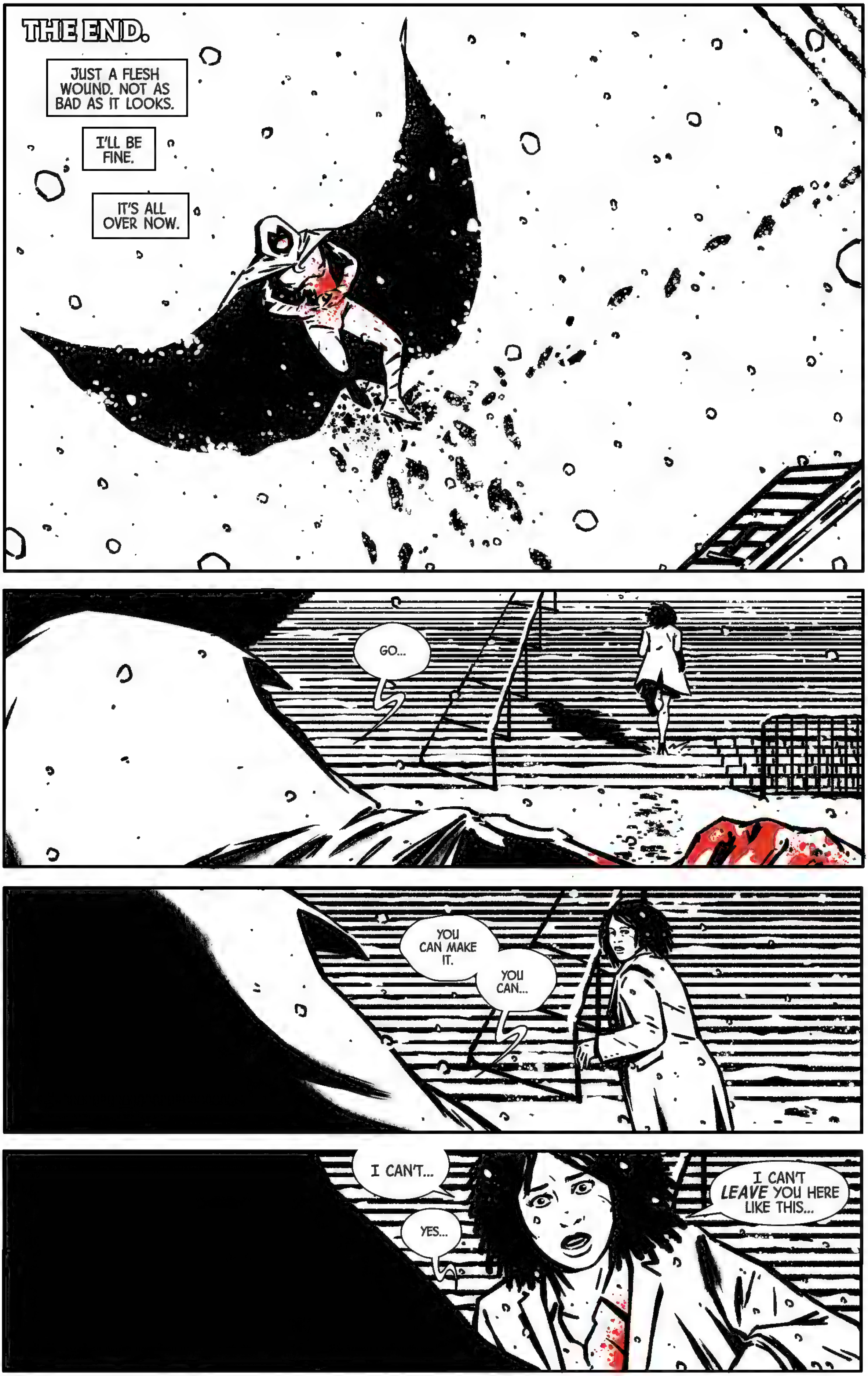

"WHERE'S THE OTHER?"
$#&%!
JUST A FEW MORE SECONDS, **BIOLA.**
WIPE
JUST A FEW MORE SECONDS.
I STILL DON'T SEE WHY YOU WON'T LEND IT TO ME.
I BET IF IT WERE **CAP,** HE WOULDN'T NEED TO ASK TWICE.
CAPTAIN AMERICA IS A WAR HERO.
...AND I'M YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD **SPIDER-MAN.**
PFFT!
THWIP

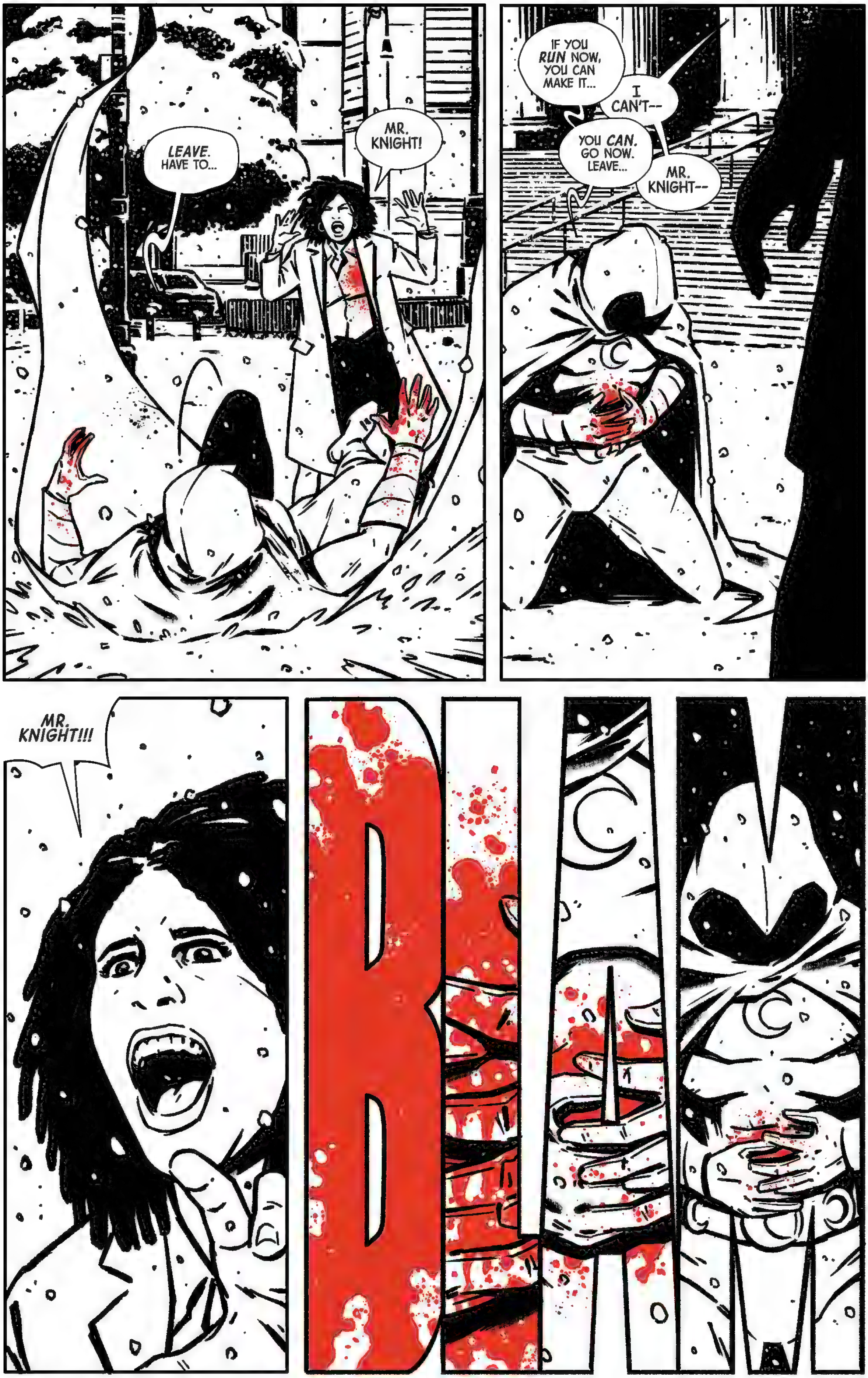

?
THUD
GHOSTS.
IDIOT. HE'S ACTIVATED THE *SCARAB.*
THUD!
BE RIGHT BACK.
IT'S NO USE TRYING TO HIT THESE GUYS. YOU *CAN'T* HURT THEM...
JUMP!
...BUT THEY *CAN* HURT YOU.
THWIP
WHAM
OH, *C'MON!*
YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE.
CLASP!
LATCH!
WRAP!
THERE WERE... *HNNNG*...FASTER WAYS YOU COULD HAVE PHRASED THAT SO I DIDN'T END UP A *CARRY-ON* FOR *GHOSTS.*
GHOST-RIPPER ARMOR.
TIME TO DENT SOME UGLY MUGS.
K-POW

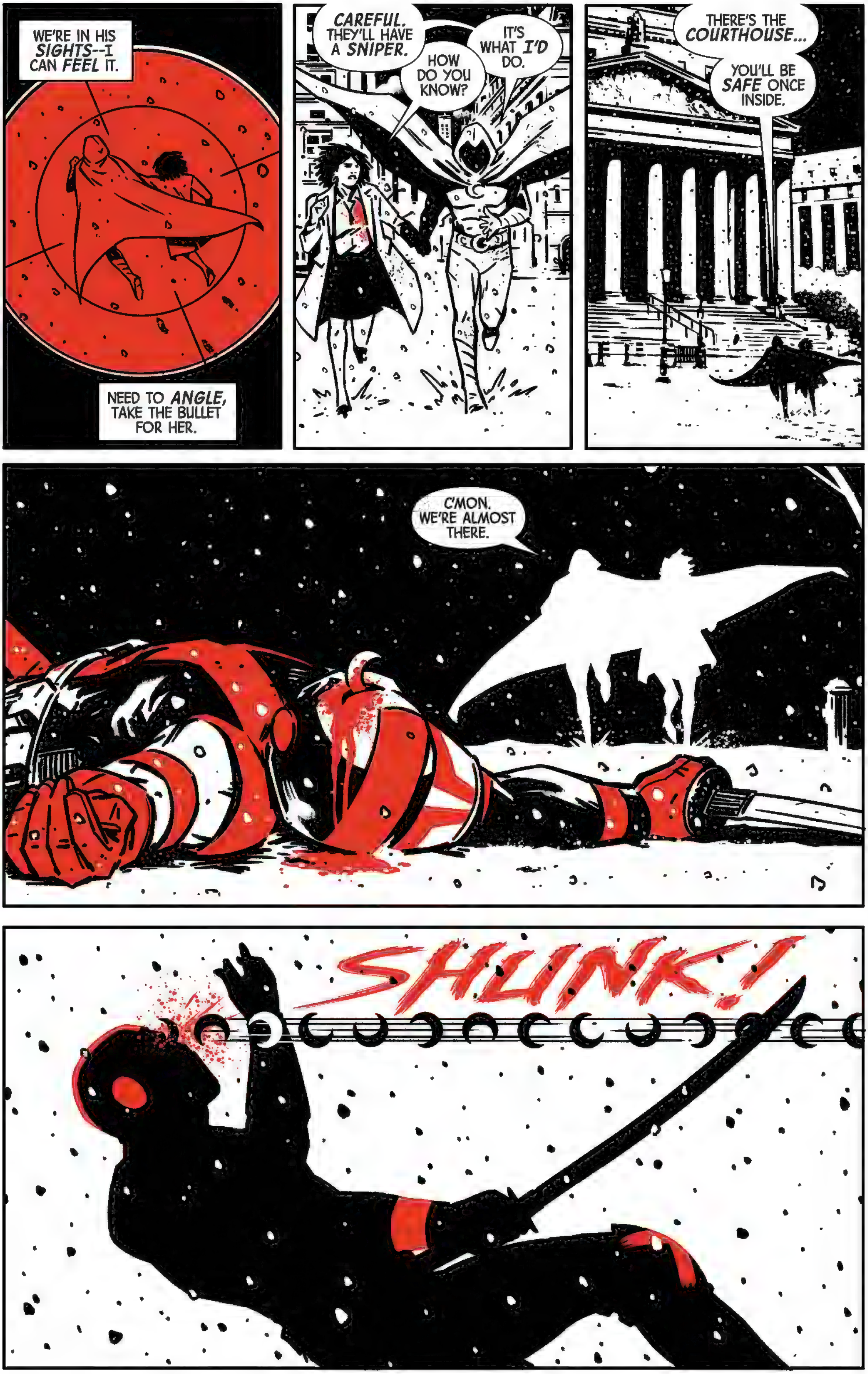

R WAREHOUS
KRABOOM
Yank!
WHAT THE...?!
ANUBIS!
YOU KNOW, YOU COULD... *HNN*...AT LEAST PRETEND YOU'RE TRYING TO RESCUE ME.
ANGEL WING: MATCH MY SPEED. PURSUIT MODE. ON THE DECK.
SWITCH. HUNDRED AND TWENTY FEET. HUNTING MODE.
GRAB!
NEW YORK IS MINE!!!
THE HUBRIS...
...STANDING ON THE SHOULDER OF A GOD AND DECLARING *MY CITY* YOURS.
TONIGHT...
HUH?!
SNATCH!
...I AM YOUR RUDE AWAKENING.

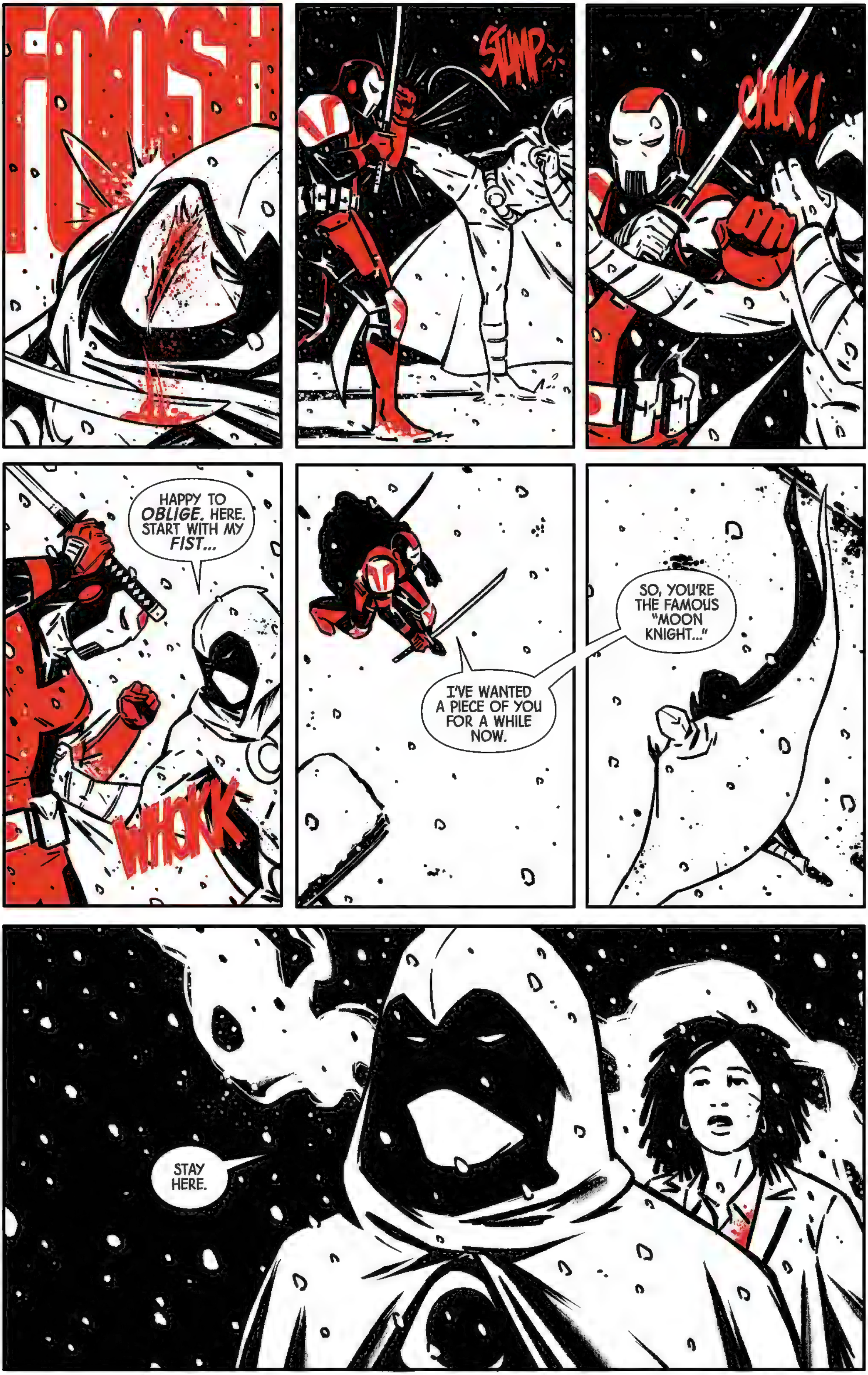

FADE
I'M SORRY.
I FORGIVE YOU.
THE ***SCARAB*** WILL BE KEPT SAFE IN MY VAULT...
...FREE FROM THE GRASP OF THOSE WHO WOULD USE IT TO ENCHANT YOU.
GOODBYE, FRIEND.
...AAAND HE ***WASN'T*** TALKING TO ME.
OH WELL, THIS WAS... "FUN."
WAIT! HERE. YOU CAN BORROW IT.
WHAT CHANGED YOUR MIND?
WAS IT THE ***"YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN"*** BIT?
THAT KILLS EVERY TIME.
JUST RETURN IT AFTER YOUR ***GALA.***
BUT IF IT'S FOR SOME ***FREAKY ROLE-PLAY STUFF*** PLEASE DO US BOTH A FAVOR AND ***DON'T*** RETURN IT.
BURN IT AND THROW AWAY THE ASHES ON ANOTHER CONTINENT--AS FAR AWAY FROM ME AS POSSIBLE.
THANK YOU.
IF YOU HUG ME, I'LL SLICE YOUR FACE OFF.
WOW!
IT'S...

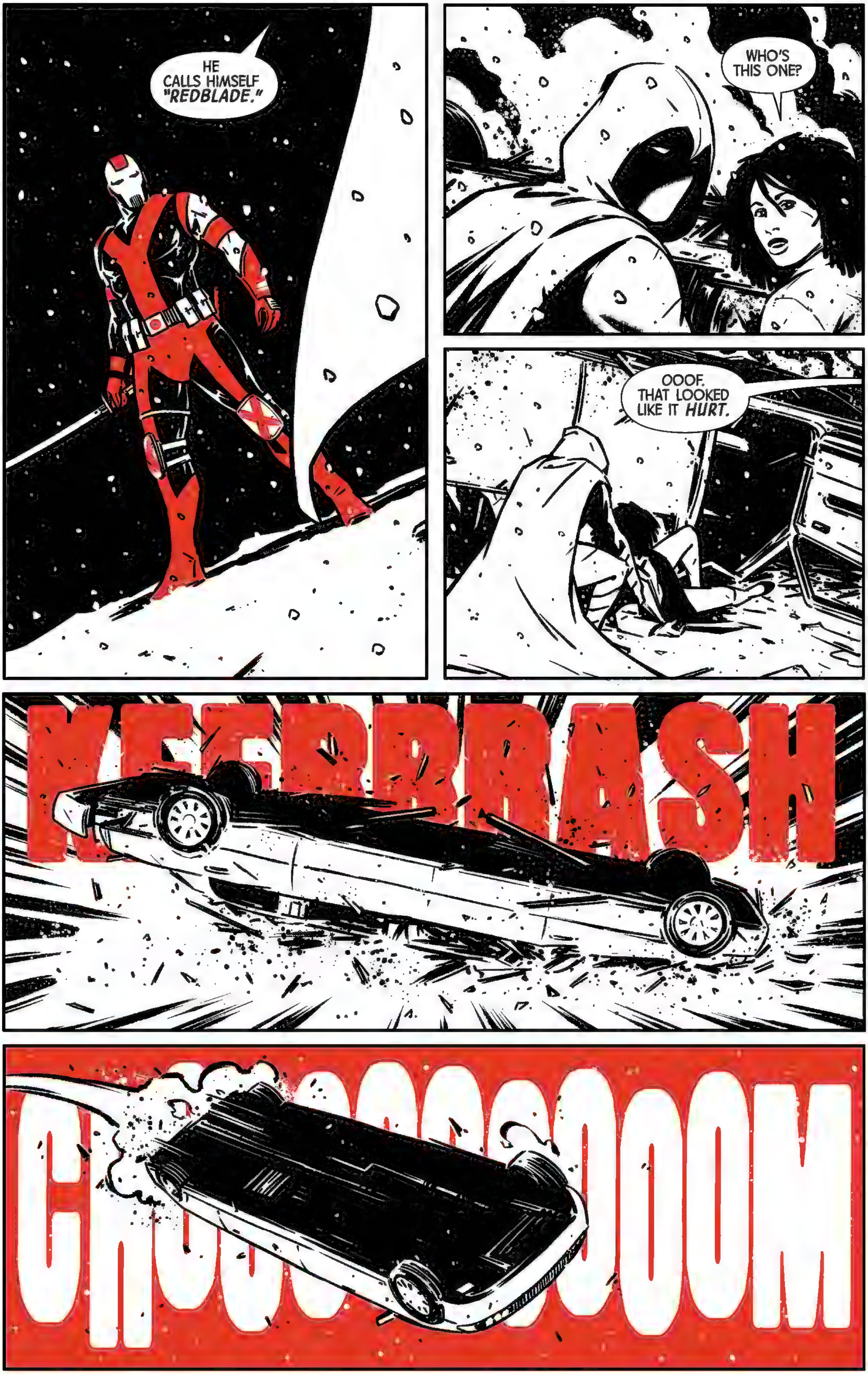

SO WHITE.
YET, SO DARK.
MOON KNIGHT.
SO, UM--
I'M NOT LOANING YOU MR. KNIGHT'S SUIT, DEADPOOL.
B-BUT, SPIDEY--
NO!
!
END.

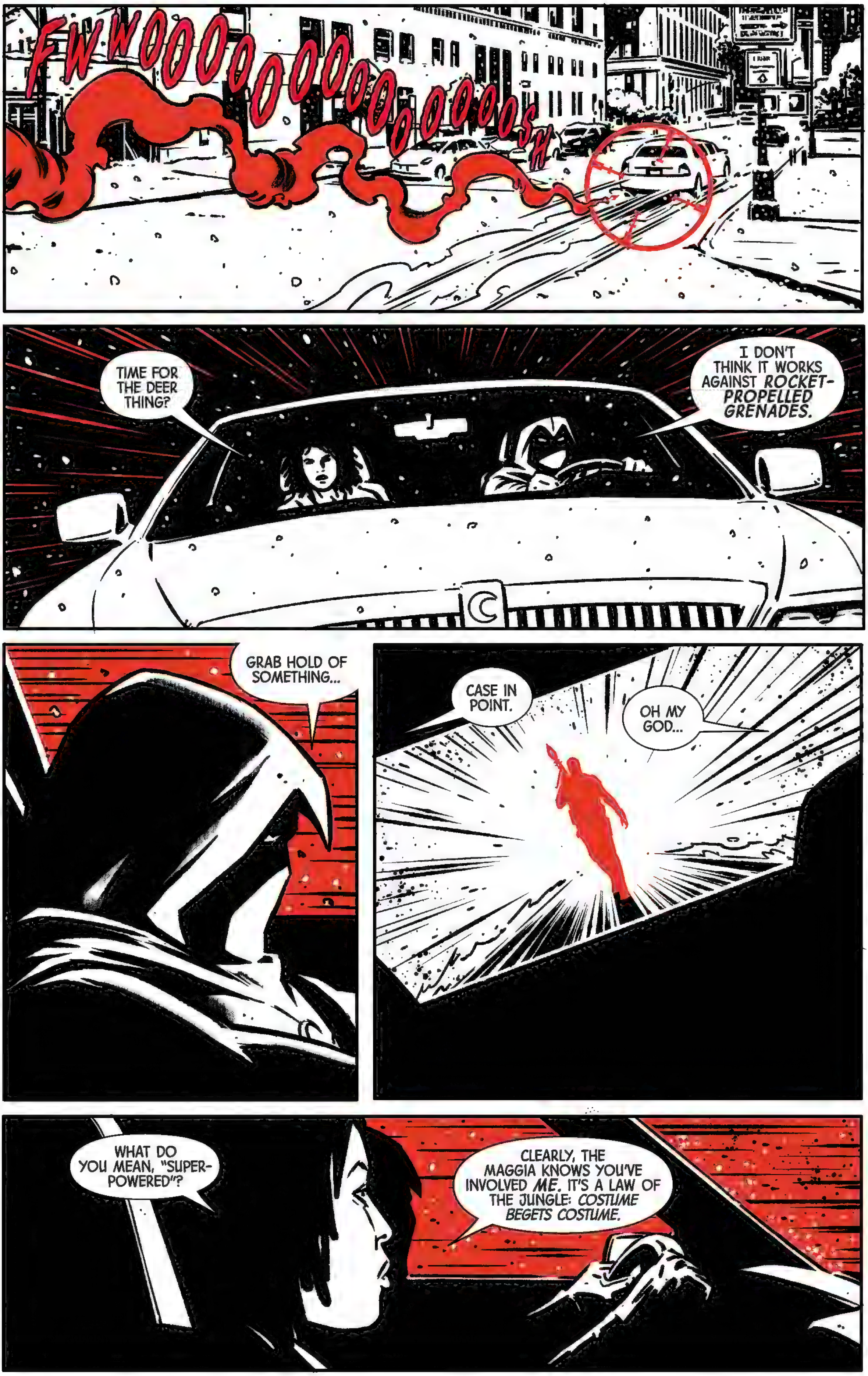

THE END.
JUST A FLESH WOUND. NOT AS BAD AS IT LOOKS.
I'LL BE FINE.
IT'S ALL OVER NOW.
GO...
YOU CAN MAKE IT.
YOU CAN...
I CAN'T...
YES...
I CAN'T *LEAVE* YOU HERE LIKE THIS...

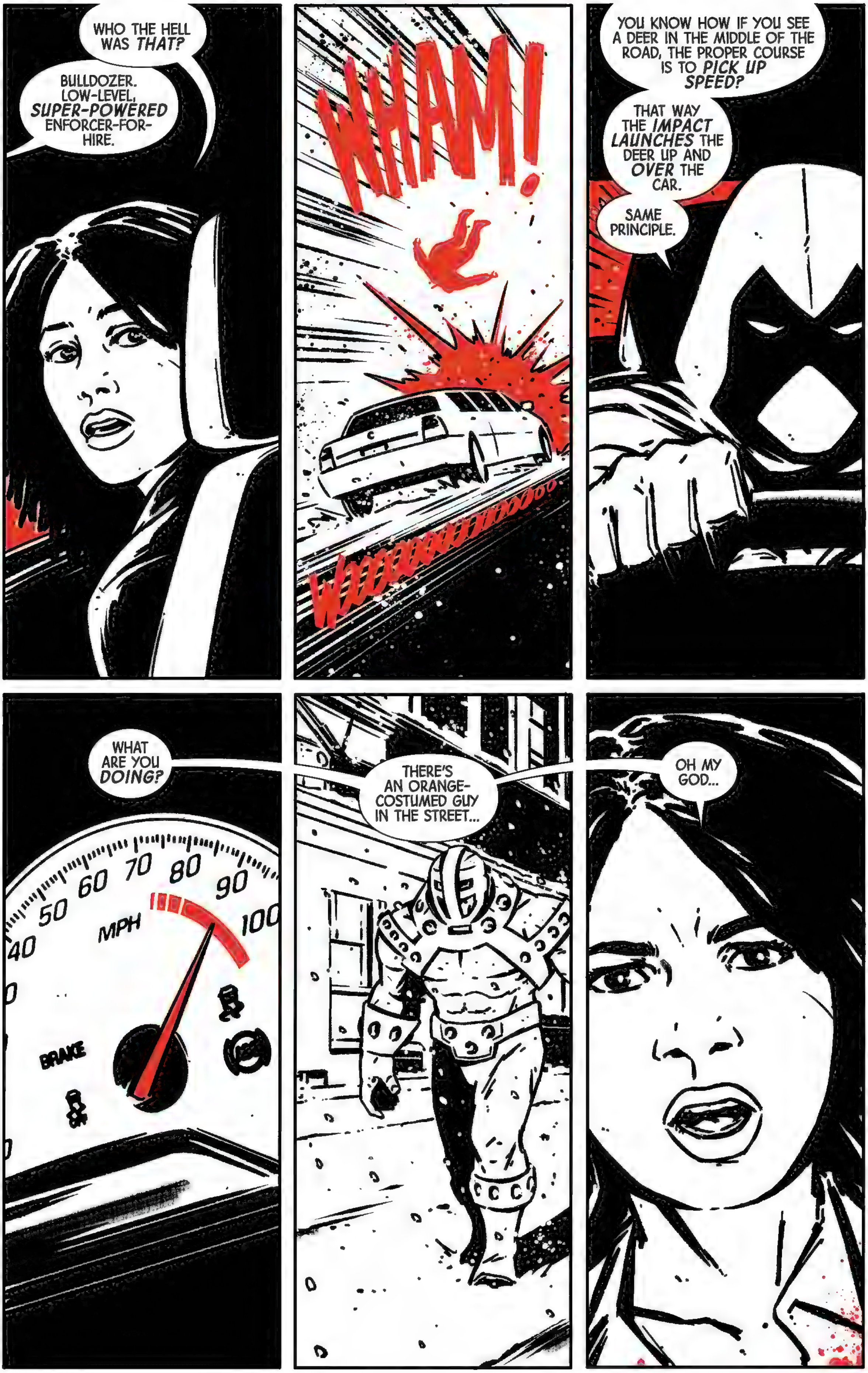

LEAVE. HAVE TO...
MR. KNIGHT!
IF YOU RUN NOW, YOU CAN MAKE IT...
I CAN'T--
YOU CAN. GO NOW. LEAVE...
MR. KNIGHT--
MR. KNIGHT!!!
BLAM

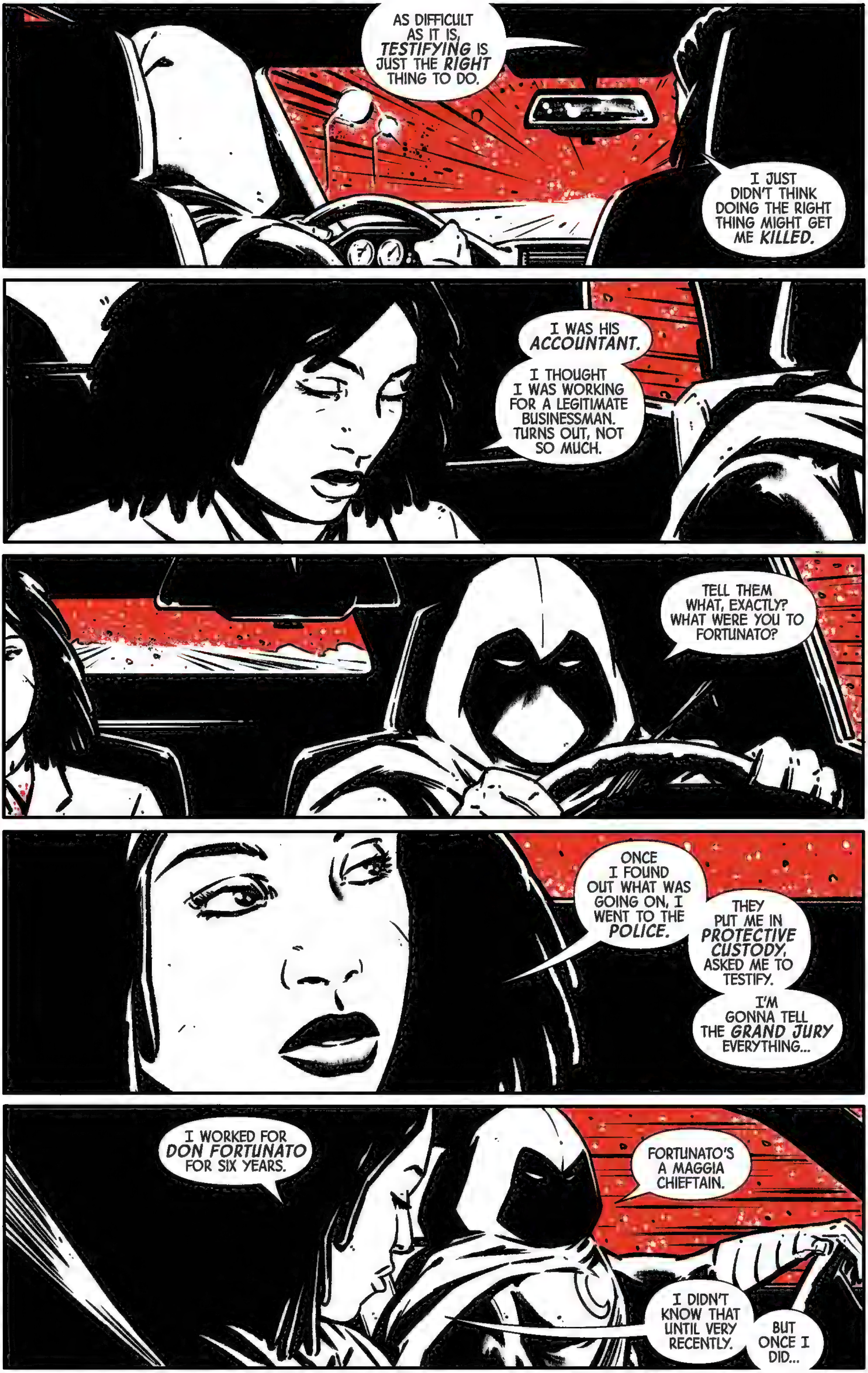

WE'RE IN HIS SIGHTS--I CAN FEEL IT.
NEED TO ANGLE, TAKE THE BULLET FOR HER.
CAREFUL. THEY'LL HAVE A SNIPER.
HOW DO YOU KNOW?
IT'S WHAT I'D DO.
THERE'S THE COURTHOUSE...
YOU'LL BE SAFE ONCE INSIDE.
C'MON. WE'RE ALMOST THERE.
SHUNK!

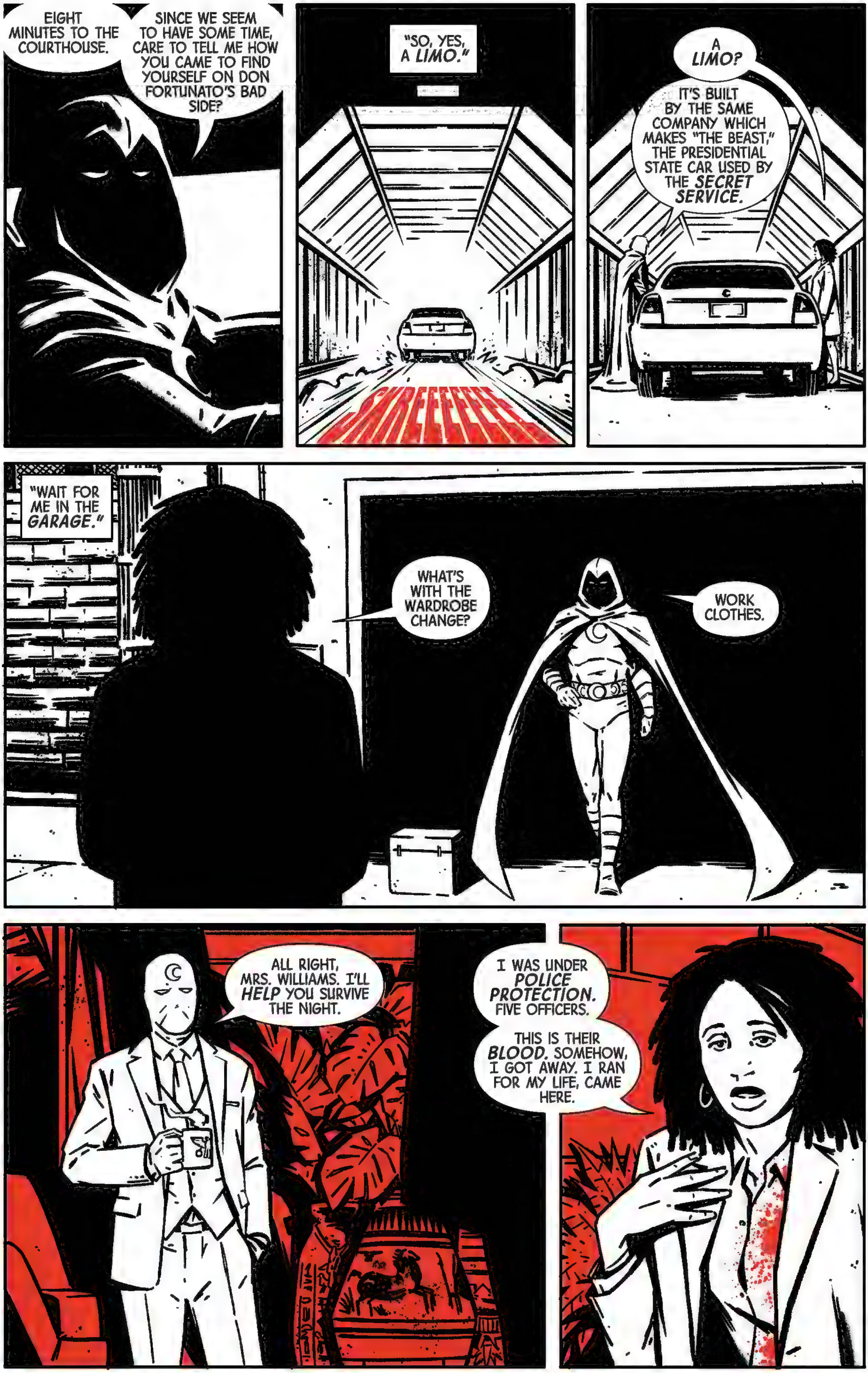

FOOSH
STUMP
CHUK!
HAPPY TO *OBLIGE.* HERE. START WITH MY *FIST...*
WHOKK
I'VE WANTED A PIECE OF YOU FOR A WHILE NOW.
SO, YOU'RE THE FAMOUS "MOON KNIGHT..."
STAY HERE.

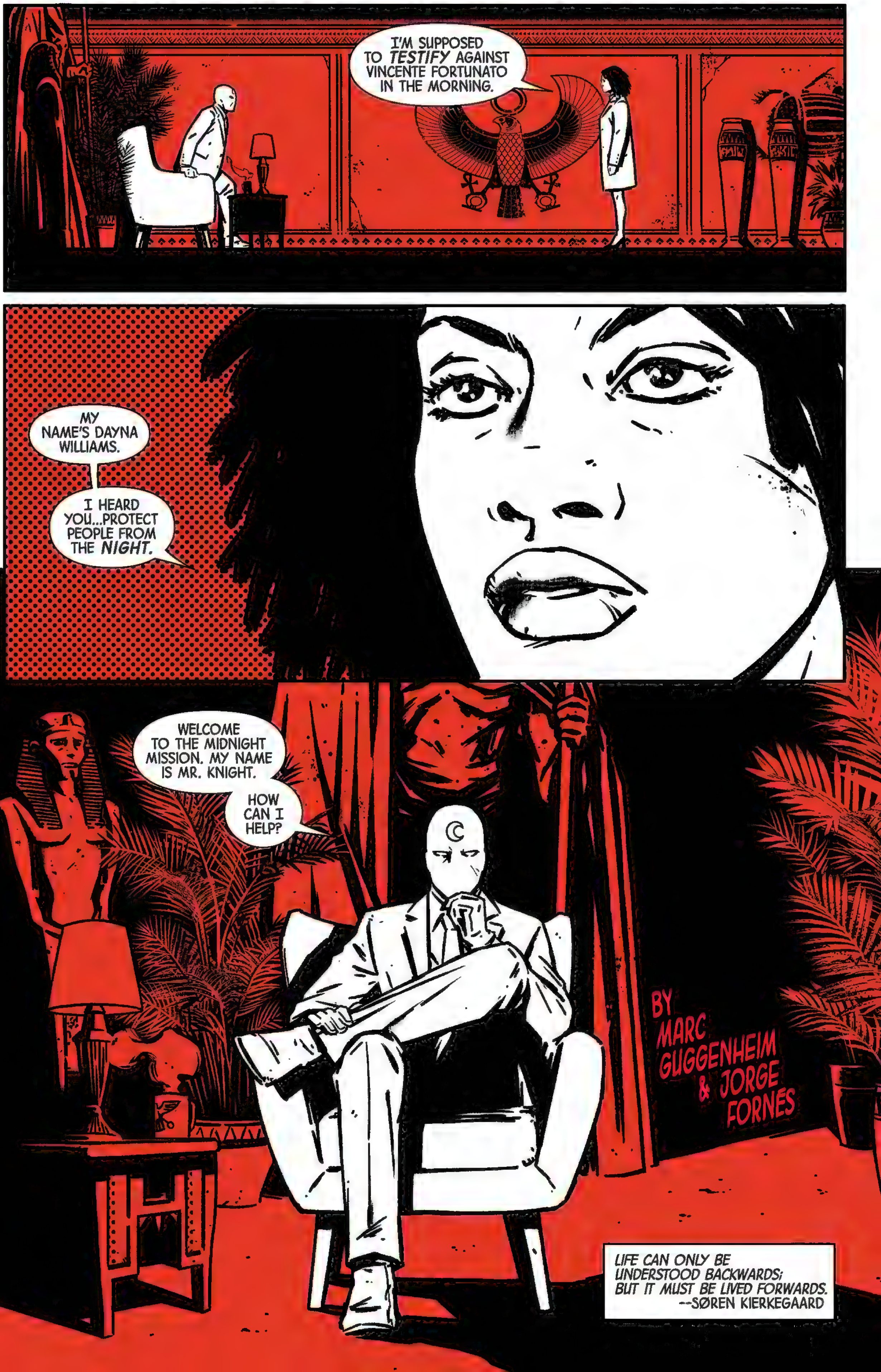

HE CALLS HIMSELF "REDBLADE."
WHO'S THIS ONE?
OOOF. THAT LOOKED LIKE IT HURT.
KERRRASH
CHOOOOOOOOOM

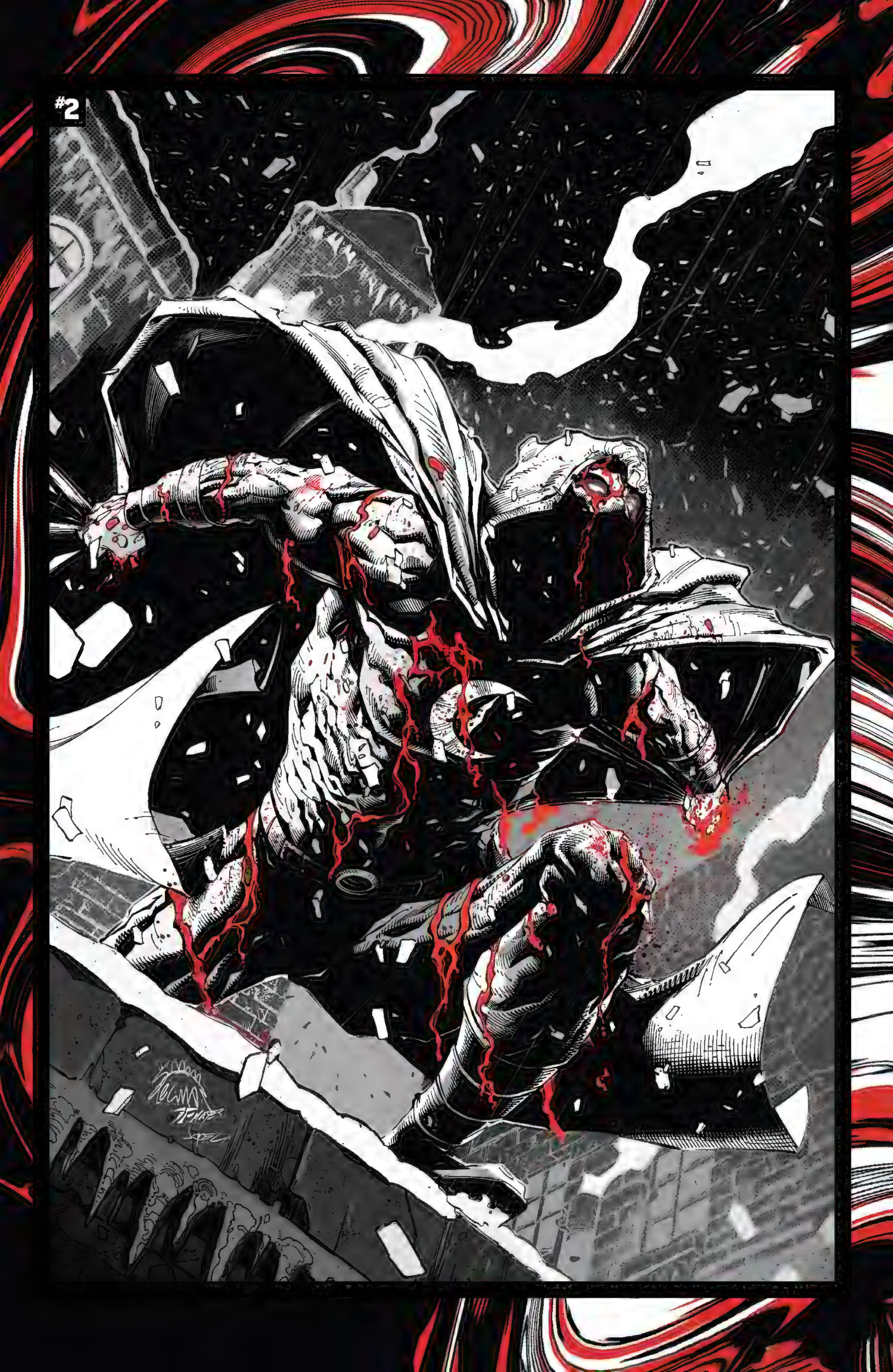

FWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH
TIME FOR THE DEER THING?
I DON'T THINK IT WORKS AGAINST *ROCKET-PROPELLED GRENADES.*
GRAB HOLD OF SOMETHING...
CASE IN POINT.
OH MY GOD...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "SUPER-POWERED"?
CLEARLY, THE MAGGIA KNOWS YOU'VE INVOLVED *ME.* IT'S A LAW OF THE JUNGLE: *COSTUME BEGETS COSTUME.*


WHO THE HELL WAS *THAT?*
BULLDOZER. LOW-LEVEL, ***SUPER-POWERED*** ENFORCER-FOR-HIRE.
WHAM!
Wrrrrrrrrrrrooooooooo
YOU KNOW HOW IF YOU SEE A DEER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD, THE PROPER COURSE IS TO ***PICK UP SPEED?***
THAT WAY THE ***IMPACT LAUNCHES*** THE DEER UP AND ***OVER*** THE CAR.
SAME PRINCIPLE.
WHAT ARE YOU ***DOING?***
40
50
60
70
80
90
100
MPH
BRAKE
THERE'S AN ORANGE-COSTUMED GUY IN THE STREET...
OH MY GOD...


AS DIFFICULT AS IT IS, *TESTIFYING* IS JUST THE *RIGHT* THING TO DO.
I JUST DIDN'T THINK DOING THE RIGHT THING MIGHT GET ME *KILLED.*
I WAS HIS *ACCOUNTANT.*
I THOUGHT I WAS WORKING FOR A LEGITIMATE BUSINESSMAN. TURNS OUT, NOT SO MUCH.
TELL THEM WHAT, EXACTLY? WHAT WERE YOU TO FORTUNATO?
ONCE I FOUND OUT WHAT WAS GOING ON, I WENT TO THE *POLICE.*
THEY PUT ME IN *PROTECTIVE CUSTODY,* ASKED ME TO TESTIFY.
I'M GONNA TELL THE *GRAND JURY* EVERYTHING...
I WORKED FOR *DON FORTUNATO* FOR SIX YEARS.
FORTUNATO'S A MAGGIA CHIEFTAIN.
I DIDN'T KNOW THAT UNTIL VERY RECENTLY.
BUT ONCE I DID...


EIGHT MINUTES TO THE COURTHOUSE.
SINCE WE SEEM TO HAVE SOME TIME, CARE TO TELL ME HOW YOU CAME TO FIND YOURSELF ON DON FORTUNATO'S BAD SIDE?
"SO, YES, A *LIMO.*"
SHREEEEEE
A *LIMO?*
IT'S BUILT BY THE SAME COMPANY WHICH MAKES "THE BEAST," THE PRESIDENTIAL STATE CAR USED BY THE *SECRET SERVICE.*
"WAIT FOR ME IN THE *GARAGE.*"
WHAT'S WITH THE WARDROBE CHANGE?
WORK CLOTHES.
ALL RIGHT, MRS. WILLIAMS. I'LL *HELP* YOU SURVIVE THE NIGHT.
I WAS UNDER *POLICE PROTECTION.* FIVE OFFICERS.
THIS IS THEIR *BLOOD.* SOMEHOW, I GOT AWAY. I RAN FOR MY LIFE, CAME HERE.


I'M SUPPOSED TO *TESTIFY* AGAINST VINCENTE FORTUNATO IN THE MORNING.
MY NAME'S DAYNA WILLIAMS.
I HEARD YOU...PROTECT PEOPLE FROM THE *NIGHT*.
WELCOME TO THE MIDNIGHT MISSION. MY NAME IS MR. KNIGHT.
HOW CAN I HELP?
BY MARC GUGGENHEIM & JORGE FORNES
LIFE CAN ONLY BE UNDERSTOOD BACKWARDS; BUT IT MUST BE LIVED FORWARDS.
--SØREN KIERKEGAARD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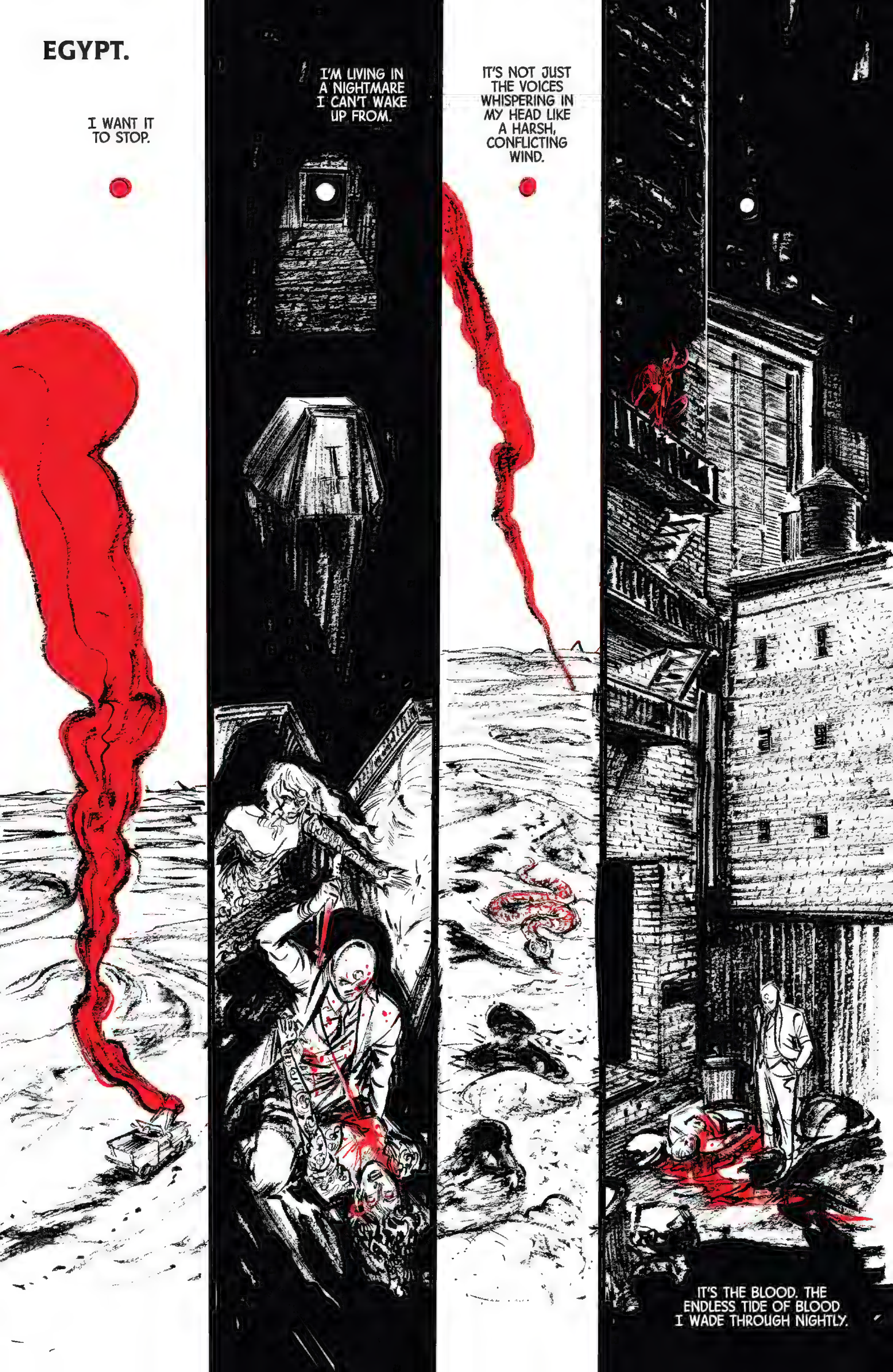
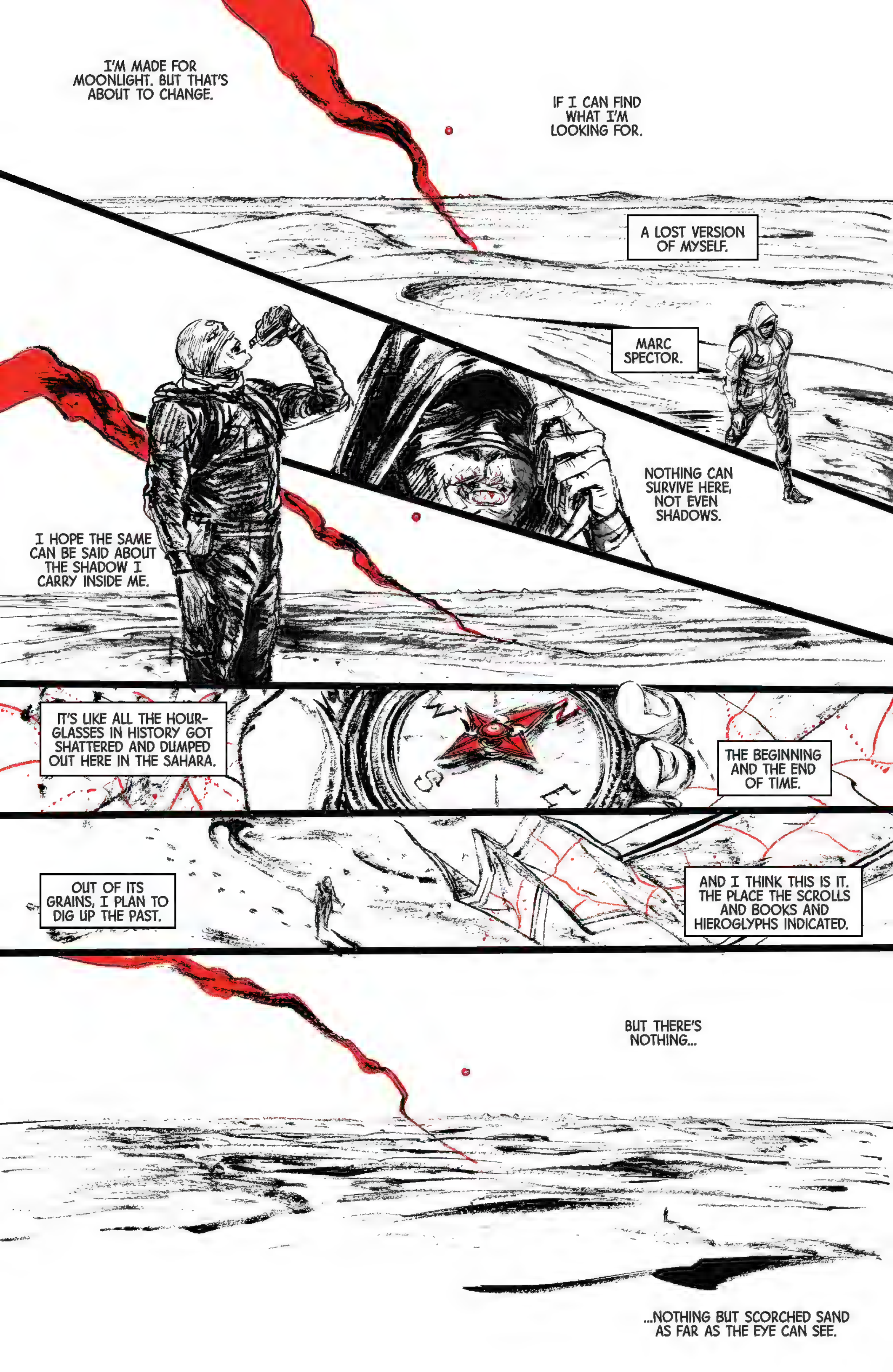
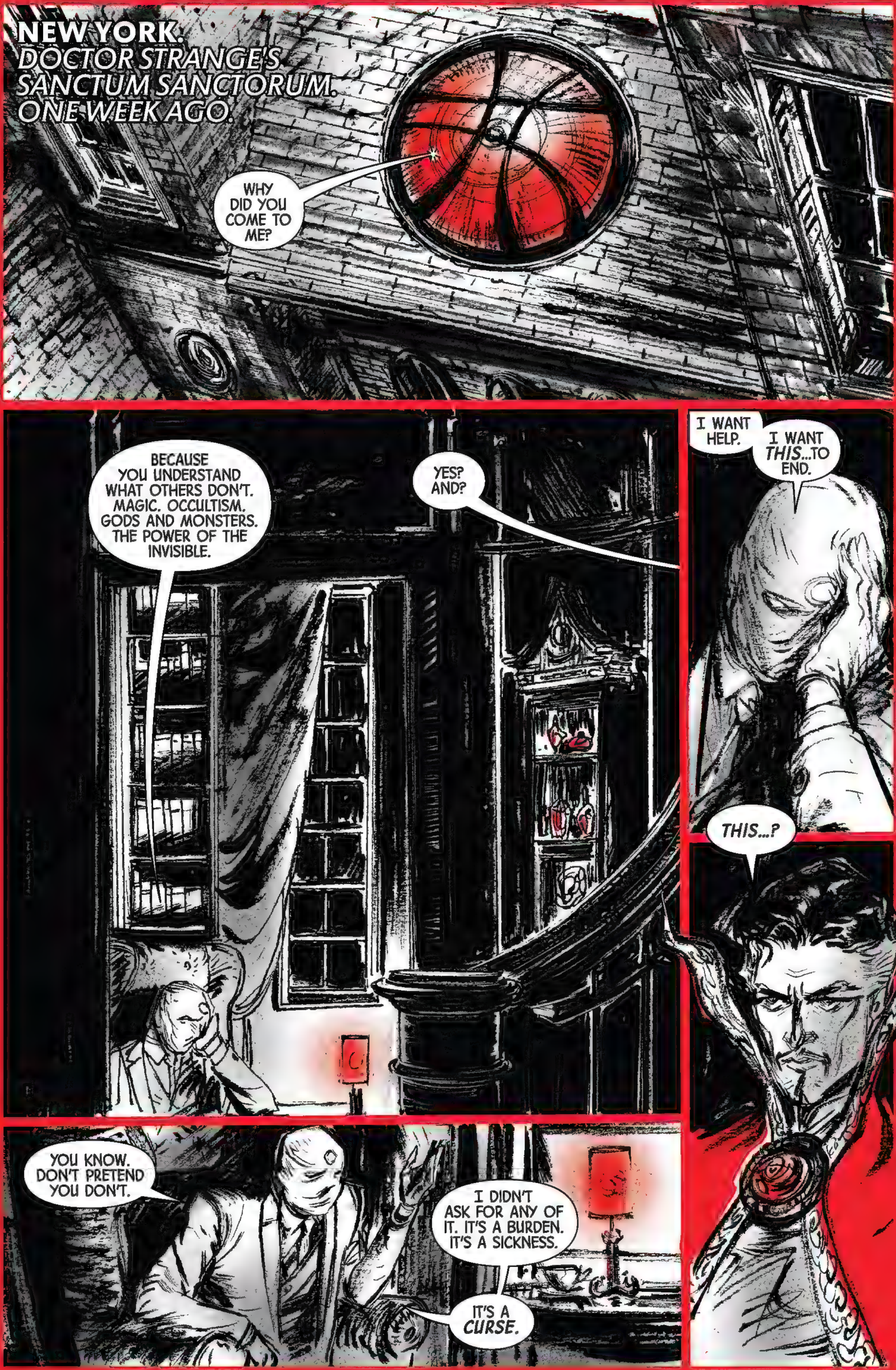
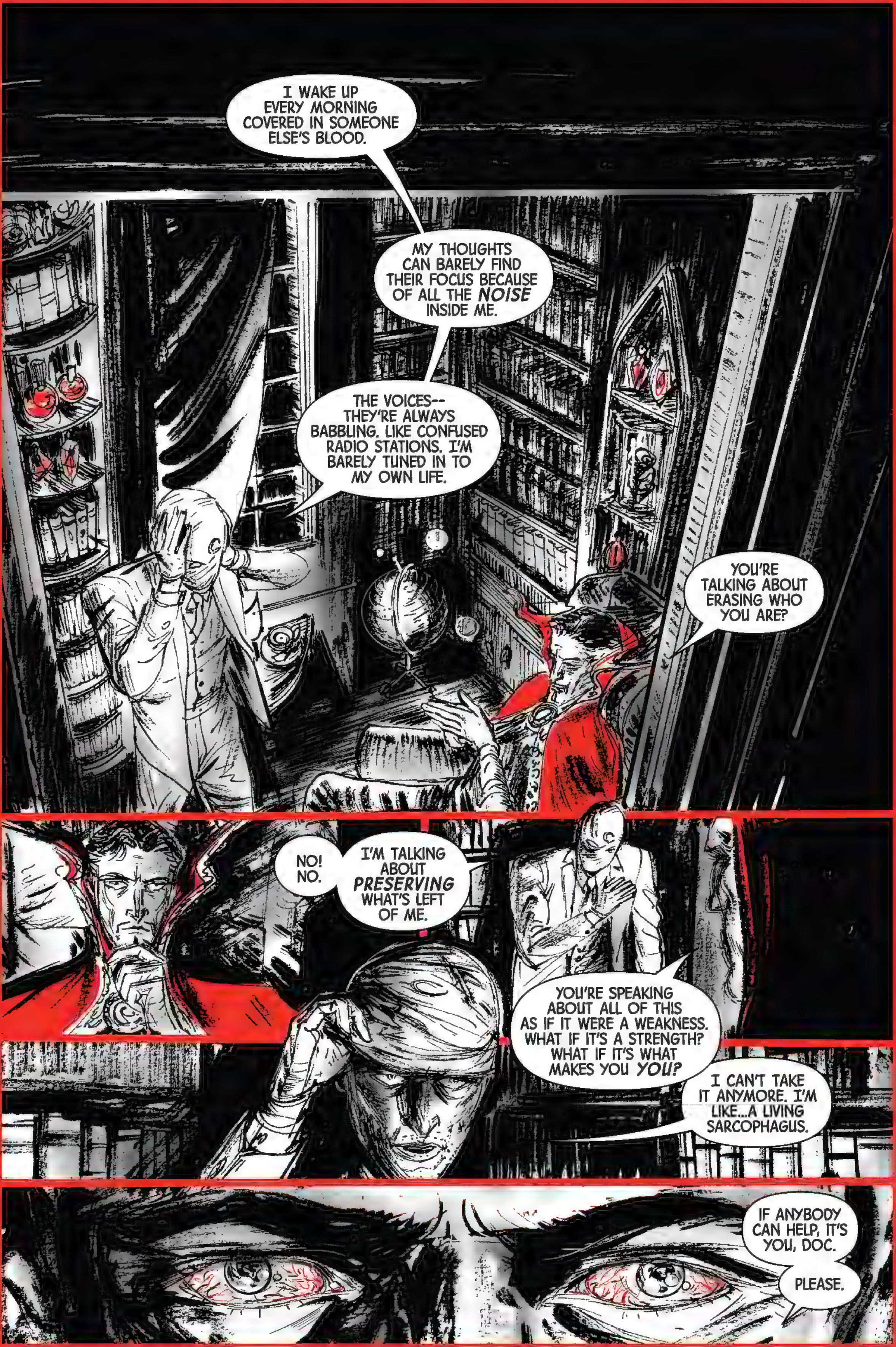
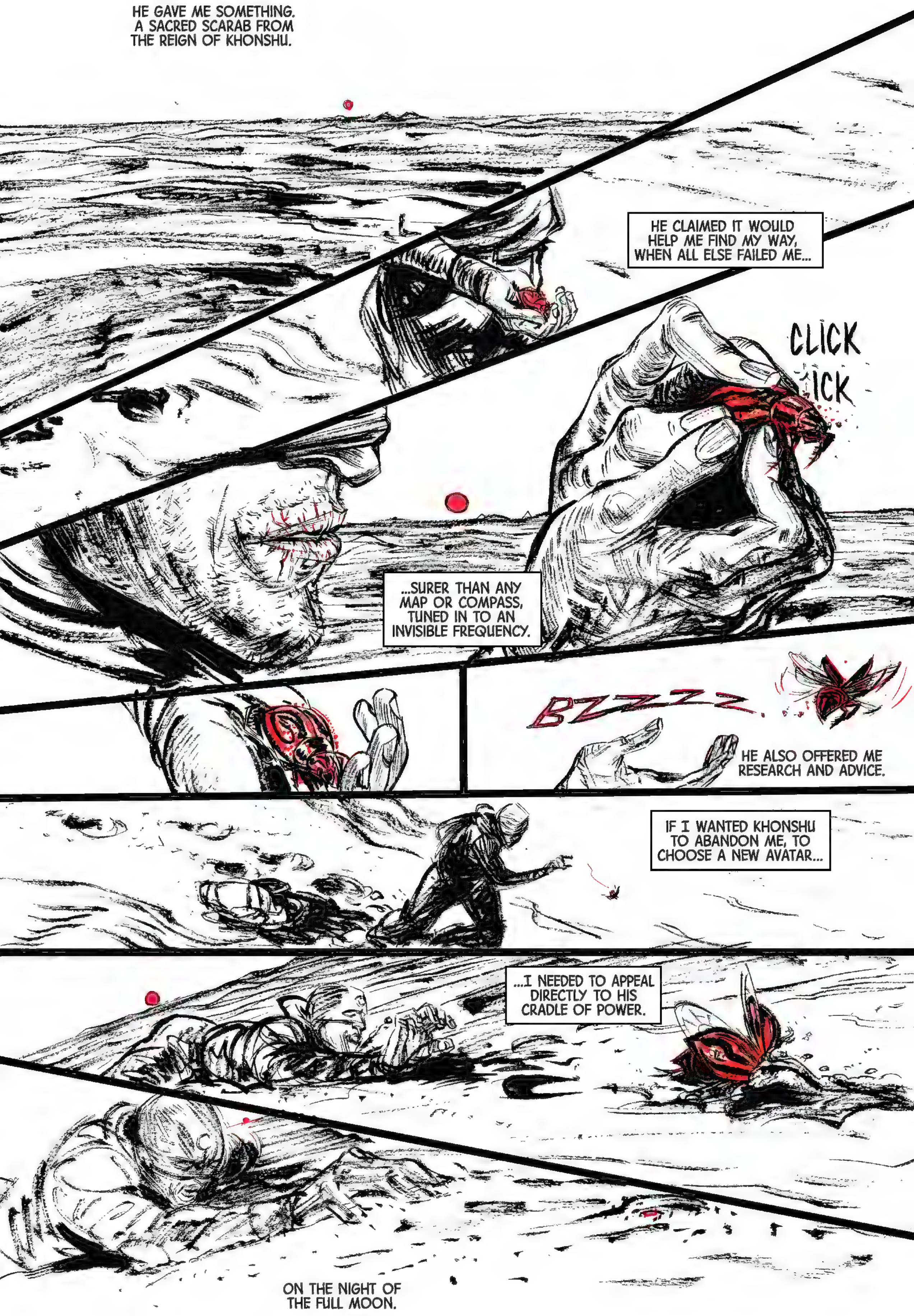
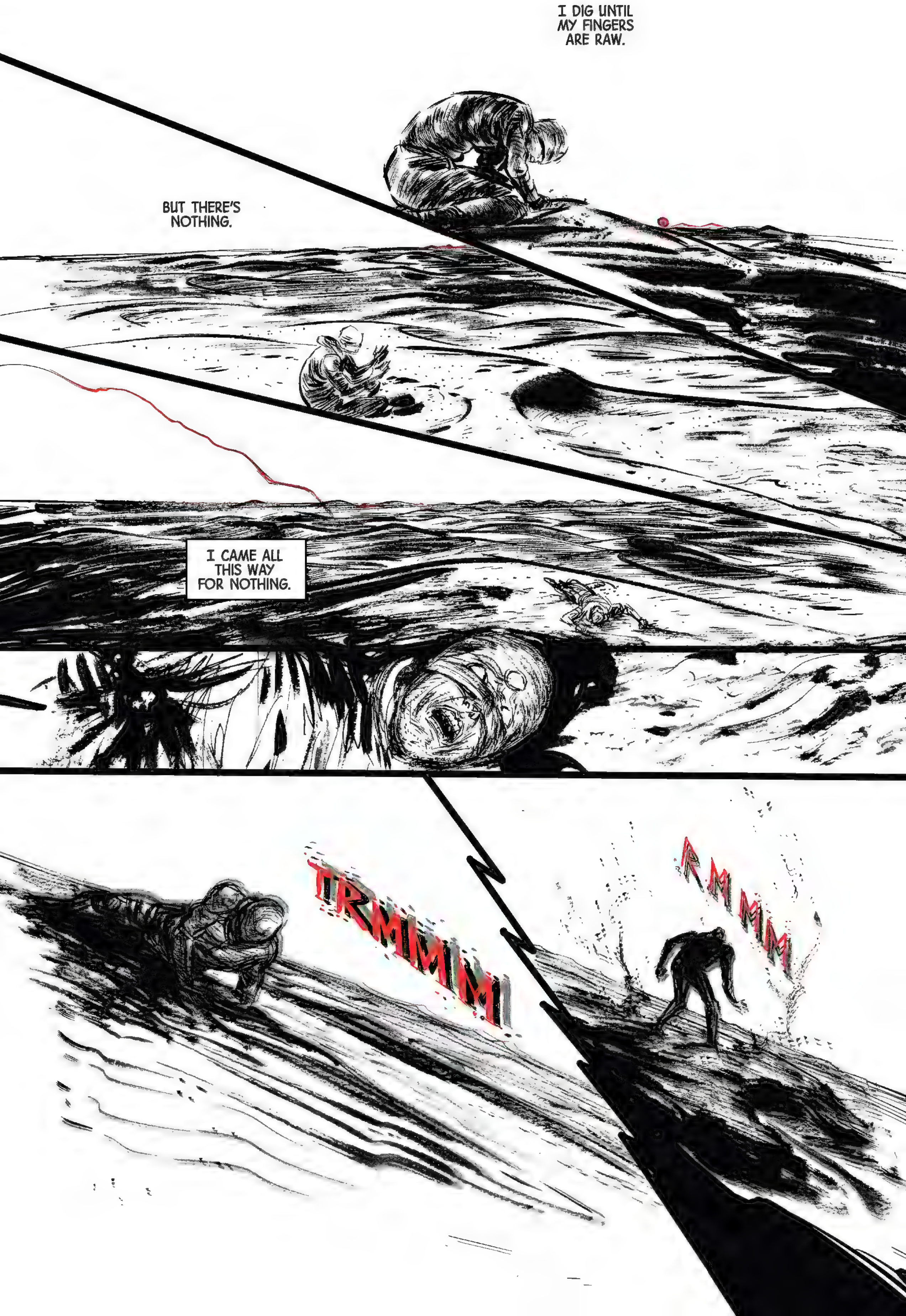

EGYPT.
I WANT IT TO STOP.
I'M LIVING IN A NIGHTMARE I CAN'T WAKE UP FROM.
IT'S NOT JUST THE VOICES WHISPERING IN MY HEAD LIKE A HARSH, CONFLICTING WIND.
IT'S THE BLOOD. THE ENDLESS TIDE OF BLOOD I WADE THROUGH NIGHTLY.

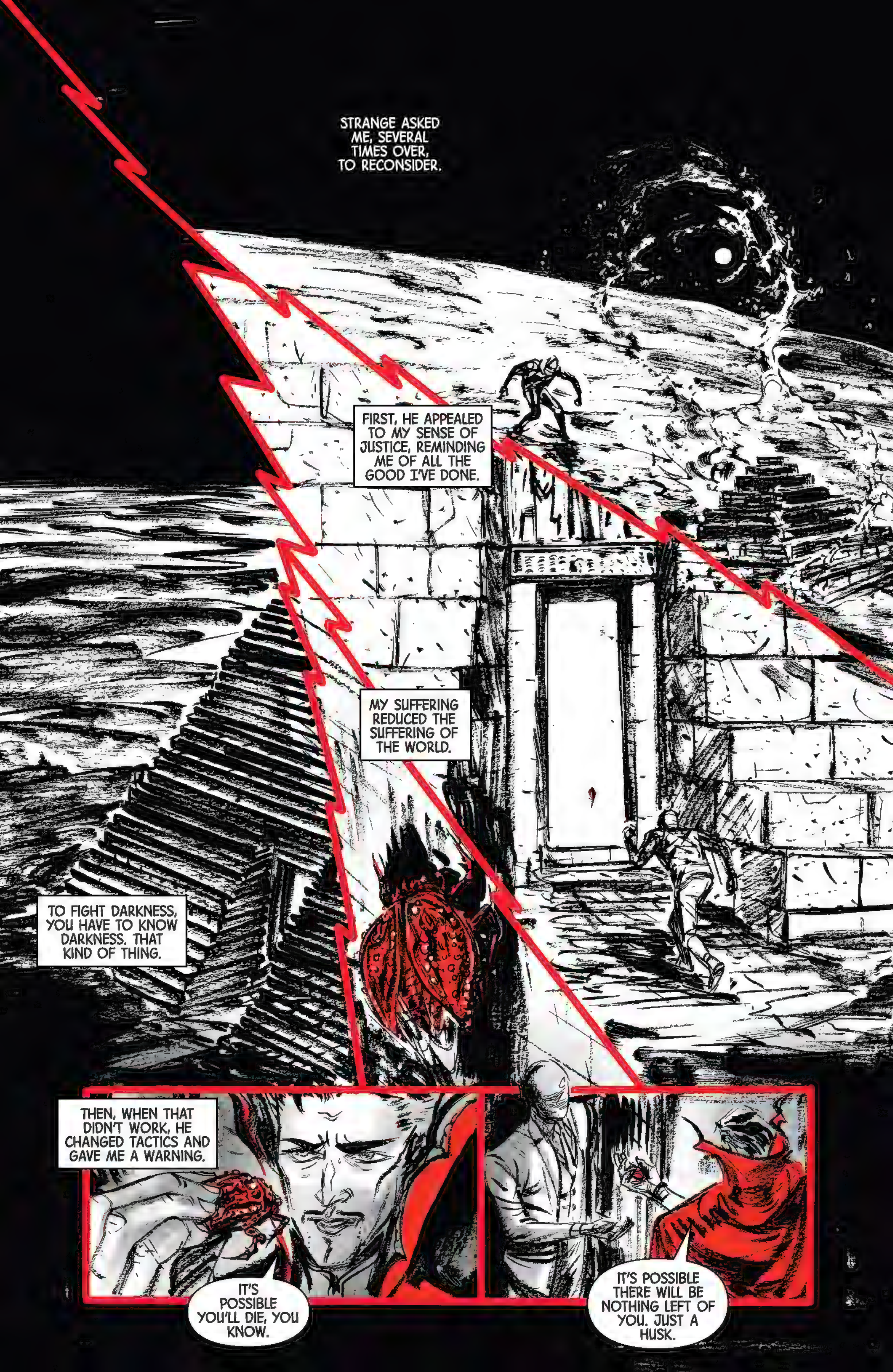

I'M MADE FOR MOONLIGHT. BUT THAT'S ABOUT TO CHANGE.
IF I CAN FIND WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR.
A LOST VERSION OF MYSELF.
MARC SPECTOR.
NOTHING CAN SURVIVE HERE, NOT EVEN SHADOWS.
I HOPE THE SAME CAN BE SAID ABOUT THE SHADOW I CARRY INSIDE ME.
IT'S LIKE ALL THE HOURGLASSES IN HISTORY GOT SHATTERED AND DUMPED OUT HERE IN THE SAHARA.
THE BEGINNING AND THE END OF TIME.
OUT OF ITS GRAINS, I PLAN TO DIG UP THE PAST.
AND I THINK THIS IS IT. THE PLACE THE SCROLLS AND BOOKS AND HIEROGLYPHS INDICATED.
BUT THERE'S NOTHING...
...NOTHING BUT SCORCHED SAND AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE.

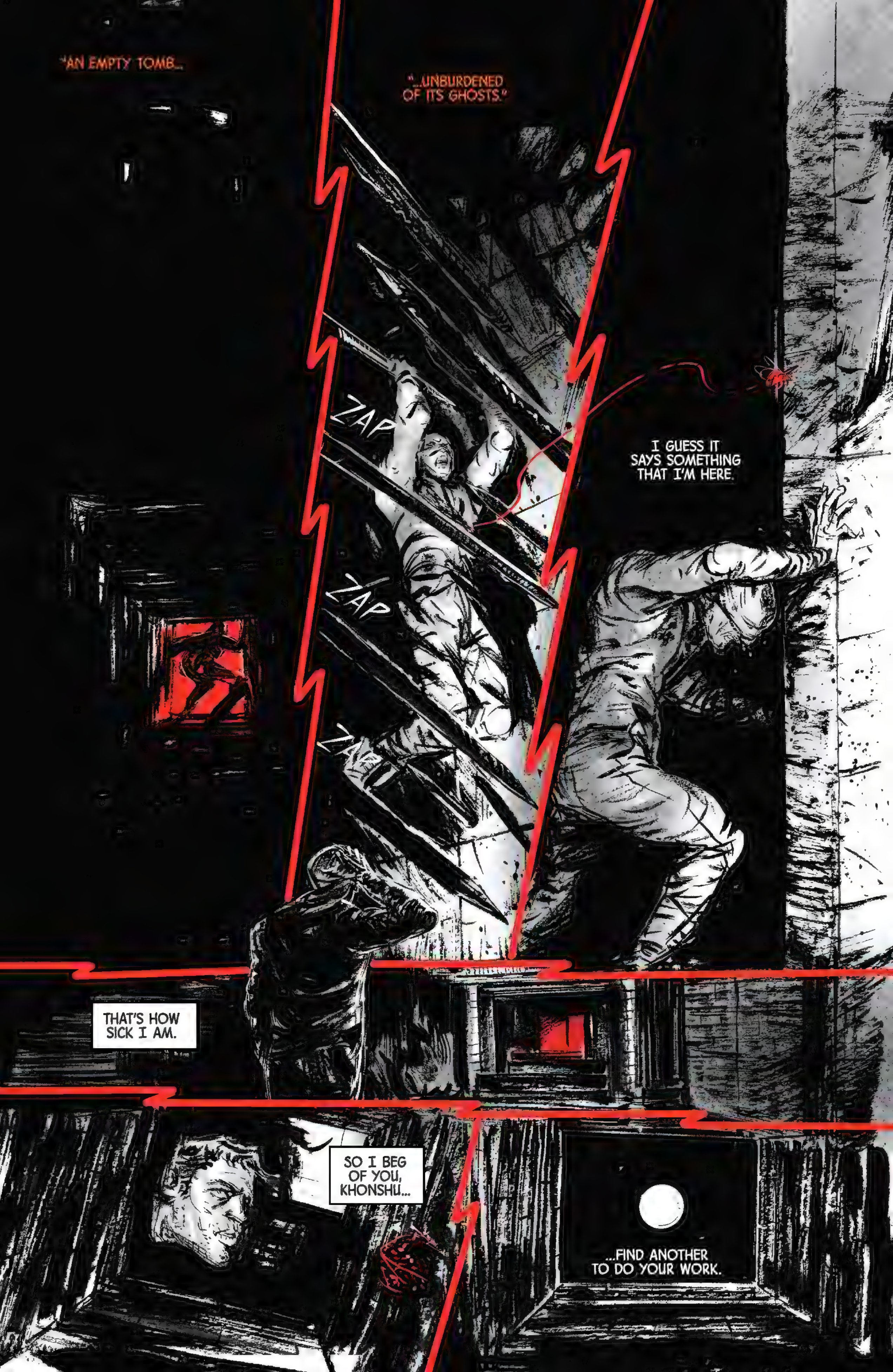

NEW YORK.
DOCTOR STRANGE'S SANCTUM SANCTORUM.
ONE WEEK AGO.
WHY DID YOU COME TO ME?
BECAUSE YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT OTHERS DON'T. MAGIC. OCCULTISM. GODS AND MONSTERS. THE POWER OF THE INVISIBLE.
YES? AND?
I WANT HELP.
I WANT *THIS*...TO END.
THIS...?
YOU KNOW. DON'T PRETEND YOU DON'T.
I DIDN'T ASK FOR ANY OF IT. IT'S A BURDEN. IT'S A SICKNESS.
IT'S A *CURSE*.

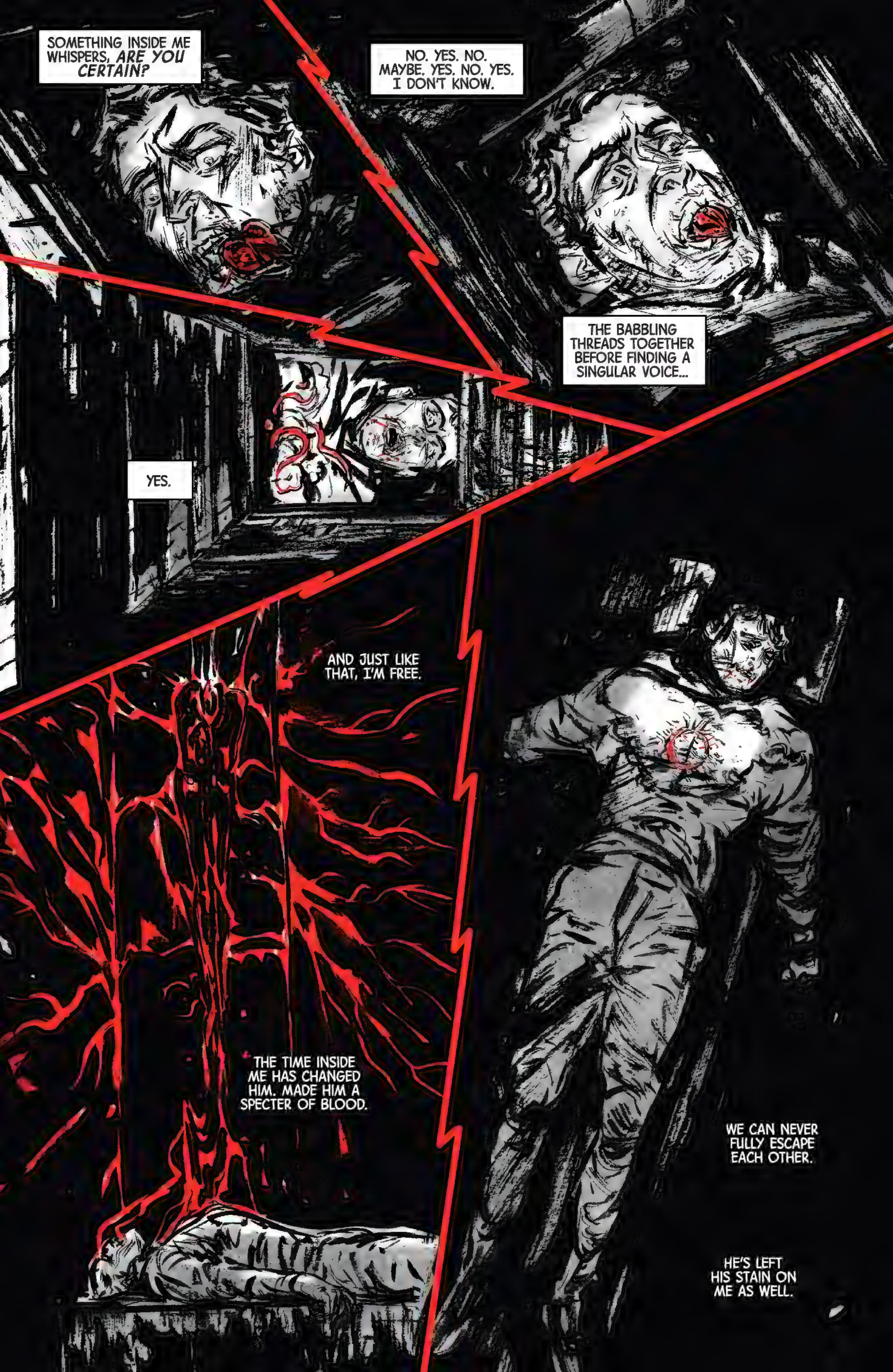

I WAKE UP EVERY MORNING COVERED IN SOMEONE ELSE'S BLOOD.
MY THOUGHTS CAN BARELY FIND THEIR FOCUS BECAUSE OF ALL THE *NOISE* INSIDE ME.
THE VOICES-- THEY'RE ALWAYS BABBLING. LIKE CONFUSED RADIO STATIONS. I'M BARELY TUNED IN TO MY OWN LIFE.
YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT ERASING WHO YOU ARE?
NO! NO.
I'M TALKING ABOUT *PRESERVING* WHAT'S LEFT OF ME.
YOU'RE SPEAKING ABOUT ALL OF THIS AS IF IT WERE A WEAKNESS. WHAT IF IT'S A STRENGTH? WHAT IF IT'S WHAT MAKES YOU *YOU?*
I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE. I'M LIKE...A LIVING SARCOPHAGUS.
IF ANYBODY CAN HELP, IT'S YOU, DOC.
PLEASE.

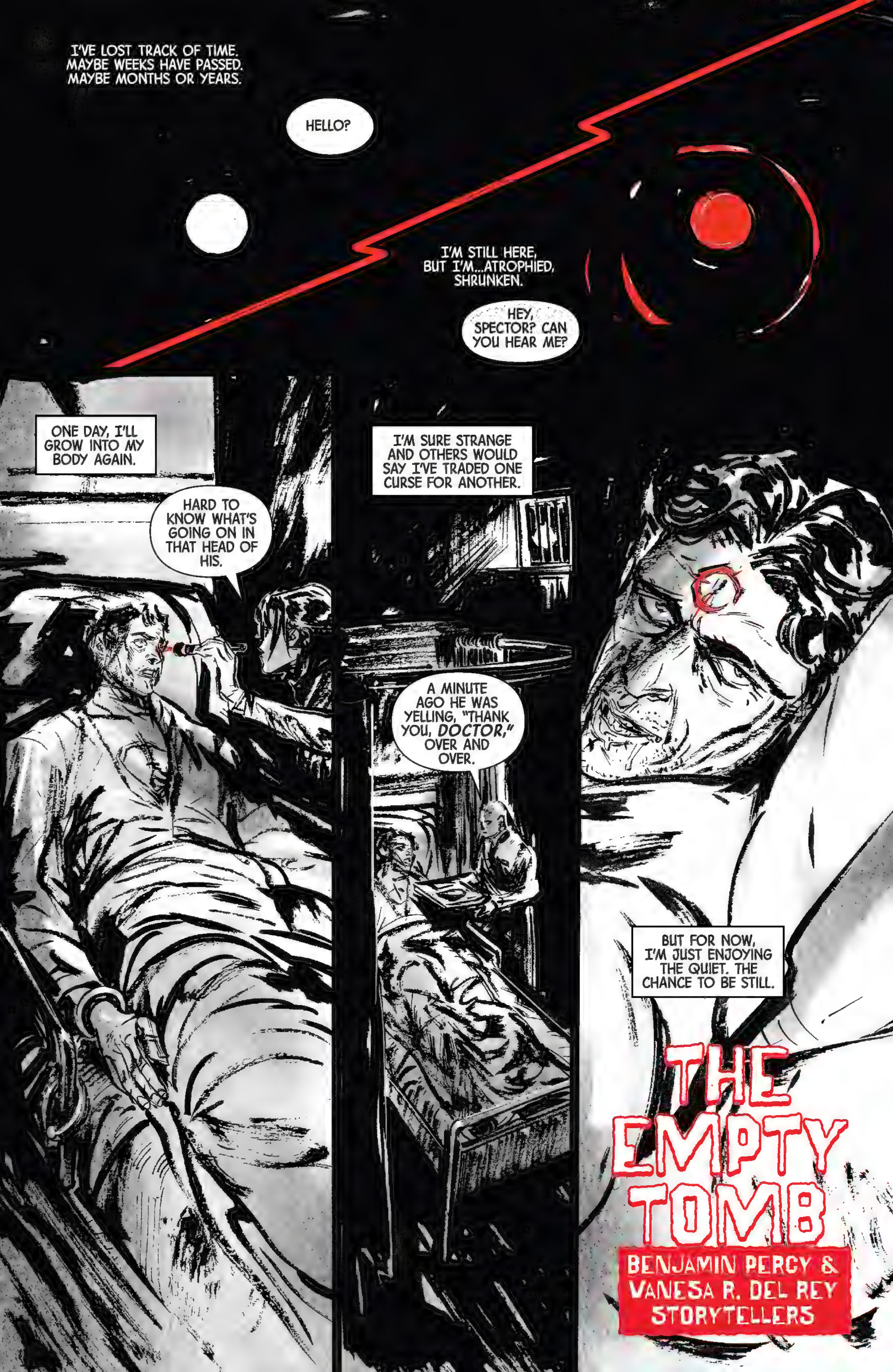

HE GAVE ME SOMETHING. A SACRED SCARAB FROM THE REIGN OF KHONSHU.
HE CLAIMED IT WOULD HELP ME FIND MY WAY, WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED ME...
CLICK
ICK
...SURER THAN ANY MAP OR COMPASS, TUNED IN TO AN INVISIBLE FREQUENCY.
BZZZZ
HE ALSO OFFERED ME RESEARCH AND ADVICE.
IF I WANTED KHONSHU TO ABANDON ME, TO CHOOSE A NEW AVATAR...
...I NEEDED TO APPEAL DIRECTLY TO HIS CRADLE OF POWER.
ON THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON.

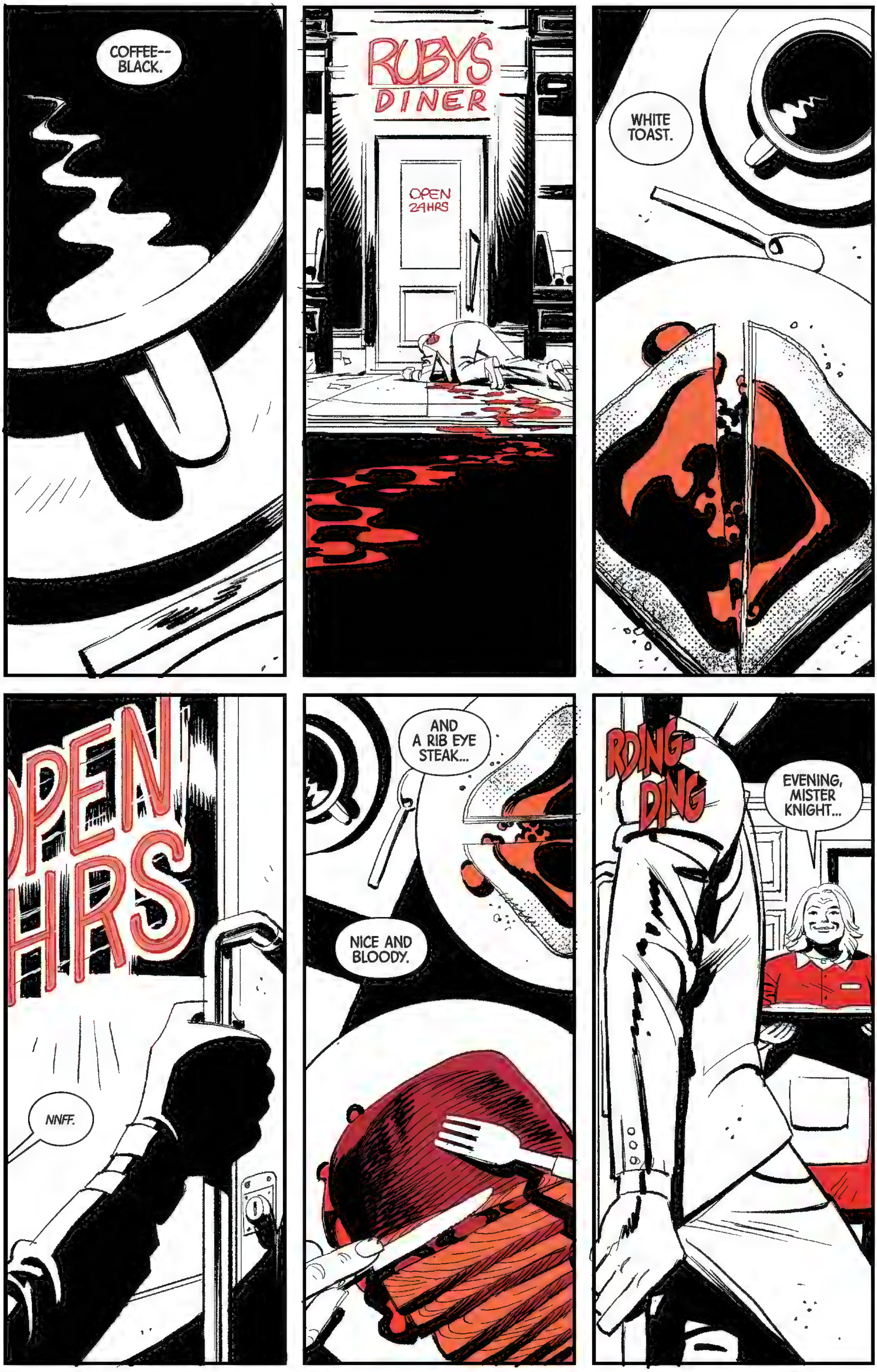

I DIG UNTIL MY FINGERS ARE RAW.
BUT THERE'S NOTHING.
I CAME ALL THIS WAY FOR NOTHING.
TRMMMM
RMMM

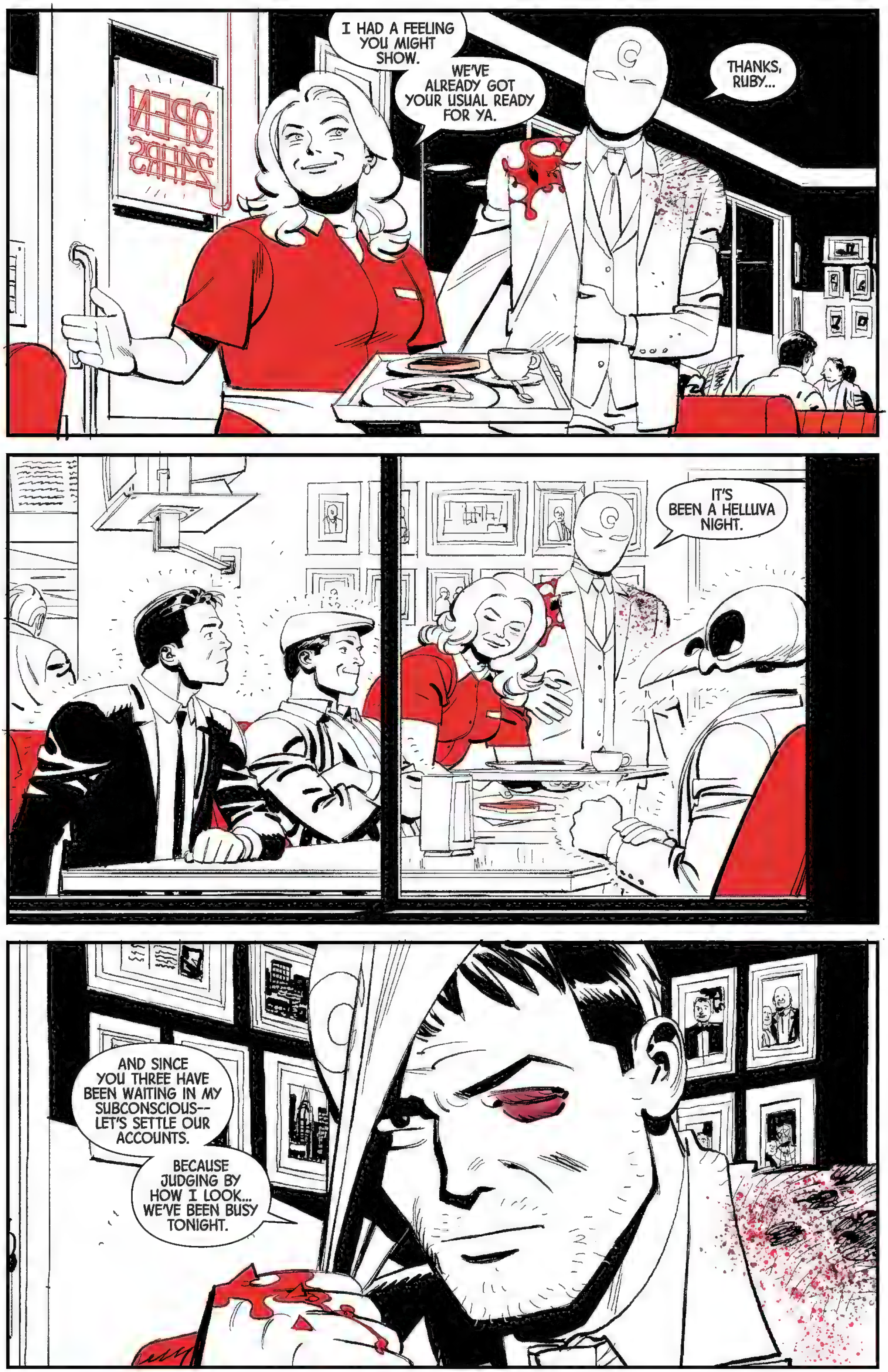

STRANGE ASKED ME, SEVERAL TIMES OVER, TO RECONSIDER.
FIRST, HE APPEALED TO MY SENSE OF JUSTICE, REMINDING ME OF ALL THE GOOD I'VE DONE.
MY SUFFERING REDUCED THE SUFFERING OF THE WORLD.
TO FIGHT DARKNESS, YOU HAVE TO KNOW DARKNESS. THAT KIND OF THING.
THEN, WHEN THAT DIDN'T WORK, HE CHANGED TACTICS AND GAVE ME A WARNING.
IT'S POSSIBLE YOU'LL DIE, YOU KNOW.
IT'S POSSIBLE THERE WILL BE NOTHING LEFT OF YOU. JUST A HUSK.

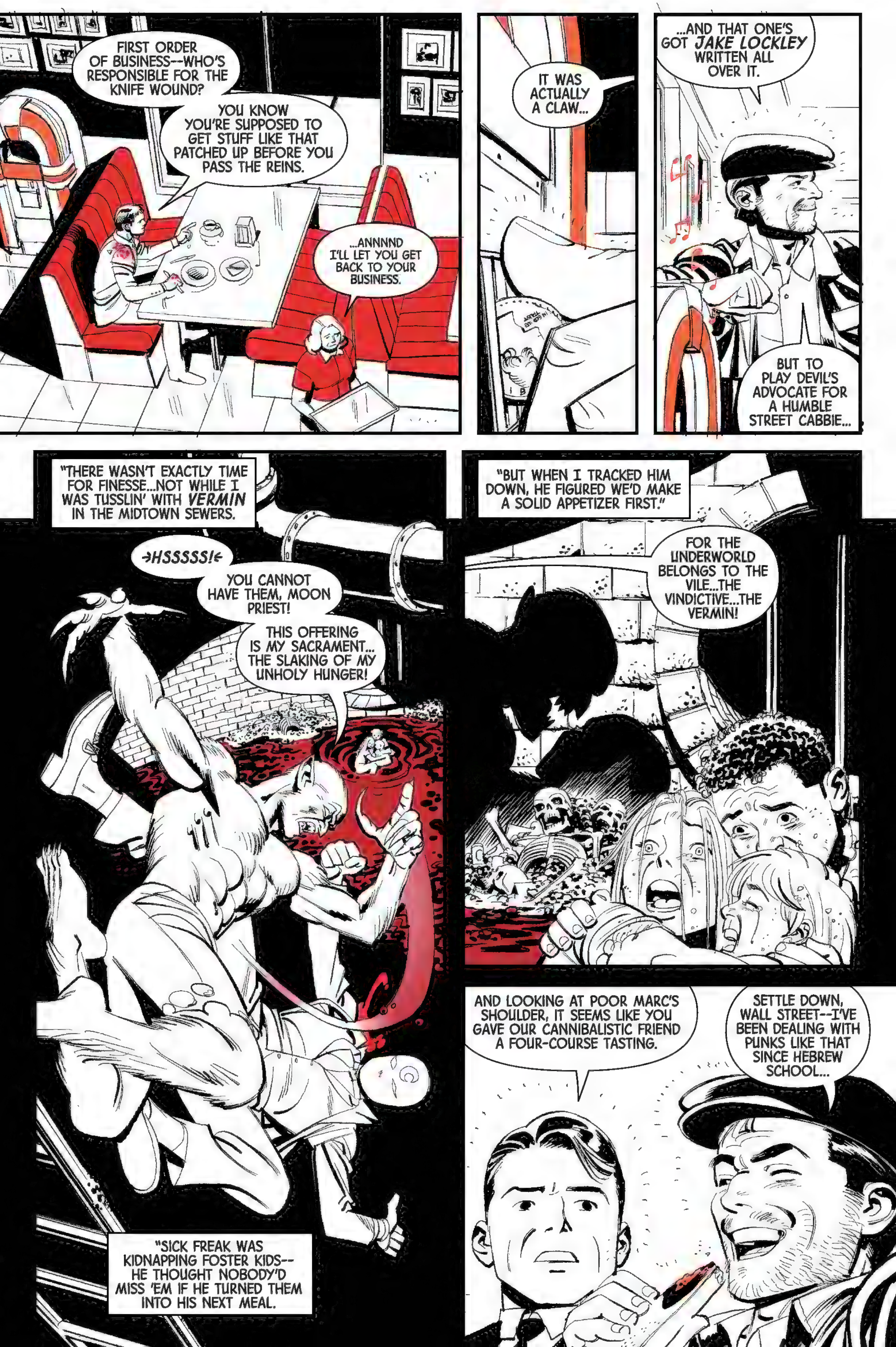

"AN EMPTY TOMB...
"...UNBURDENED OF ITS GHOSTS."
ZAP
ZAP
ZAP
I GUESS IT SAYS SOMETHING THAT I'M HERE.
THAT'S HOW SICK I AM.
SO I BEG OF YOU, KHONSHU...
...FIND ANOTHER TO DO YOUR WORK.

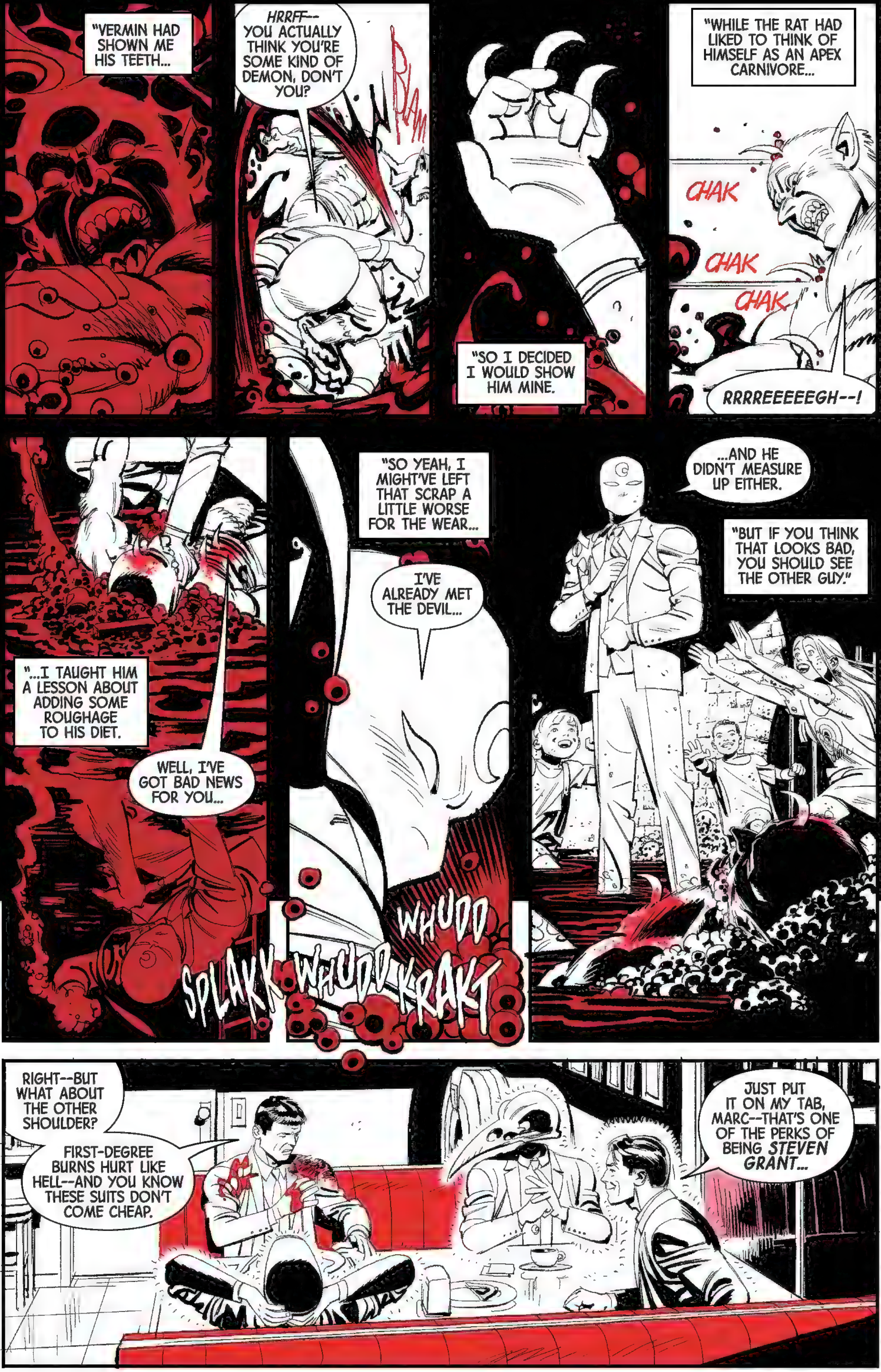

SOMETHING INSIDE ME WHISPERS, *ARE YOU CERTAIN?*
NO. YES. NO. MAYBE. YES. NO. YES. I DON'T KNOW.
THE BABBLING THREADS TOGETHER BEFORE FINDING A SINGULAR VOICE...
YES.
AND JUST LIKE THAT, I'M FREE.
THE TIME INSIDE ME HAS CHANGED HIM. MADE HIM A SPECTER OF BLOOD.
WE CAN NEVER FULLY ESCAPE EACH OTHER.
HE'S LEFT HIS STAIN ON ME AS WELL.

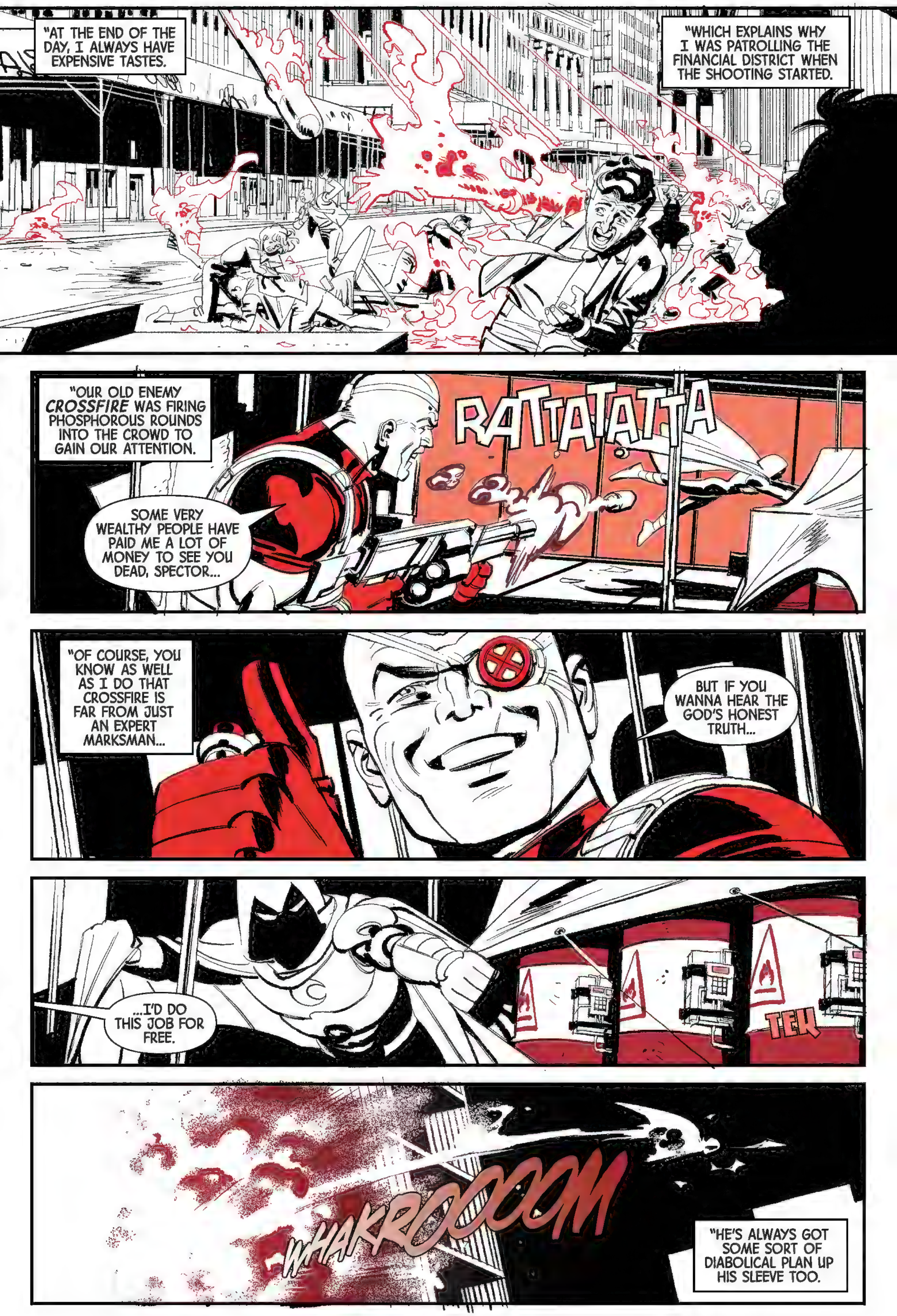

I'VE LOST TRACK OF TIME. MAYBE WEEKS HAVE PASSED. MAYBE MONTHS OR YEARS.
HELLO?
I'M STILL HERE, BUT I'M...ATROPHIED, SHRUNKEN.
HEY, SPECTOR? CAN YOU HEAR ME?
ONE DAY, I'LL GROW INTO MY BODY AGAIN.
HARD TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON IN THAT HEAD OF HIS.
I'M SURE STRANGE AND OTHERS WOULD SAY I'VE TRADED ONE CURSE FOR ANOTHER.
A MINUTE AGO HE WAS YELLING, "THANK YOU, *DOCTOR*," OVER AND OVER.
BUT FOR NOW, I'M JUST ENJOYING THE QUIET. THE CHANCE TO BE STILL.
THE EMPTY TOMB
BENJAMIN PERCY & VANESA R. DEL REY STORYTELLERS

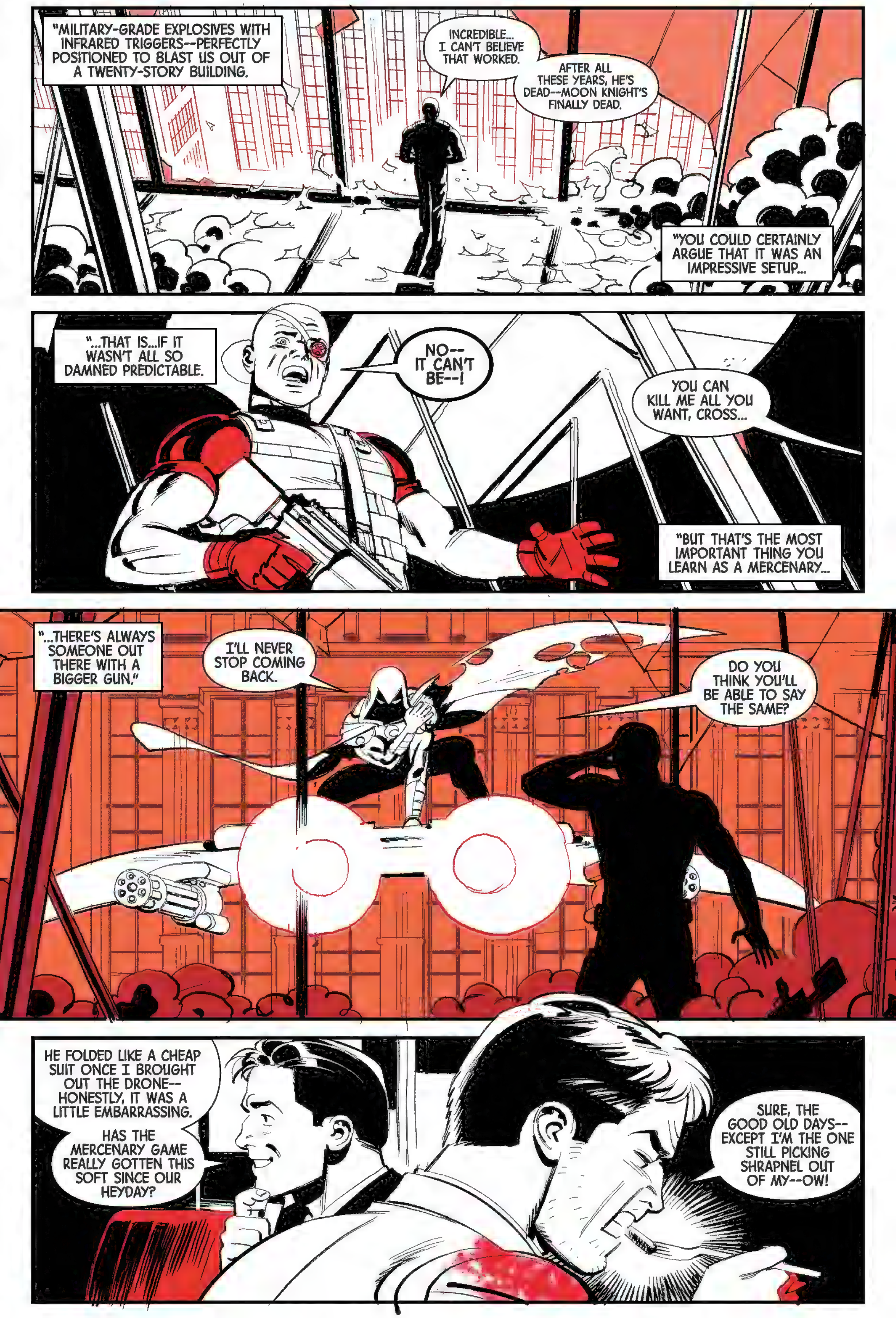

COFFEE--BLACK.
RUBY'S DINER
OPEN 24HRS
WHITE TOAST.
PEN
HRS
NNFF.
AND A RIB EYE STEAK...
NICE AND BLOODY.
RDING-DING
EVENING, MISTER KNIGHT...

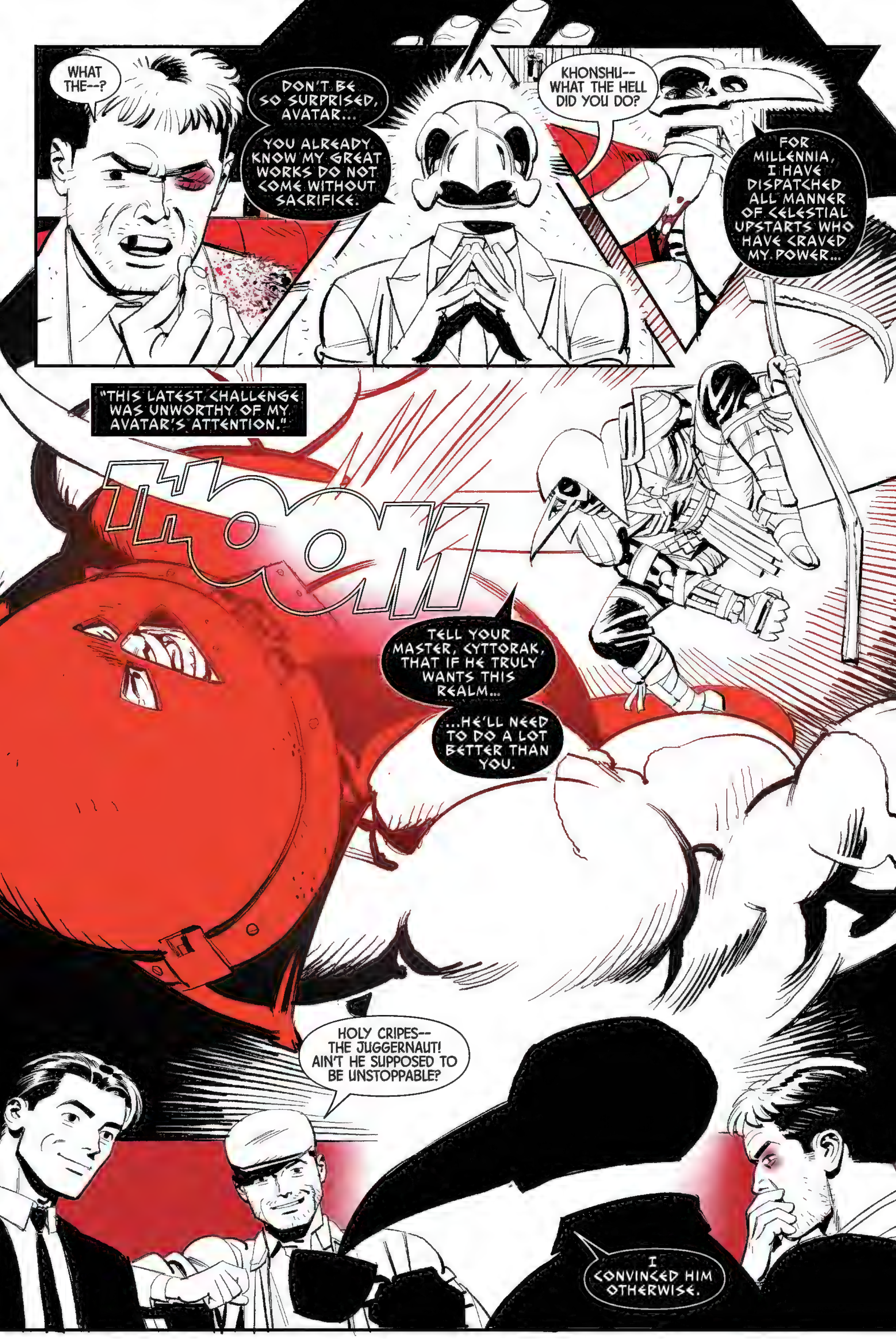

OPEN 24HRS
I HAD A FEELING YOU MIGHT SHOW.
WE'VE ALREADY GOT YOUR USUAL READY FOR YA.
THANKS, RUBY...
IT'S BEEN A HELLUVA NIGHT.
AND SINCE YOU THREE HAVE BEEN WAITING IN MY SUBCONSCIOUS-- LET'S SETTLE OUR ACCOUNTS.
BECAUSE JUDGING BY HOW I LOOK... WE'VE BEEN BUSY TONIGHT.

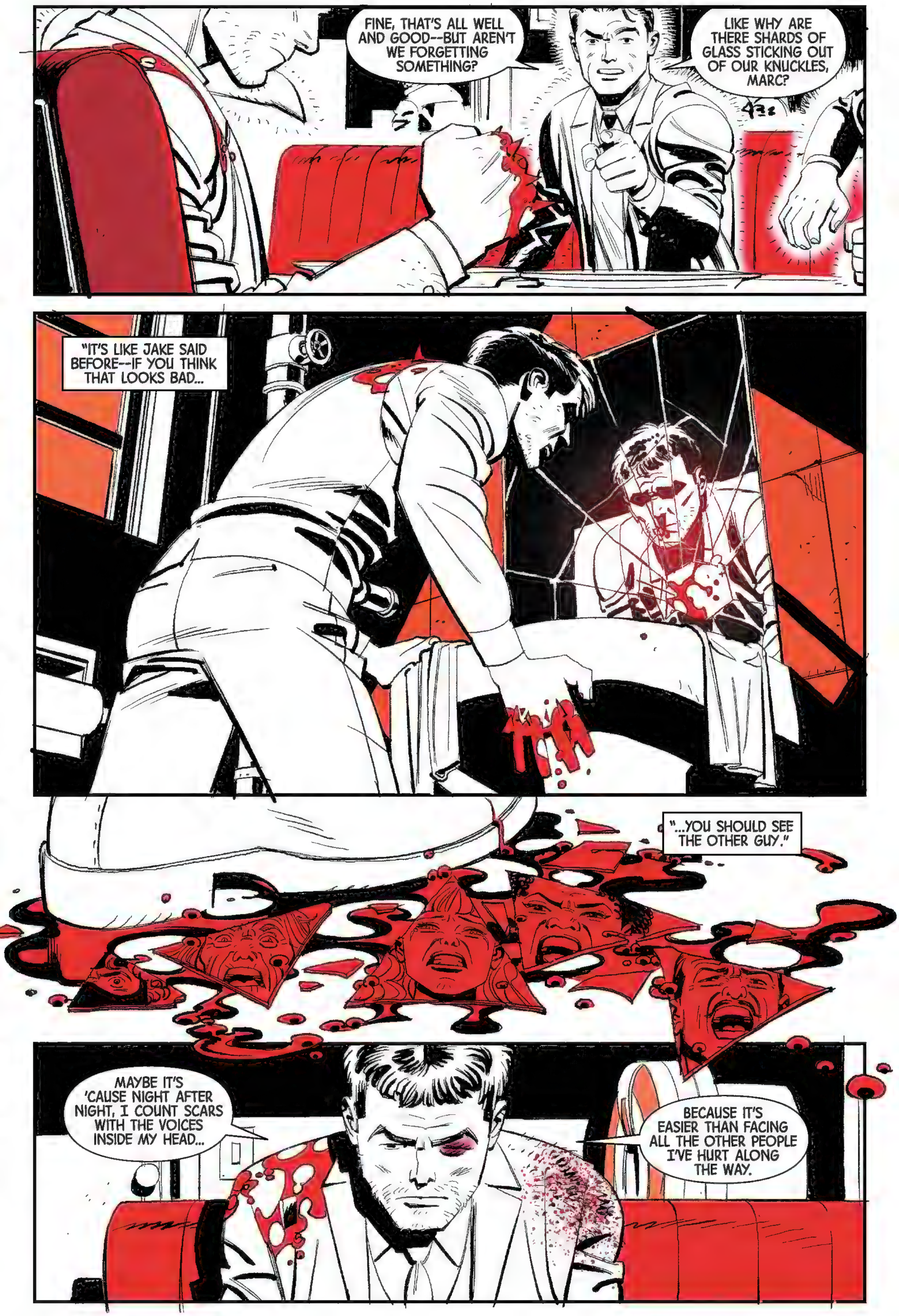

FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS--WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THE KNIFE WOUND?
YOU KNOW YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO GET STUFF LIKE THAT PATCHED UP BEFORE YOU PASS THE REINS.
...ANNNND I'LL LET YOU GET BACK TO YOUR BUSINESS.
IT WAS ACTUALLY A CLAW...
...AND THAT ONE'S GOT ***JAKE LOCKLEY*** WRITTEN ALL OVER IT.
BUT TO PLAY DEVIL'S ADVOCATE FOR A HUMBLE STREET CABBIE...
"THERE WASN'T EXACTLY TIME FOR FINESSE...NOT WHILE I WAS TUSSLIN' WITH ***VERMIN*** IN THE MIDTOWN SEWERS.
HSSSSS!
YOU CANNOT HAVE THEM, MOON PRIEST!
THIS OFFERING IS MY SACRAMENT... THE SLAKING OF MY UNHOLY HUNGER!
"SICK FREAK WAS KIDNAPPING FOSTER KIDS--HE THOUGHT NOBODY'D MISS 'EM IF HE TURNED THEM INTO HIS NEXT MEAL.
"BUT WHEN I TRACKED HIM DOWN, HE FIGURED WE'D MAKE A SOLID APPETIZER FIRST."
FOR THE UNDERWORLD BELONGS TO THE VILE...THE VINDICTIVE...THE VERMIN!
AND LOOKING AT POOR MARC'S SHOULDER, IT SEEMS LIKE YOU GAVE OUR CANNIBALISTIC FRIEND A FOUR-COURSE TASTING.
SETTLE DOWN, WALL STREET--I'VE BEEN DEALING WITH PUNKS LIKE THAT SINCE HEBREW SCHOOL...

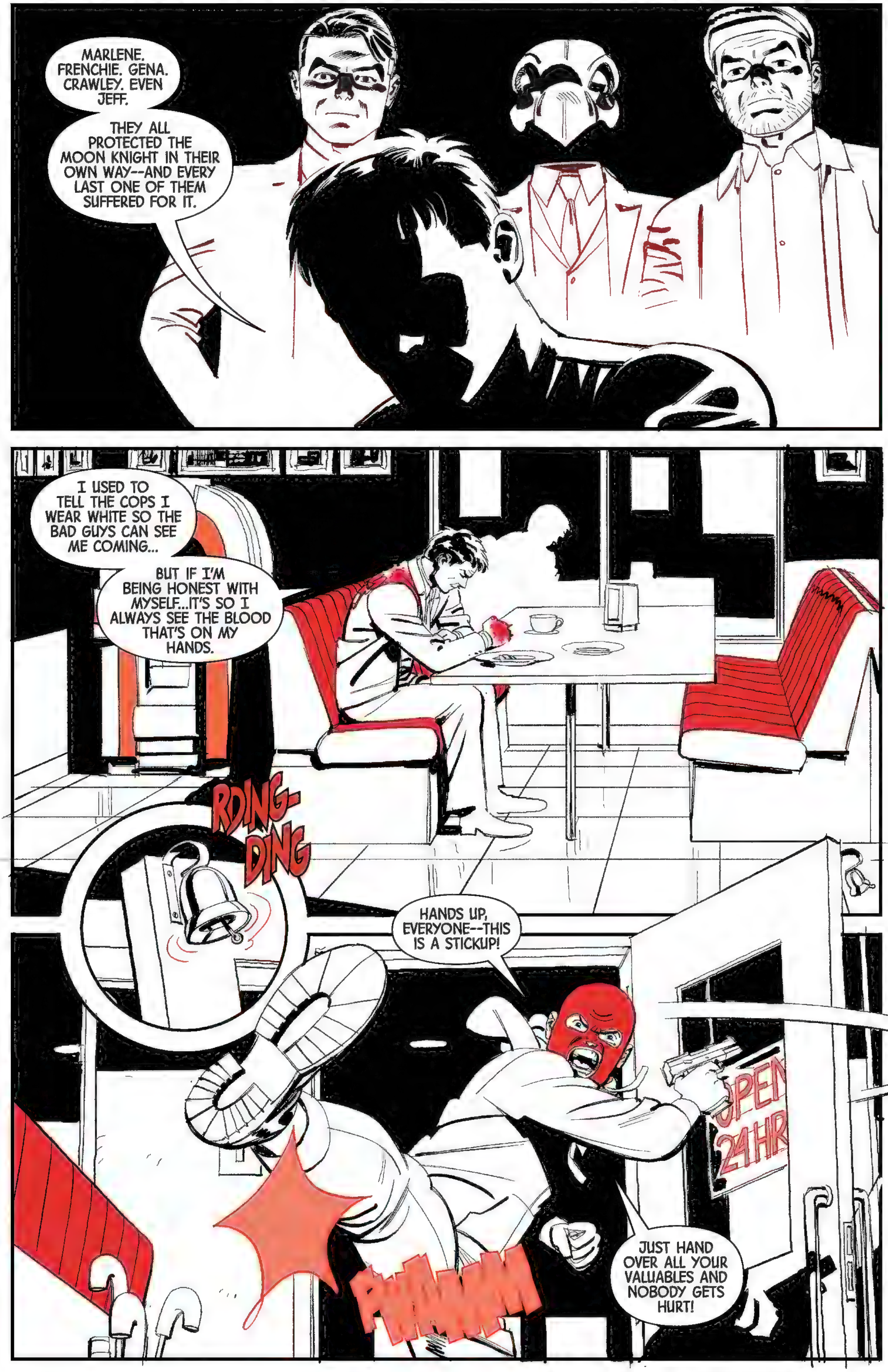

"VERMIN HAD SHOWN ME HIS TEETH...
HRRFF-- YOU ACTUALLY THINK YOU'RE SOME KIND OF DEMON, DON'T YOU?
BLAM
"SO I DECIDED I WOULD SHOW HIM MINE.
"WHILE THE RAT HAD LIKED TO THINK OF HIMSELF AS AN APEX CARNIVORE...
CHAK
CHAK
CHAK
RRRREEEEEGH--!
"...I TAUGHT HIM A LESSON ABOUT ADDING SOME ROUGHAGE TO HIS DIET.
WELL, I'VE GOT BAD NEWS FOR YOU...
"SO YEAH, I MIGHT'VE LEFT THAT SCRAP A LITTLE WORSE FOR THE WEAR...
I'VE ALREADY MET THE DEVIL...
SPLAKK
WHUDD
WHUDD
KRAKT
...AND HE DIDN'T MEASURE UP EITHER.
"BUT IF YOU THINK THAT LOOKS BAD, YOU SHOULD SEE THE OTHER GUY."
RIGHT--BUT WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER SHOULDER?
FIRST-DEGREE BURNS HURT LIKE HELL--AND YOU KNOW THESE SUITS DON'T COME CHEAP.
JUST PUT IT ON MY TAB, MARC--THAT'S ONE OF THE PERKS OF BEING *STEVEN GRANT*...

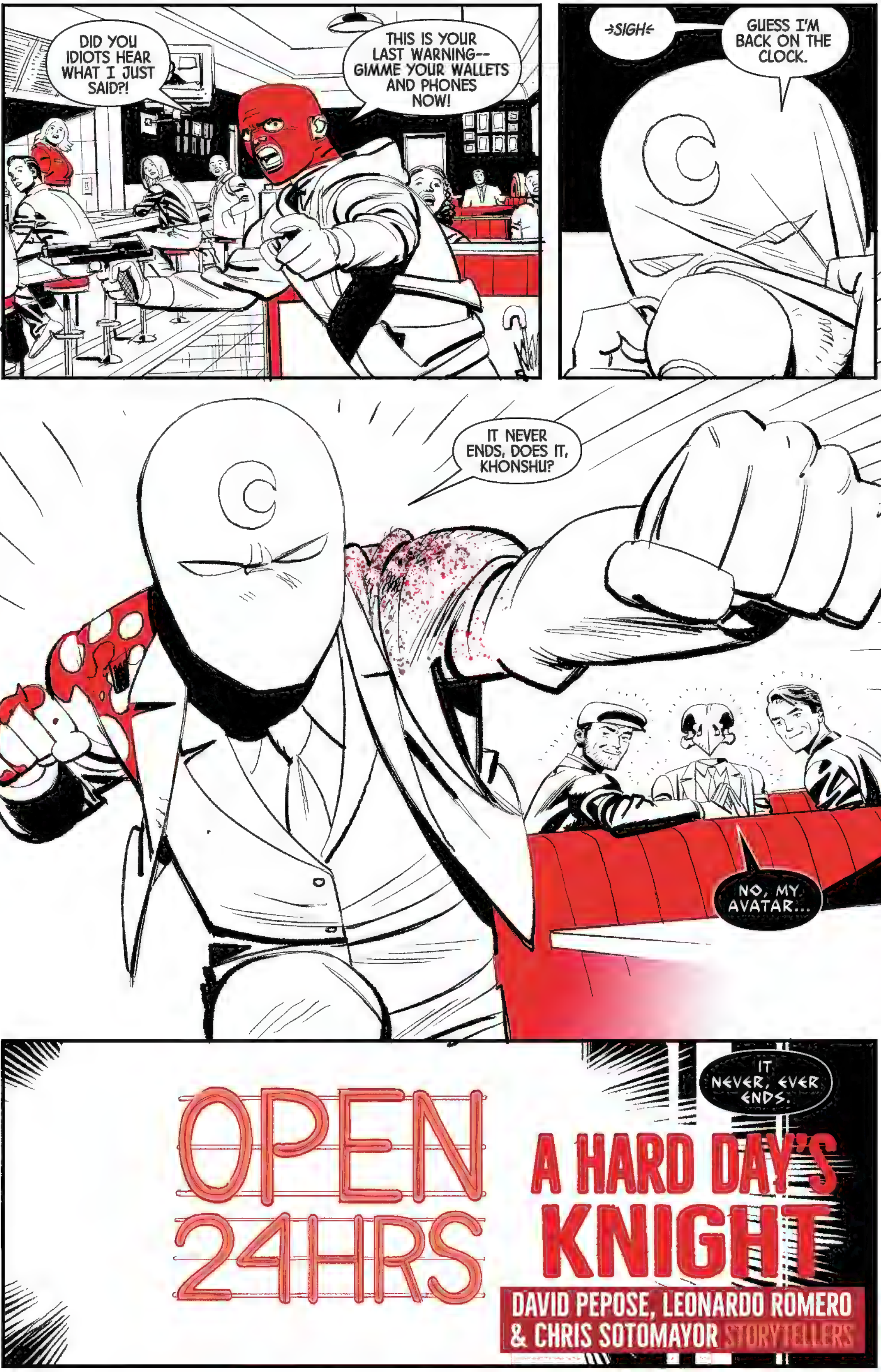

"AT THE END OF THE DAY, I ALWAYS HAVE EXPENSIVE TASTES.
"WHICH EXPLAINS WHY I WAS PATROLLING THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT WHEN THE SHOOTING STARTED.
"OUR OLD ENEMY *CROSSFIRE* WAS FIRING PHOSPHOROUS ROUNDS INTO THE CROWD TO GAIN OUR ATTENTION.
SOME VERY WEALTHY PEOPLE HAVE PAID ME A LOT OF MONEY TO SEE YOU DEAD, SPECTOR...
RATTATATTA
"OF COURSE, YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT CROSSFIRE IS FAR FROM JUST AN EXPERT MARKSMAN...
BUT IF YOU WANNA HEAR THE GOD'S HONEST TRUTH...
...I'D DO THIS JOB FOR FREE.
TEK
WHAKROOOOM
"HE'S ALWAYS GOT SOME SORT OF DIABOLICAL PLAN UP HIS SLEEVE TOO.


"MILITARY-GRADE EXPLOSIVES WITH INFRARED TRIGGERS--PERFECTLY POSITIONED TO BLAST US OUT OF A TWENTY-STORY BUILDING.
INCREDIBLE... I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT WORKED.
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, HE'S DEAD--MOON KNIGHT'S FINALLY DEAD.
"YOU COULD CERTAINLY ARGUE THAT IT WAS AN IMPRESSIVE SETUP...
"...THAT IS...IF IT WASN'T ALL SO DAMNED PREDICTABLE.
NO-- IT CAN'T BE--!
YOU CAN KILL ME ALL YOU WANT, CROSS...
"BUT THAT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT THING YOU LEARN AS A MERCENARY...
"...THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEONE OUT THERE WITH A BIGGER GUN."
I'LL NEVER STOP COMING BACK.
DO YOU THINK YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SAY THE SAME?
HE FOLDED LIKE A CHEAP SUIT ONCE I BROUGHT OUT THE DRONE-- HONESTLY, IT WAS A LITTLE EMBARRASSING.
HAS THE MERCENARY GAME REALLY GOTTEN THIS SOFT SINCE OUR HEYDAY?
SURE, THE GOOD OLD DAYS-- EXCEPT I'M THE ONE STILL PICKING SHRAPNEL OUT OF MY--OW!


WHAT THE--?
DON'T BE SO SURPRISED, AVATAR...
YOU ALREADY KNOW MY GREAT WORKS DO NOT COME WITHOUT SACRIFICE.
KHONSHU-- WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO?
FOR MILLENNIA, I HAVE DISPATCHED ALL MANNER OF CELESTIAL UPSTARTS WHO HAVE CRAVED MY POWER...
"THIS LATEST CHALLENGE WAS UNWORTHY OF MY AVATAR'S ATTENTION."
THOOM
TELL YOUR MASTER, CYTTORAK, THAT IF HE TRULY WANTS THIS REALM...
...HE'LL NEED TO DO A LOT BETTER THAN YOU.
HOLY CRIPES-- THE JUGGERNAUT! AIN'T HE SUPPOSED TO BE UNSTOPPABLE?
I CONVINCED HIM OTHERWISE.

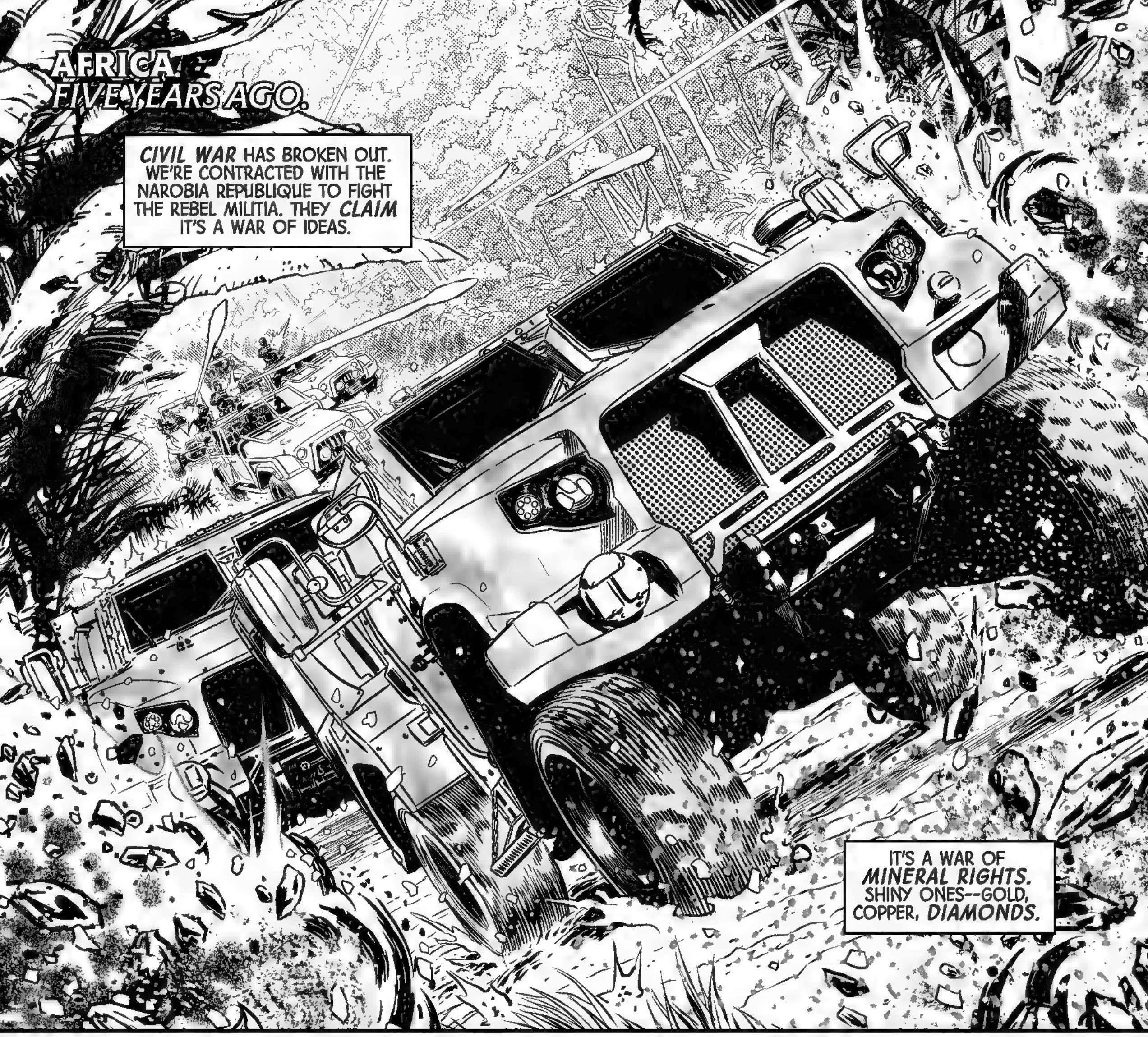

FINE, THAT'S ALL WELL AND GOOD--BUT AREN'T WE FORGETTING SOMETHING?
LIKE WHY ARE THERE SHARDS OF GLASS STICKING OUT OF OUR KNUCKLES, MARC?
"IT'S LIKE JAKE SAID BEFORE--IF YOU THINK THAT LOOKS BAD...
"...YOU SHOULD SEE THE OTHER GUY."
MAYBE IT'S 'CAUSE NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, I COUNT SCARS WITH THE VOICES INSIDE MY HEAD...
BECAUSE IT'S EASIER THAN FACING ALL THE OTHER PEOPLE I'VE HURT ALONG THE WAY.

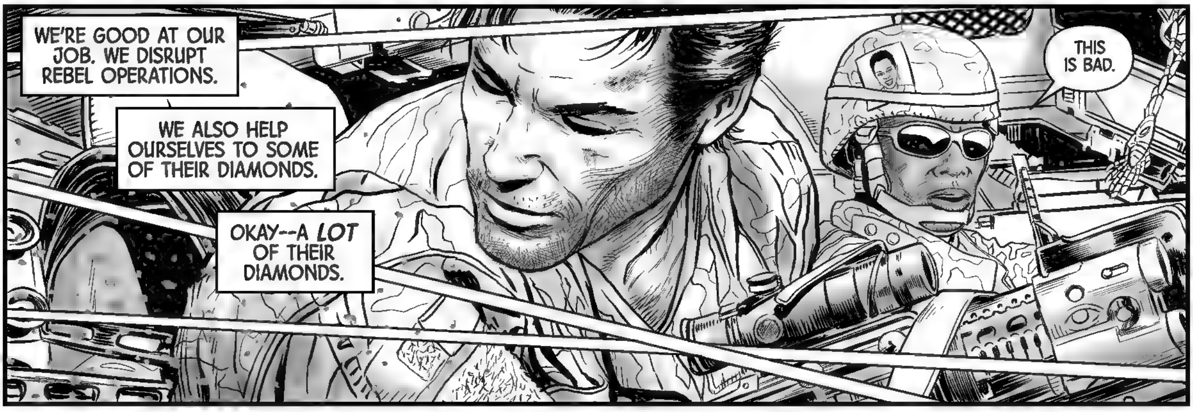

MARLENE. FRENCHIE. GENA. CRAWLEY. EVEN JEFF.
THEY ALL PROTECTED THE MOON KNIGHT IN THEIR OWN WAY--AND EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM SUFFERED FOR IT.
I USED TO TELL THE COPS I WEAR WHITE SO THE BAD GUYS CAN SEE ME COMING...
BUT IF I'M BEING HONEST WITH MYSELF...IT'S SO I ALWAYS SEE THE BLOOD THAT'S ON MY HANDS.
RDING-DING
HANDS UP, EVERYONE--THIS IS A STICKUP!
OPEN 24HR
JUST HAND OVER ALL YOUR VALUABLES AND NOBODY GETS HURT!

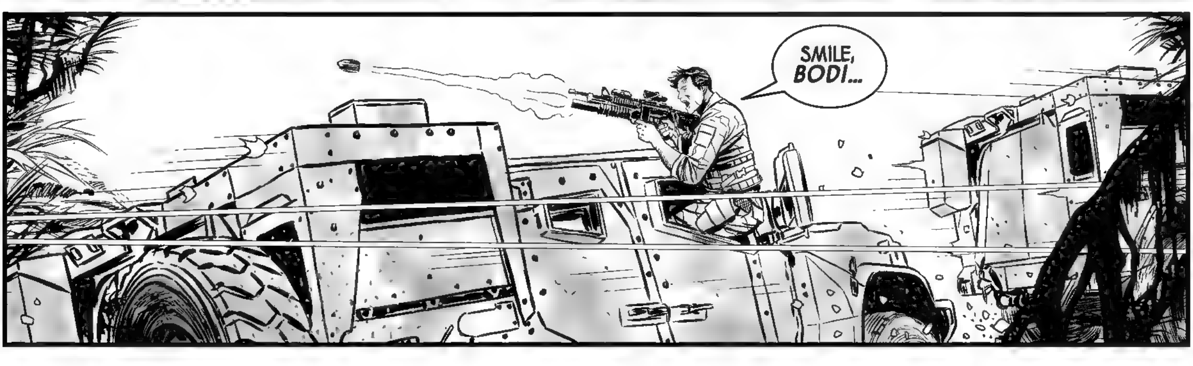

DID YOU IDIOTS HEAR WHAT I JUST SAID?!
THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING-- GIMME YOUR WALLETS AND PHONES NOW!
⇢SIGH⇠
GUESS I'M BACK ON THE CLOCK.
IT NEVER ENDS, DOES IT, KHONSHU?
NO, MY AVATAR...
OPEN 24HRS
IT NEVER, EVER ENDS.

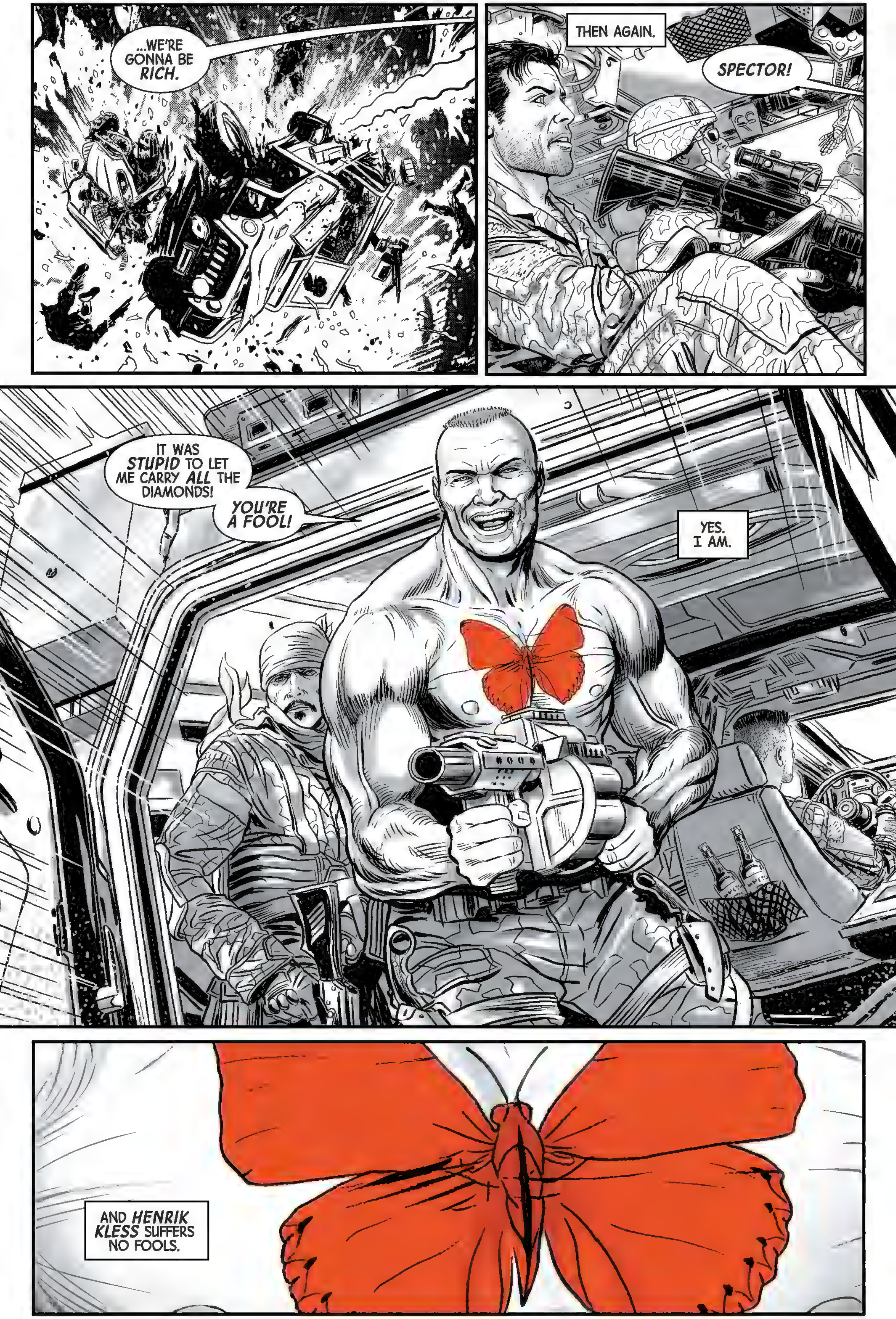
A HARD DAY'S KNIGHT

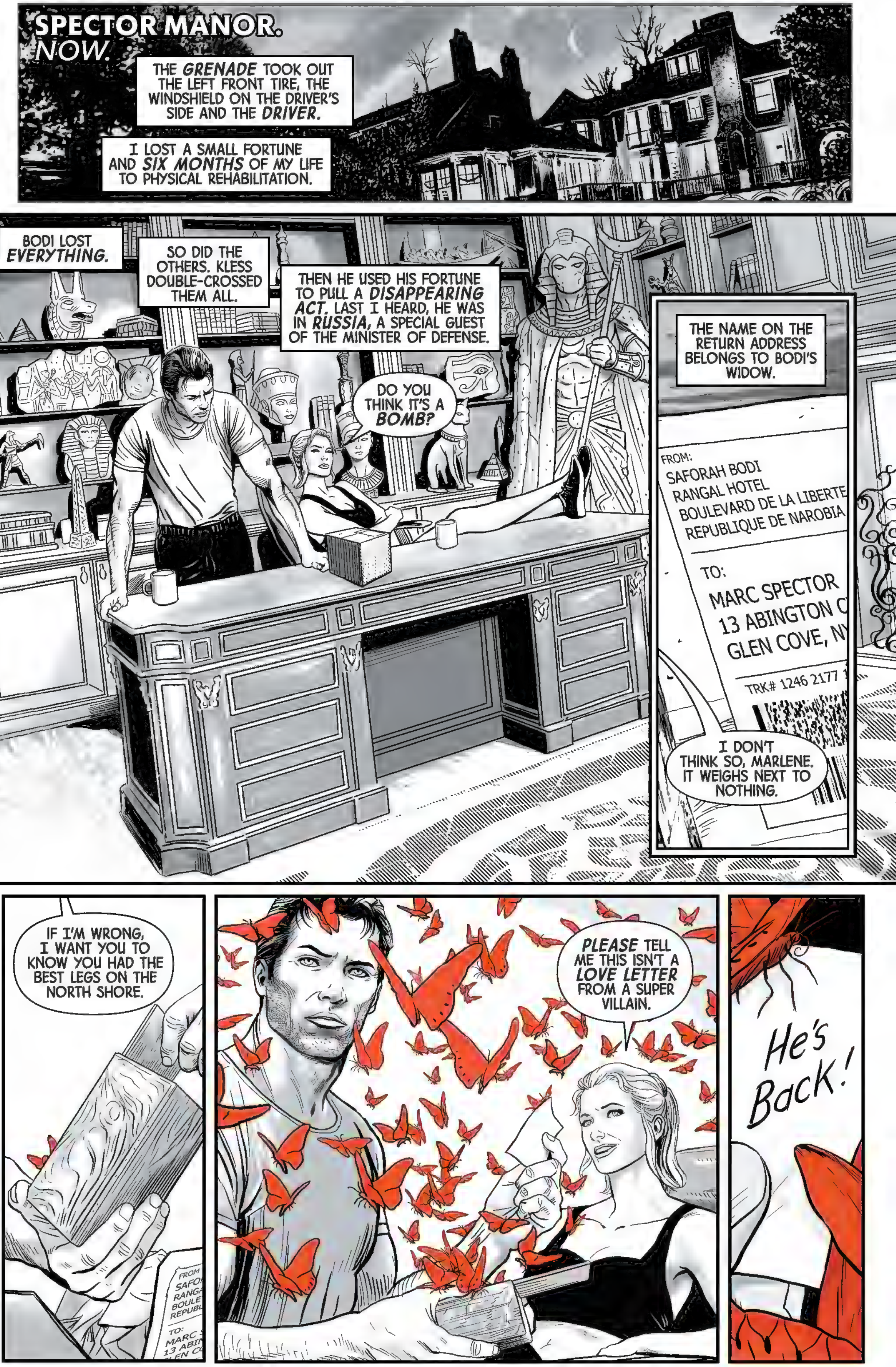
DAVID PEPOSE, LEONARDO ROMERO & CHRIS SOTOMAYOR STORYTELLERS

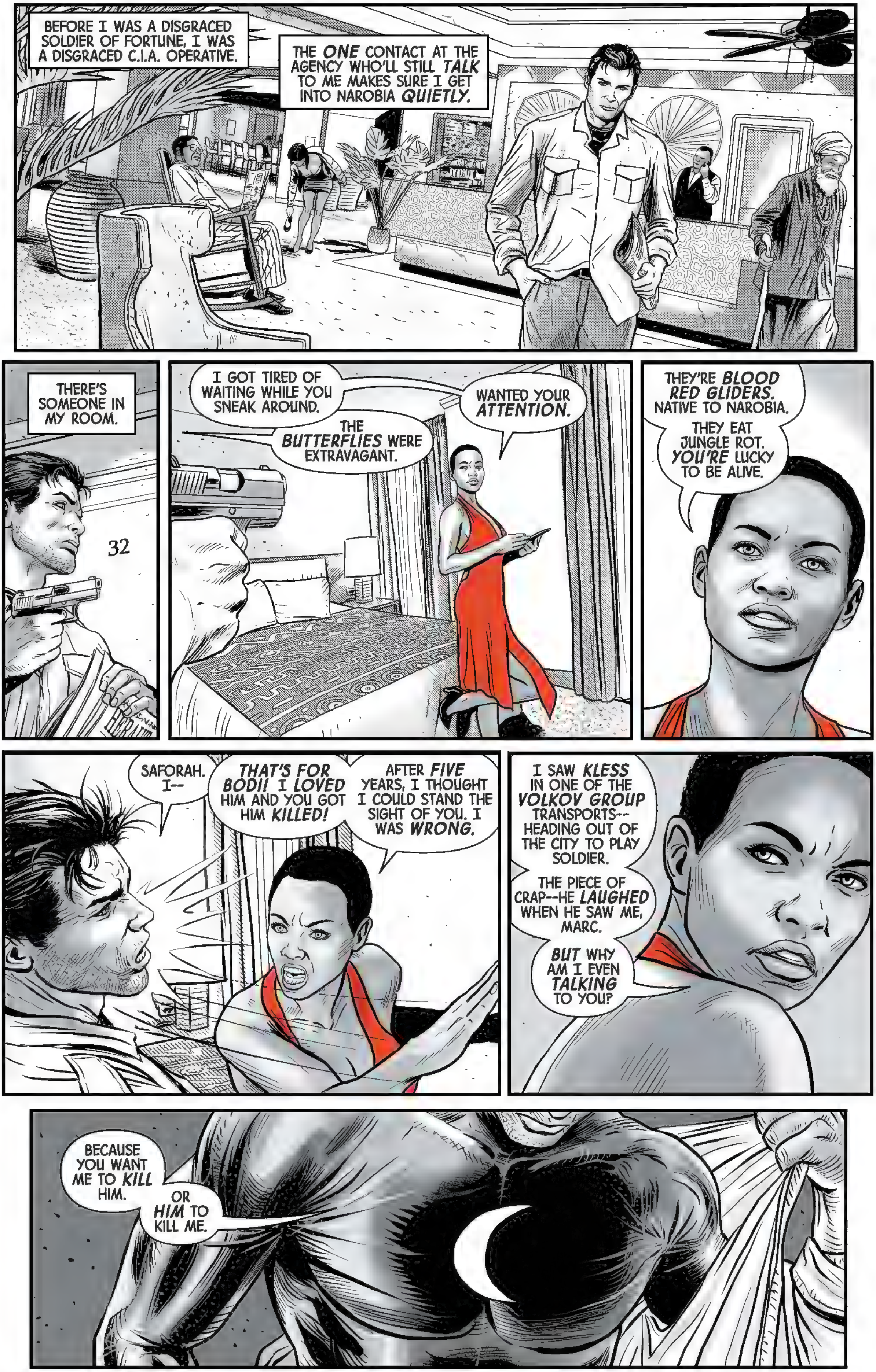

AFRICA,
FIVE YEARS AGO.
CIVIL WAR HAS BROKEN OUT. WE'RE CONTRACTED WITH THE NAROBIA REPUBLIQUE TO FIGHT THE REBEL MILITIA. THEY CLAIM IT'S A WAR OF IDEAS.
IT'S A WAR OF MINERAL RIGHTS. SHINY ONES--GOLD, COPPER, DIAMONDS.

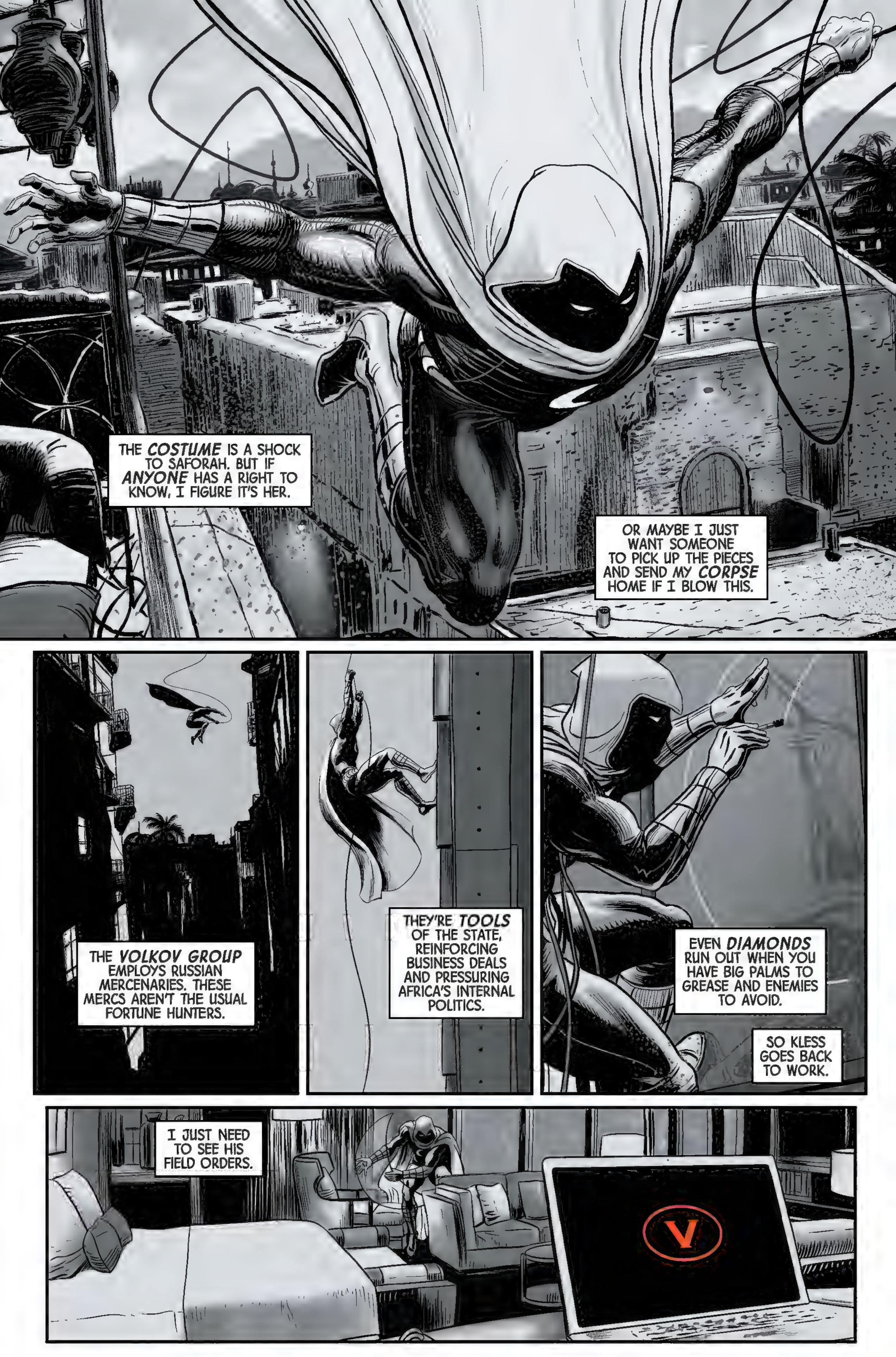

WE'RE GOOD AT OUR JOB. WE DISRUPT REBEL OPERATIONS.
WE ALSO HELP OURSELVES TO SOME OF THEIR DIAMONDS.
OKAY--A LOT OF THEIR DIAMONDS.
THIS IS BAD.

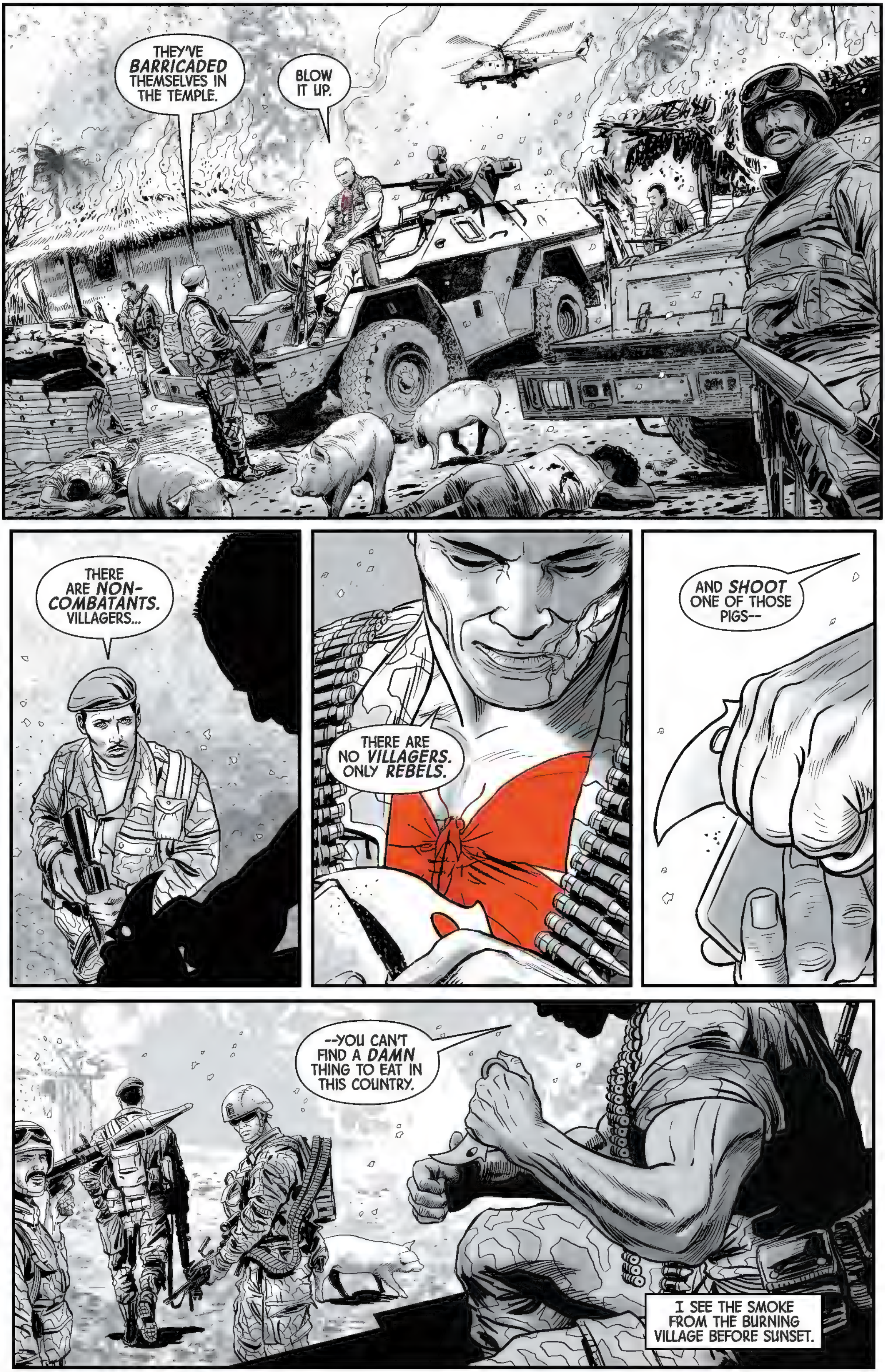

SMILE, BODI...

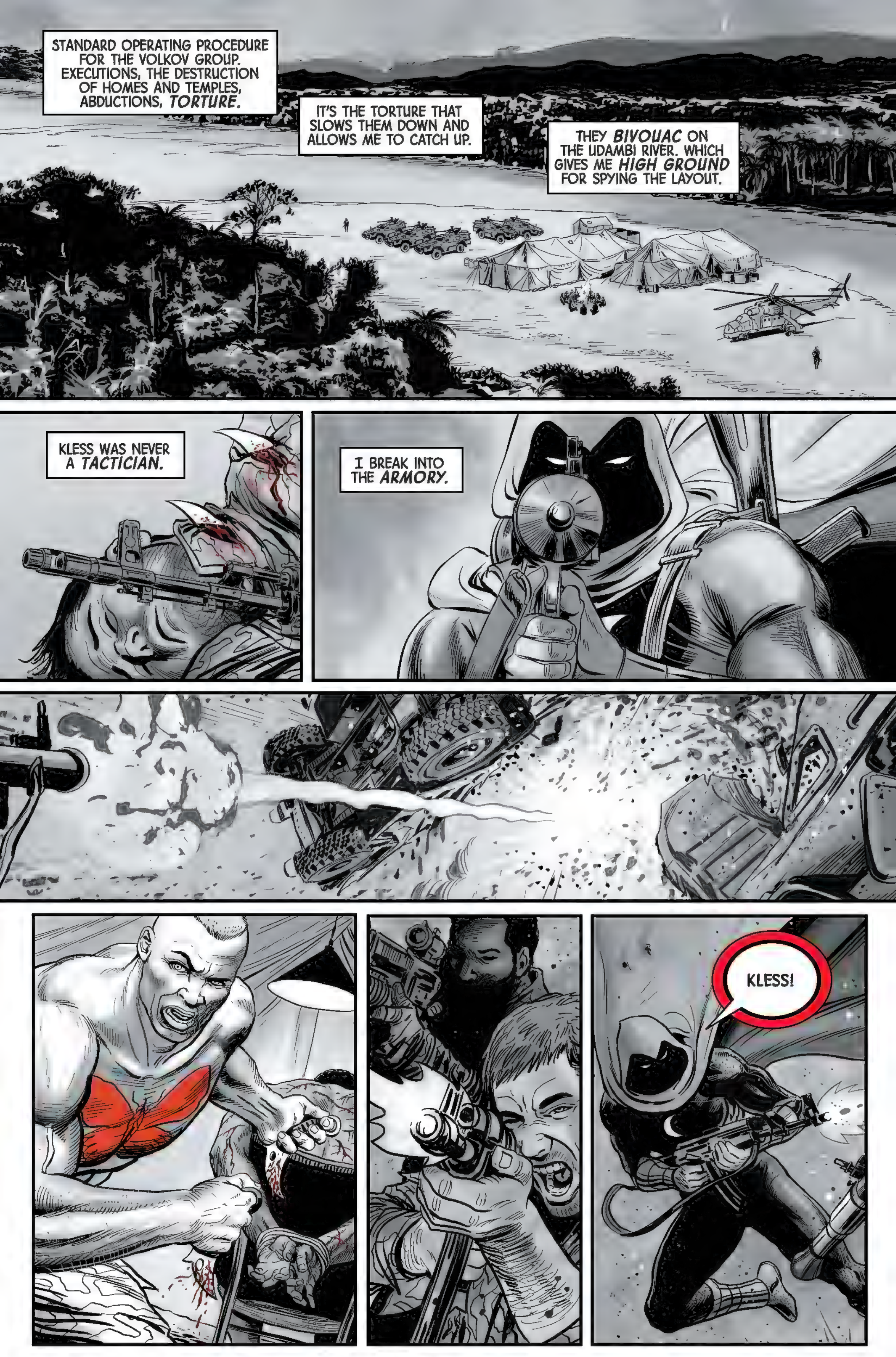

...WE'RE GONNA BE *RICH.*
THEN AGAIN.
SPECTOR!
IT WAS *STUPID* TO LET ME CARRY *ALL* THE DIAMONDS!
YOU'RE A FOOL!
YES. I AM.
AND *HENRIK KLESS* SUFFERS NO FOOLS.

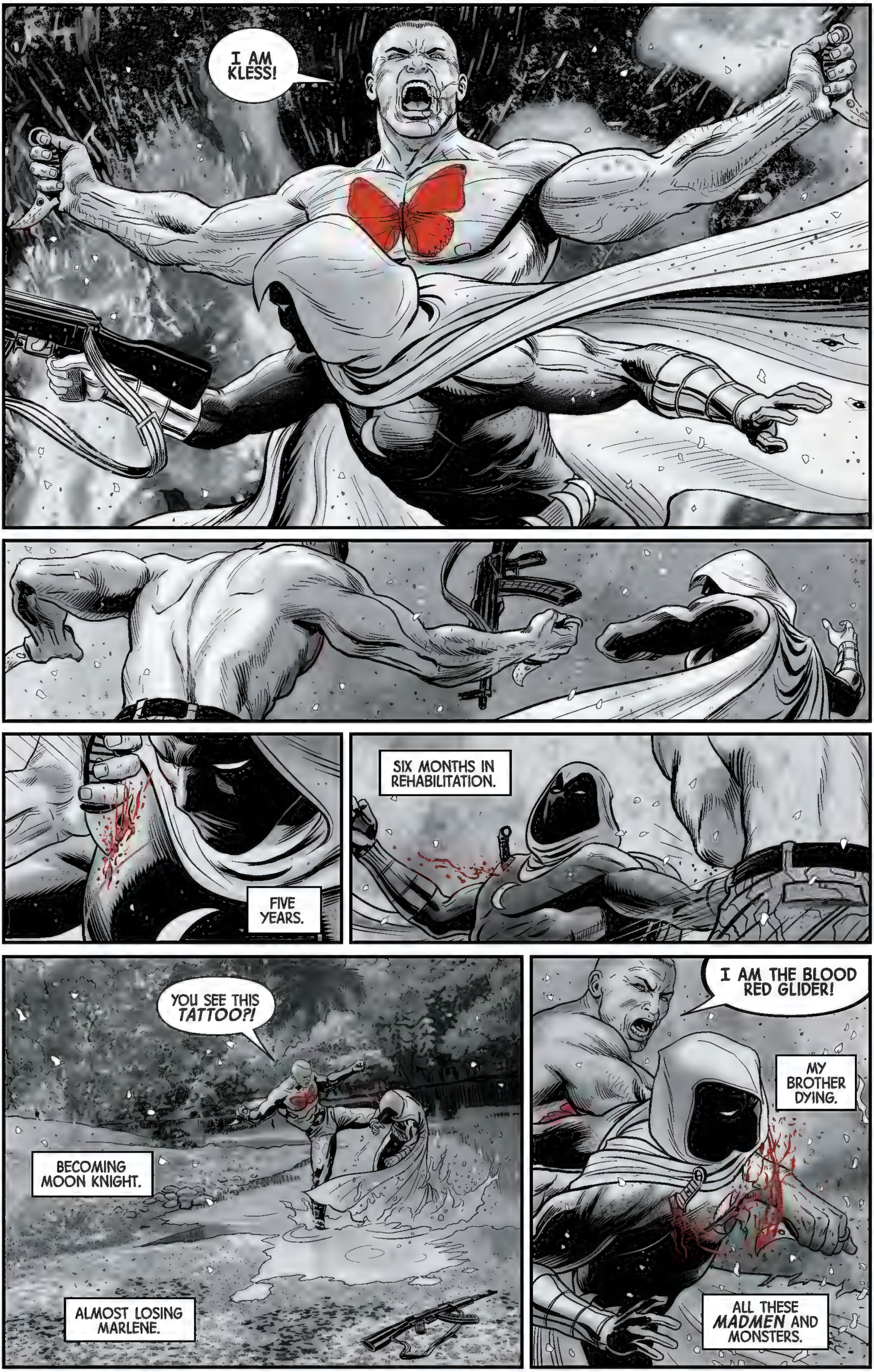

SPECTOR MANOR.
NOW.
THE GRENADE TOOK OUT THE LEFT FRONT TIRE, THE WINDSHIELD ON THE DRIVER'S SIDE AND THE DRIVER.
I LOST A SMALL FORTUNE AND SIX MONTHS OF MY LIFE TO PHYSICAL REHABILITATION.
BODI LOST EVERYTHING.
SO DID THE OTHERS. KLESS DOUBLE-CROSSED THEM ALL.
THEN HE USED HIS FORTUNE TO PULL A DISAPPEARING ACT. LAST I HEARD, HE WAS IN RUSSIA, A SPECIAL GUEST OF THE MINISTER OF DEFENSE.
DO YOU THINK IT'S A BOMB?
THE NAME ON THE RETURN ADDRESS BELONGS TO BODI'S WIDOW.
FROM:
SAFORAH BODI
RANGAL HOTEL
BOULEVARD DE LA LIBERTE
REPUBLIQUE DE NAROBIA
TO:
MARC SPECTOR
13 ABINGTON C
GLEN COVE, NY
TRK# 1246 2177
I DON'T THINK SO, MARLENE. IT WEIGHS NEXT TO NOTHING.
IF I'M WRONG, I WANT YOU TO KNOW YOU HAD THE BEST LEGS ON THE NORTH SHORE.
PLEASE TELL ME THIS ISN'T A LOVE LETTER FROM A SUPER VILLAIN.
He's Back!

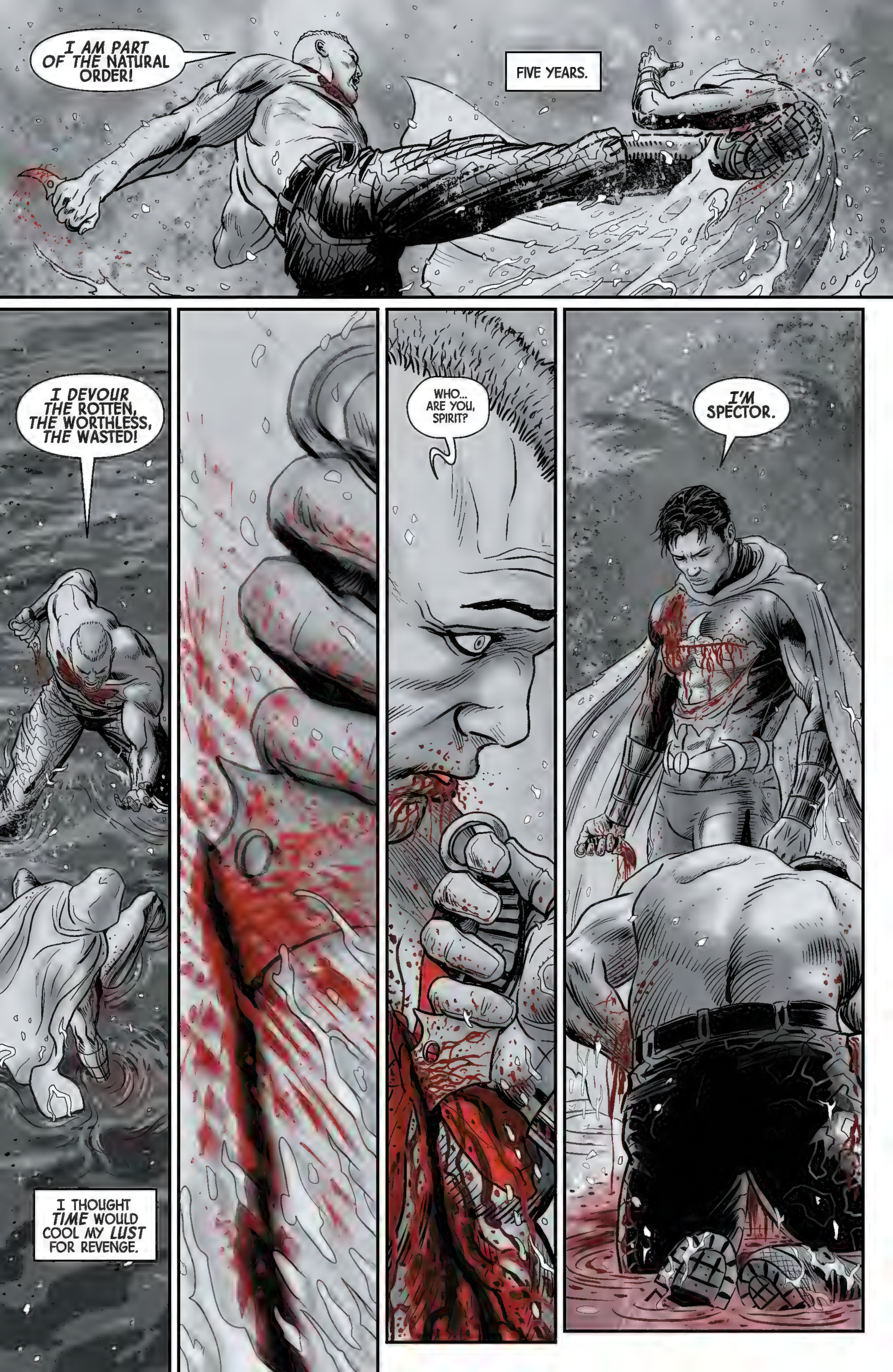

BEFORE I WAS A DISGRACED SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, I WAS A DISGRACED C.I.A. OPERATIVE.
THE *ONE* CONTACT AT THE AGENCY WHO'LL STILL *TALK* TO ME MAKES SURE I GET INTO NAROBIA *QUIETLY.*
THERE'S SOMEONE IN MY ROOM.
32
I GOT TIRED OF WAITING WHILE YOU SNEAK AROUND.
THE *BUTTERFLIES* WERE EXTRAVAGANT.
WANTED YOUR *ATTENTION.*
THEY'RE *BLOOD RED GLIDERS.* NATIVE TO NAROBIA.
THEY EAT JUNGLE ROT. *YOU'RE* LUCKY TO BE ALIVE.
SAFORAH. I--
THAT'S FOR BODI! I *LOVED* HIM AND YOU GOT HIM *KILLED!*
AFTER *FIVE* YEARS, I THOUGHT I COULD STAND THE SIGHT OF YOU. I WAS *WRONG.*
I SAW *KLESS* IN ONE OF THE *VOLKOV GROUP* TRANSPORTS-- HEADING OUT OF THE CITY TO PLAY SOLDIER.
THE PIECE OF CRAP--HE *LAUGHED* WHEN HE SAW ME, MARC.
BUT WHY AM I EVEN *TALKING* TO YOU?
BECAUSE YOU WANT ME TO *KILL* HIM.
OR *HIM* TO KILL ME.

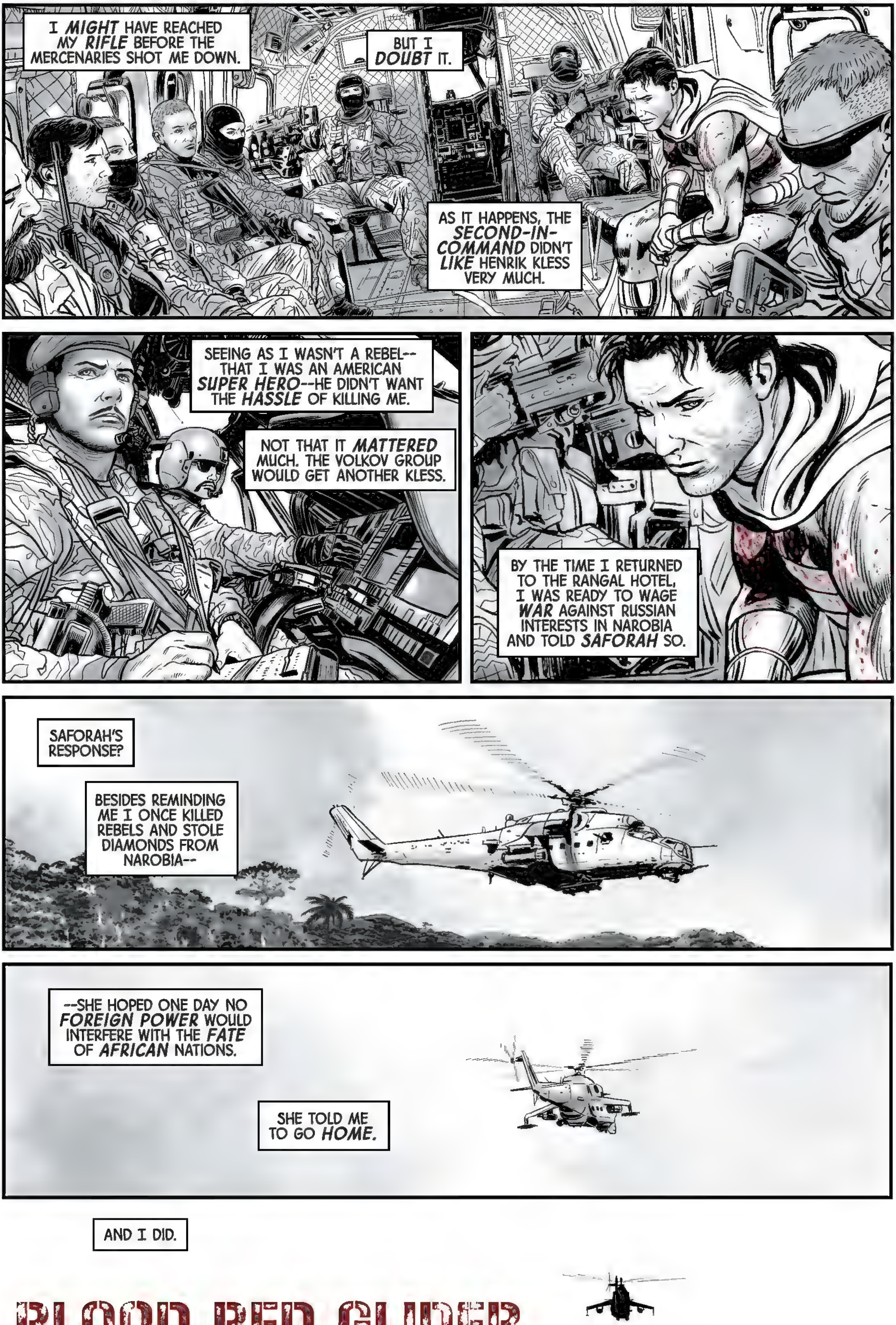

THE *COSTUME* IS A SHOCK TO SAFORAH. BUT IF *ANYONE* HAS A RIGHT TO KNOW, I FIGURE IT'S HER.
OR MAYBE I JUST WANT SOMEONE TO PICK UP THE PIECES AND SEND MY *CORPSE* HOME IF I BLOW THIS.
THE *VOLKOV GROUP* EMPLOYS RUSSIAN MERCENARIES. THESE MERCS AREN'T THE USUAL FORTUNE HUNTERS.
THEY'RE *TOOLS* OF THE STATE, REINFORCING BUSINESS DEALS AND PRESSURING AFRICA'S INTERNAL POLITICS.
EVEN *DIAMONDS* RUN OUT WHEN YOU HAVE BIG PALMS TO GREASE AND ENEMIES TO AVOID.
SO KLESS GOES BACK TO WORK.
I JUST NEED TO SEE HIS FIELD ORDERS.
V


THEY'VE *BARRICADED* THEMSELVES IN THE TEMPLE.
BLOW IT UP.
THERE ARE *NON-COMBATANTS.* VILLAGERS...
THERE ARE NO *VILLAGERS.* ONLY *REBELS.*
AND *SHOOT* ONE OF THOSE PIGS--
--YOU CAN'T FIND A *DAMN* THING TO EAT IN THIS COUNTRY.
I SEE THE SMOKE FROM THE BURNING VILLAGE BEFORE SUNSET.


STANDARD OPERATING PROCEDURE FOR THE VOLKOV GROUP. EXECUTIONS, THE DESTRUCTION OF HOMES AND TEMPLES, ABDUCTIONS, *TORTURE.*
IT'S THE TORTURE THAT SLOWS THEM DOWN AND ALLOWS ME TO CATCH UP.
THEY *BIVOUAC* ON THE UDAMBI RIVER. WHICH GIVES ME *HIGH GROUND* FOR SPYING THE LAYOUT.
KLESS WAS NEVER A *TACTICIAN.*
I BREAK INTO THE *ARMORY.*
KLESS!


I AM KLESS!
FIVE YEARS.
SIX MONTHS IN REHABILITATION.
YOU SEE THIS *TATTOO?!*
BECOMING MOON KNIGHT.
ALMOST LOSING MARLENE.
I AM THE BLOOD RED GLIDER!
MY BROTHER DYING.
ALL THESE *MADMEN* AND MONSTERS.


I AM PART OF THE NATURAL ORDER!
FIVE YEARS.
I DEVOUR THE ROTTEN, THE WORTHLESS, THE WASTED!
I THOUGHT TIME WOULD COOL MY LUST FOR REVENGE.
WHO... ARE YOU, SPIRIT?
I'M SPECTOR.

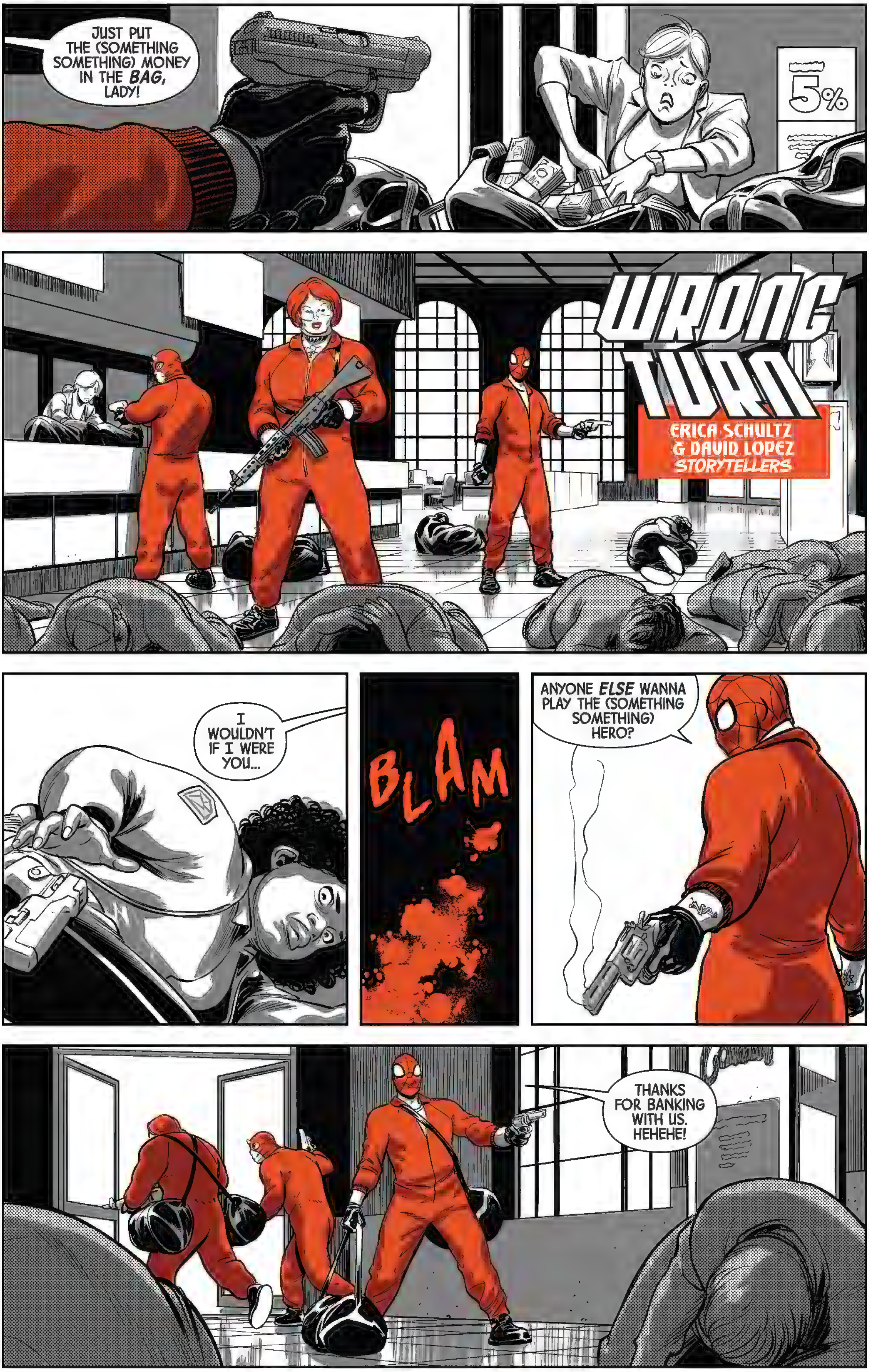

I *MIGHT* HAVE REACHED MY *RIFLE* BEFORE THE MERCENARIES SHOT ME DOWN.
BUT I *DOUBT* IT.
AS IT HAPPENS, THE *SECOND-IN-COMMAND* DIDN'T *LIKE* HENRIK KLESS VERY MUCH.
SEEING AS I WASN'T A REBEL--THAT I WAS AN AMERICAN *SUPER HERO*--HE DIDN'T WANT THE *HASSLE* OF KILLING ME.
NOT THAT IT *MATTERED* MUCH. THE VOLKOV GROUP WOULD GET ANOTHER KLESS.
BY THE TIME I RETURNED TO THE RANGAL HOTEL, I WAS READY TO WAGE *WAR* AGAINST RUSSIAN INTERESTS IN NAROBIA AND TOLD *SAFORAH* SO.
SAFORAH'S RESPONSE?
BESIDES REMINDING ME I ONCE KILLED REBELS AND STOLE DIAMONDS FROM NAROBIA--
--SHE HOPED ONE DAY NO *FOREIGN POWER* WOULD INTERFERE WITH THE *FATE* OF *AFRICAN* NATIONS.
SHE TOLD ME TO GO *HOME*.
AND I DID.

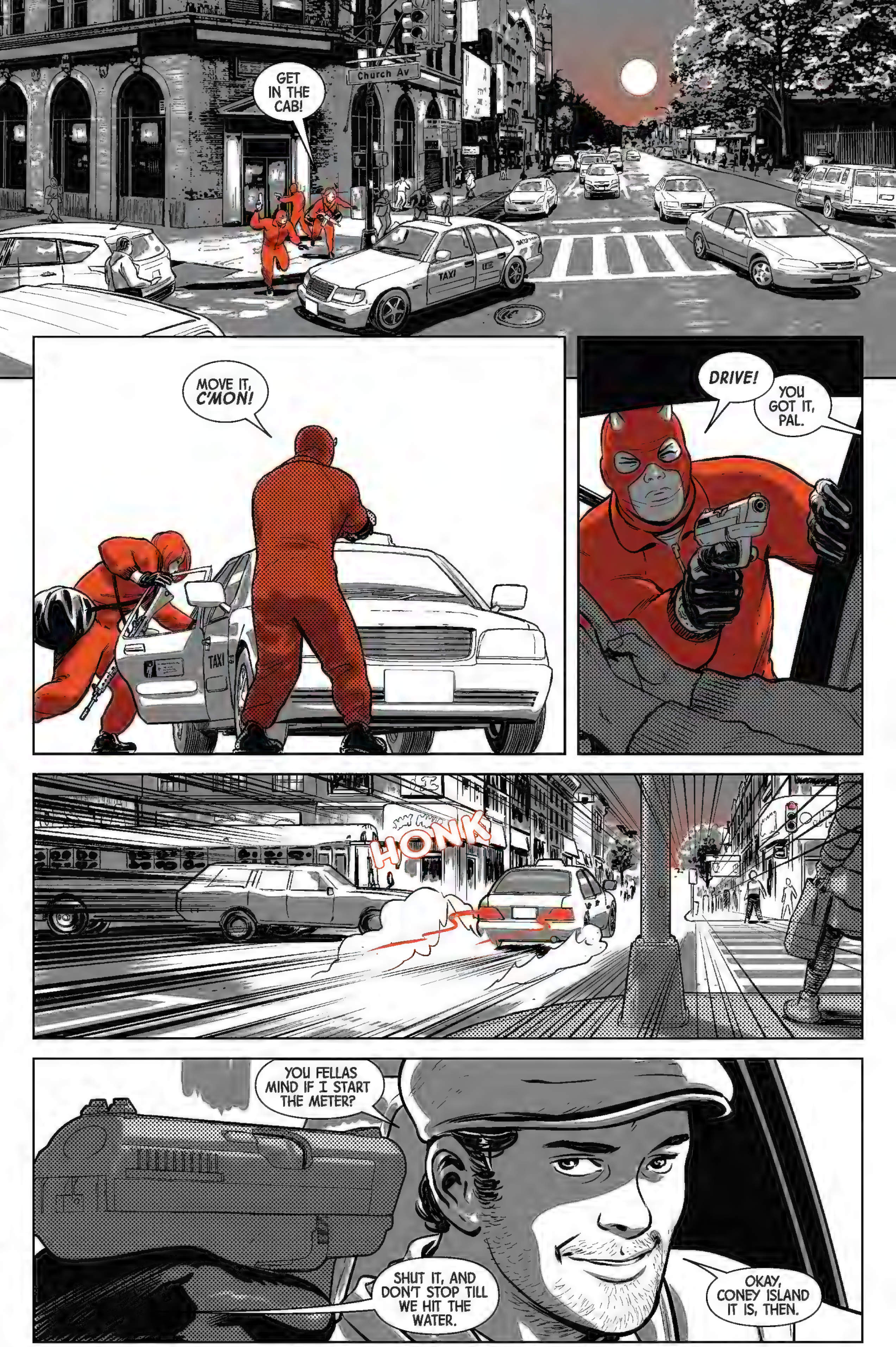
BLOOD RED GLIDER

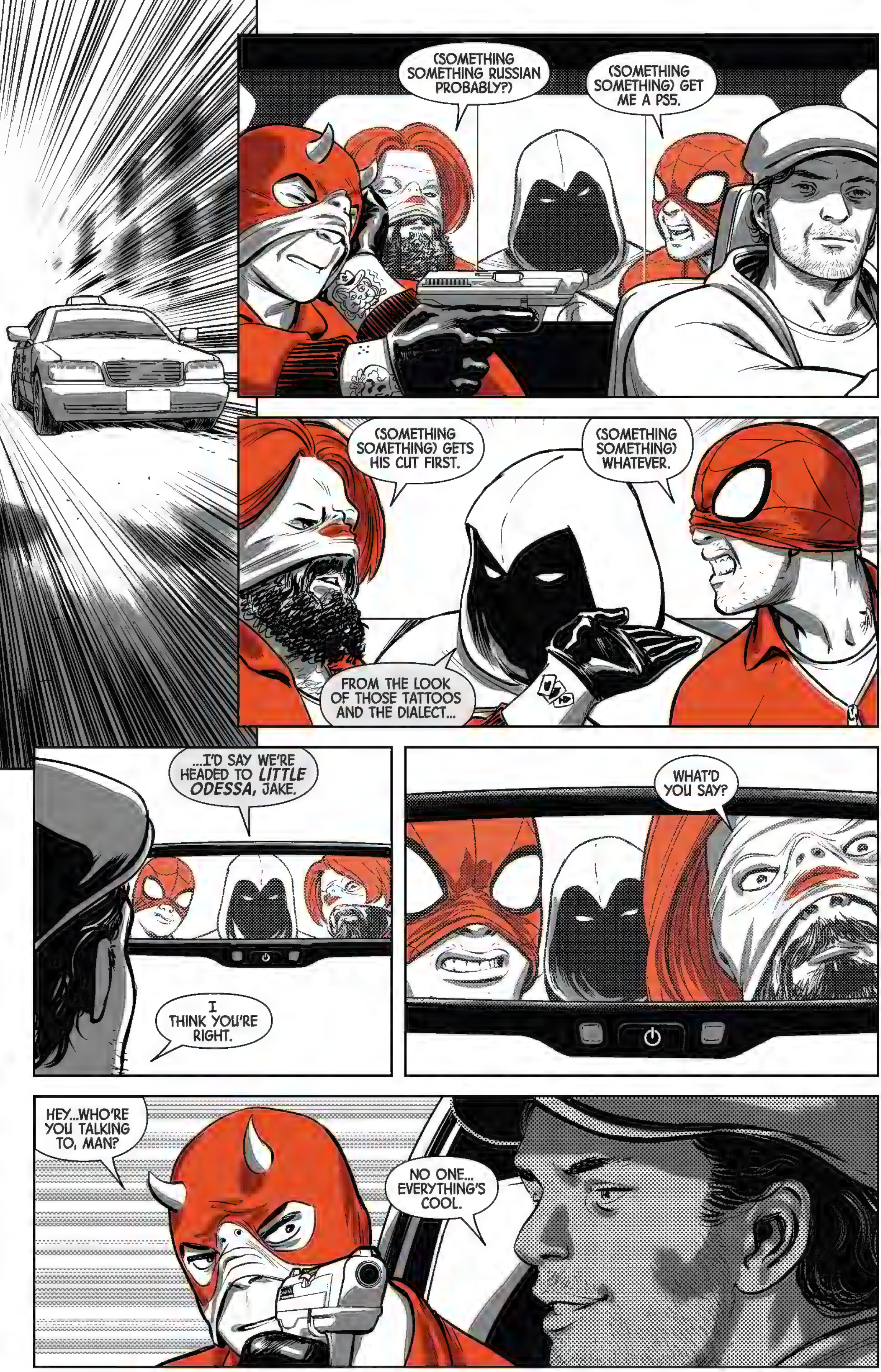
PATCH ZIRCHER STORYTELLER

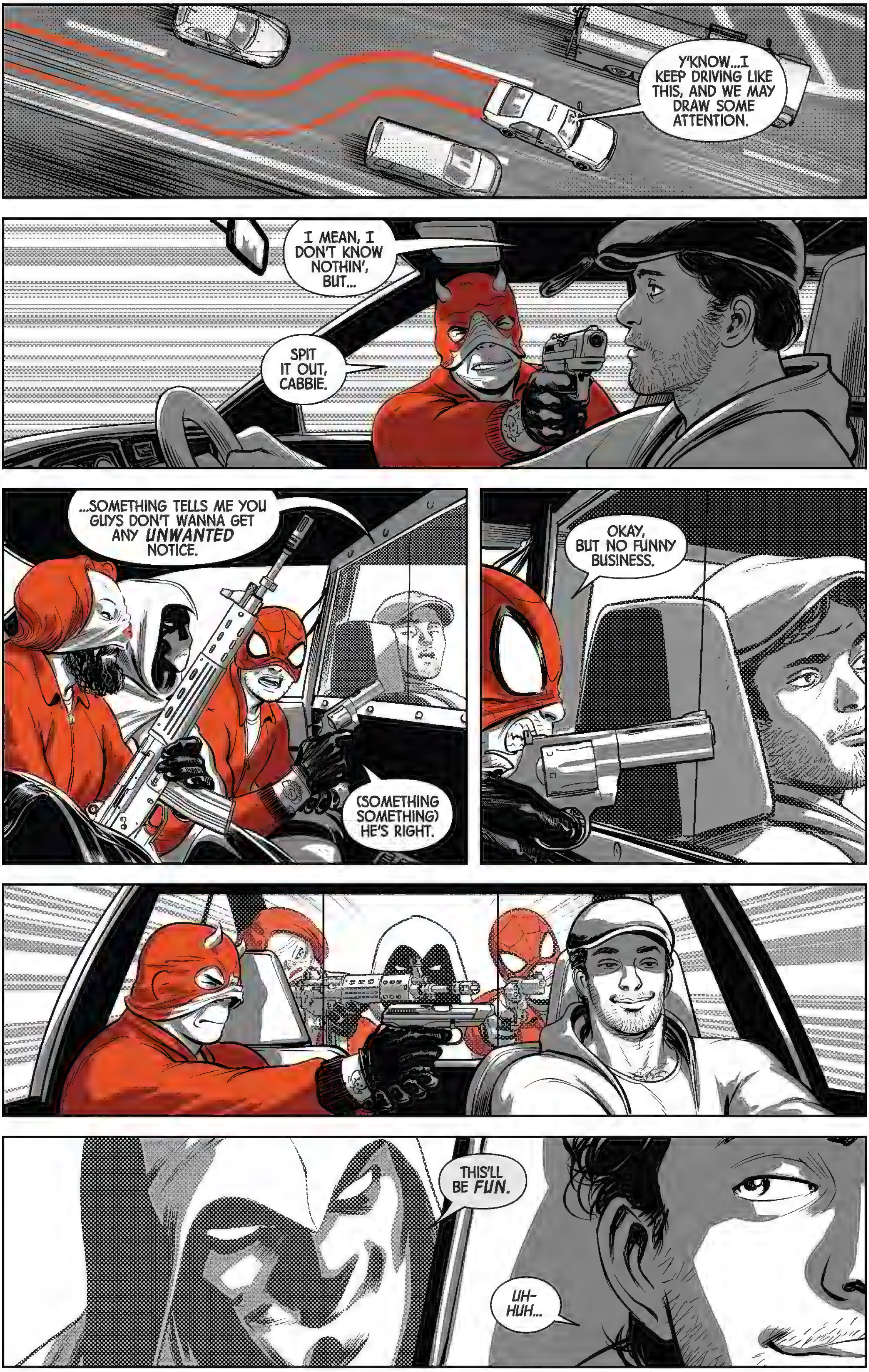
END.

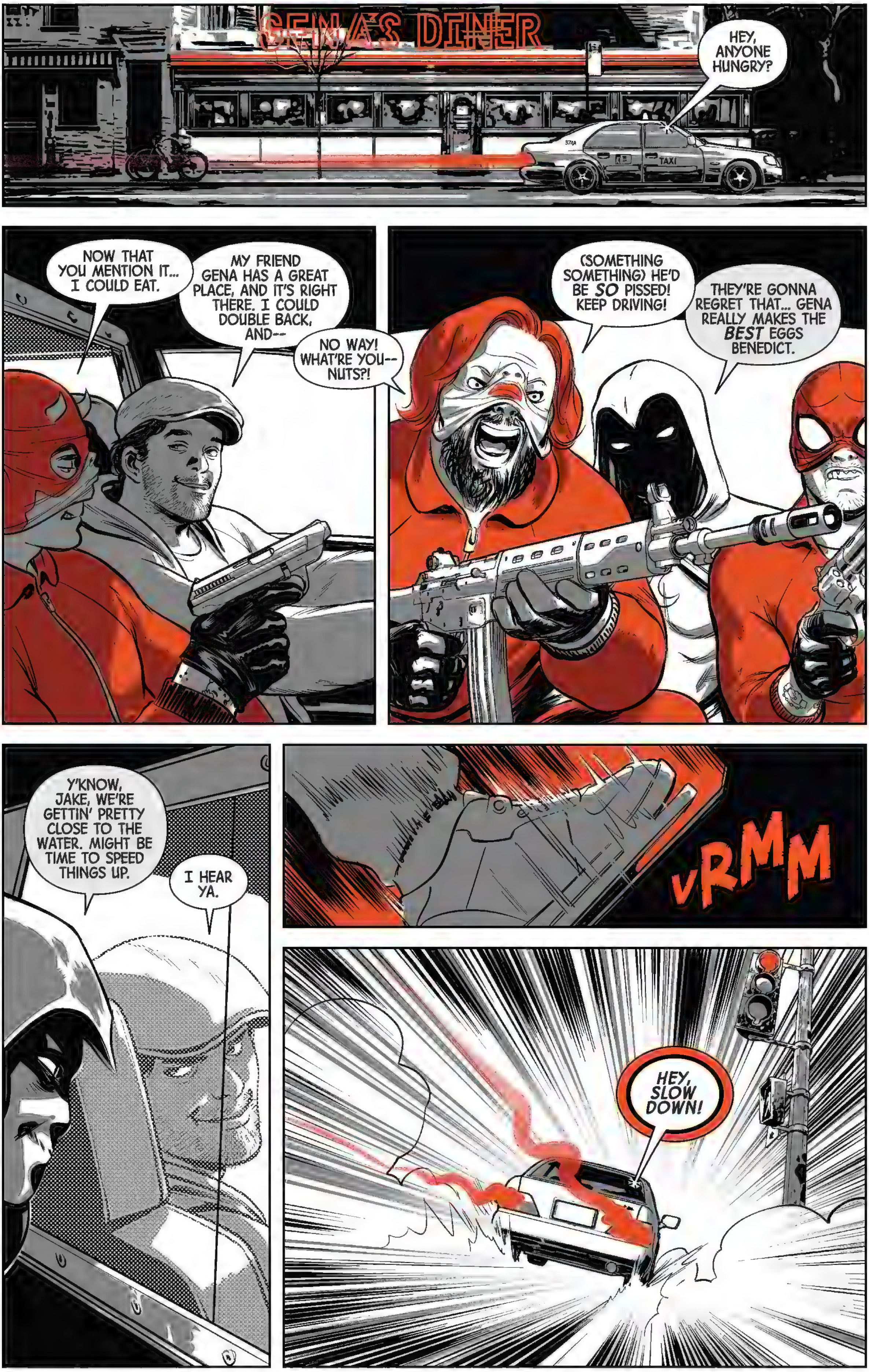
#3

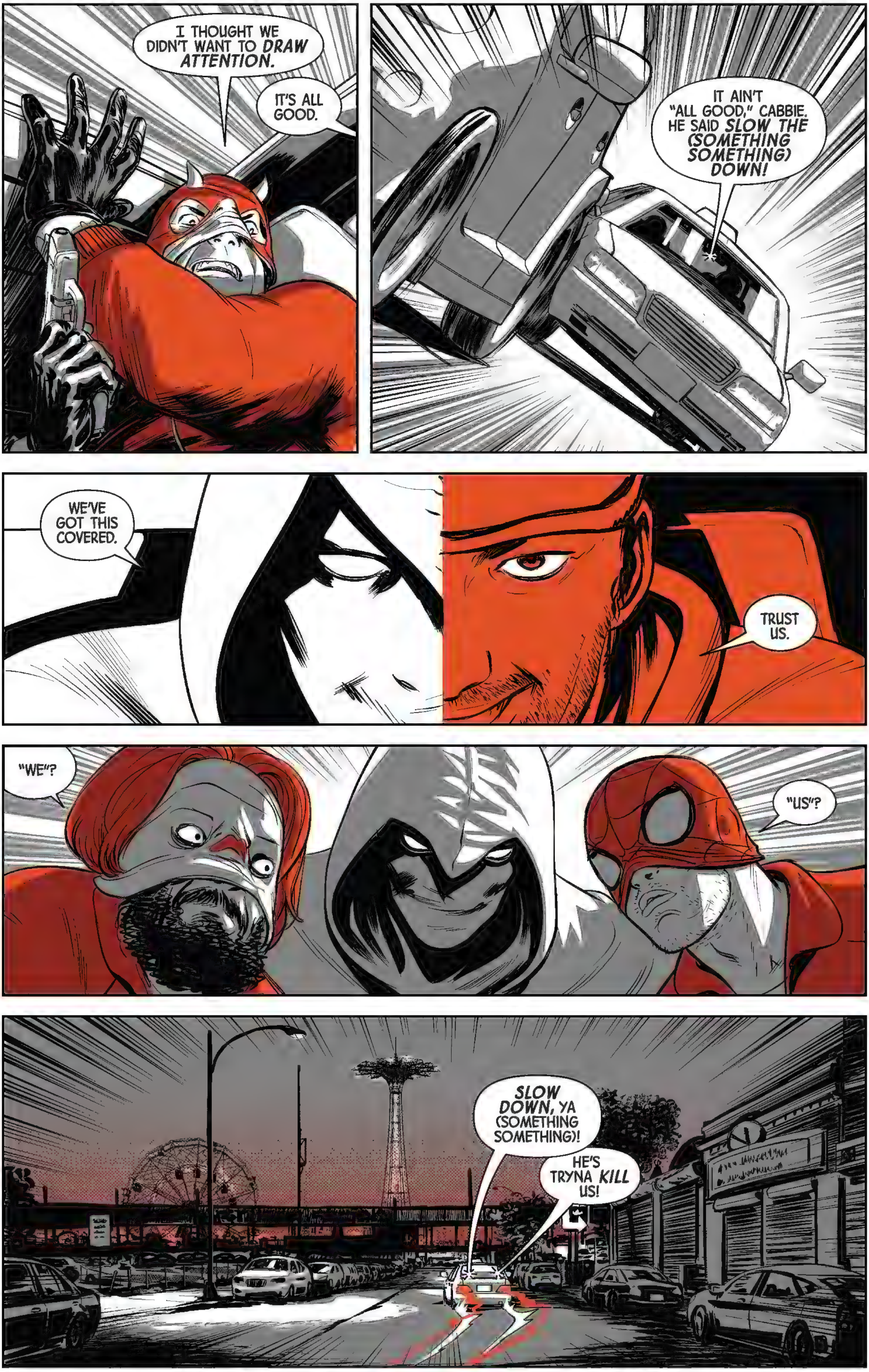

JUST PUT THE (SOMETHING SOMETHING) MONEY IN THE *BAG*, LADY!
5%
WRONG TURN
ERICA SCHULTZ & DAVID LOPEZ STORYTELLERS
I WOULDN'T IF I WERE YOU...
BLAM
ANYONE *ELSE* WANNA PLAY THE (SOMETHING SOMETHING) HERO?
THANKS FOR BANKING WITH US. HEHEHE!

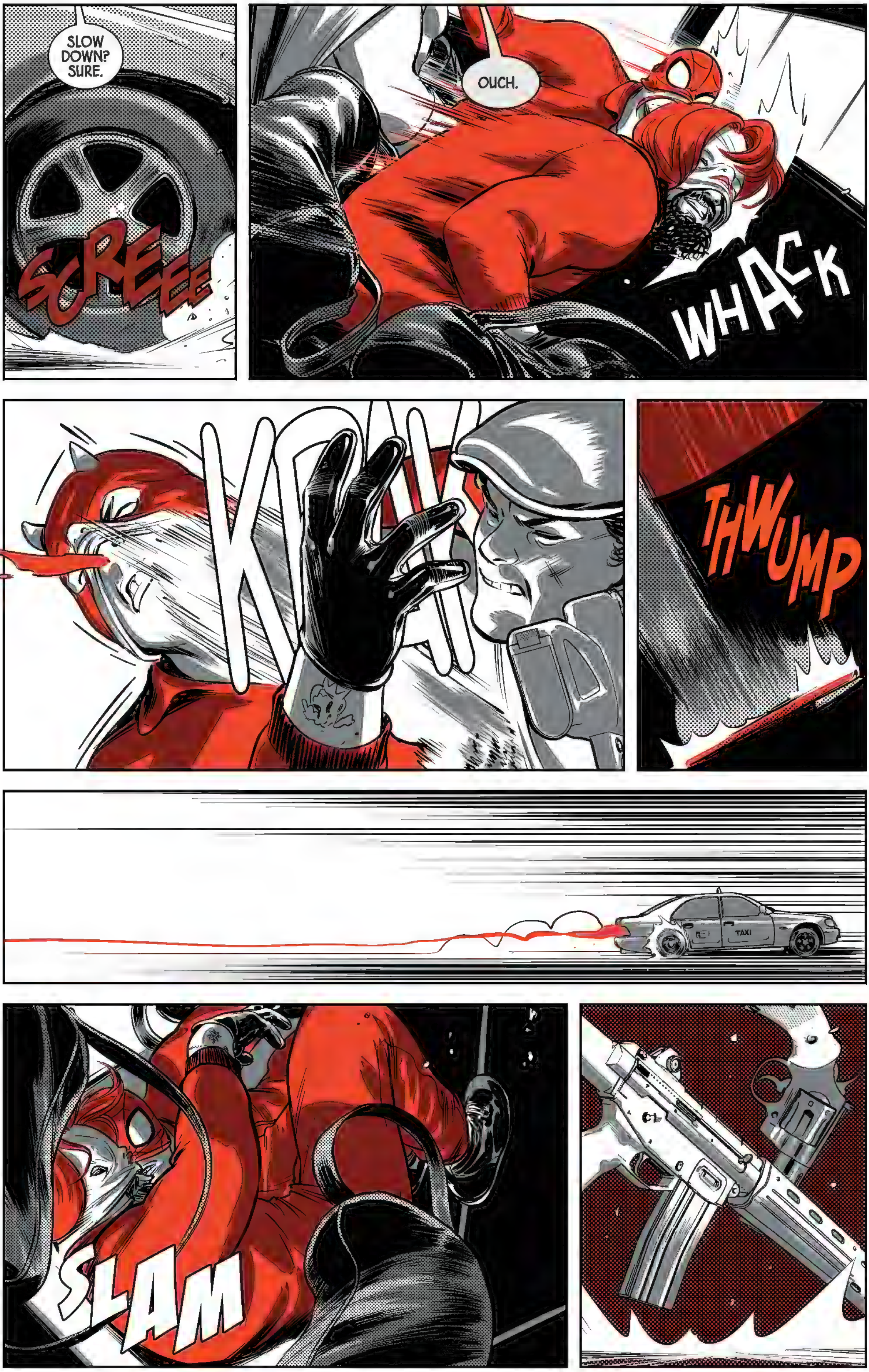

Church Av
GET IN THE CAB!
TAXI
MOVE IT, *C'MON!*
TAXI
DRIVE!
YOU GOT IT, PAL.
HONK
YOU FELLAS MIND IF I START THE METER?
SHUT IT, AND DON'T STOP TILL WE HIT THE WATER.
OKAY, CONEY ISLAND IT IS, THEN.

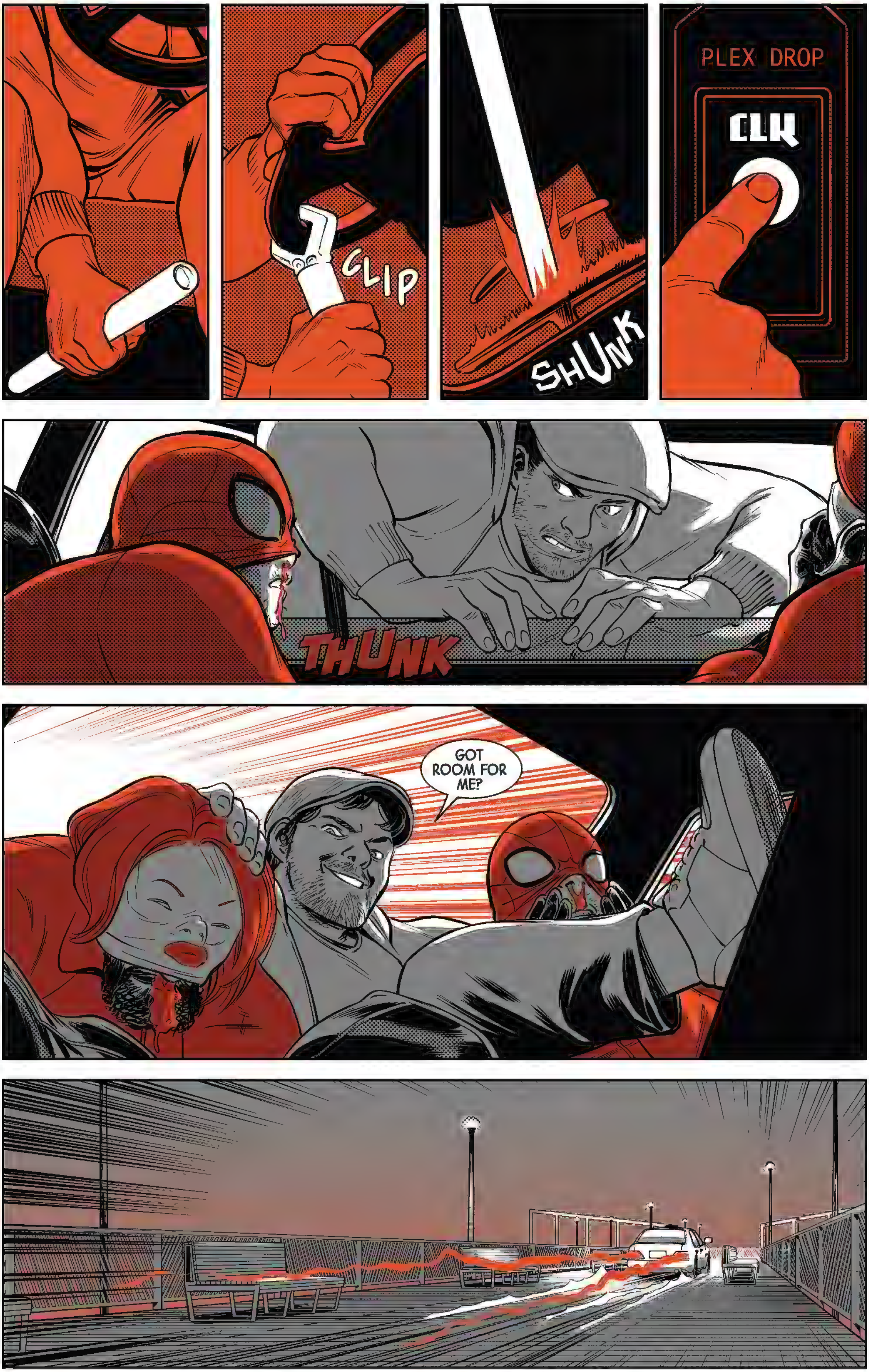

(SOMETHING SOMETHING RUSSIAN PROBABLY?)
(SOMETHING SOMETHING) GET ME A PS5.
(SOMETHING SOMETHING) GETS HIS CUT FIRST.
(SOMETHING SOMETHING) WHATEVER.
FROM THE LOOK OF THOSE TATTOOS AND THE DIALECT...
...I'D SAY WE'RE HEADED TO *LITTLE ODESSA*, JAKE.
I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT.
WHAT'D YOU SAY?
HEY...WHO'RE YOU TALKING TO, MAN?
NO ONE... EVERYTHING'S COOL.

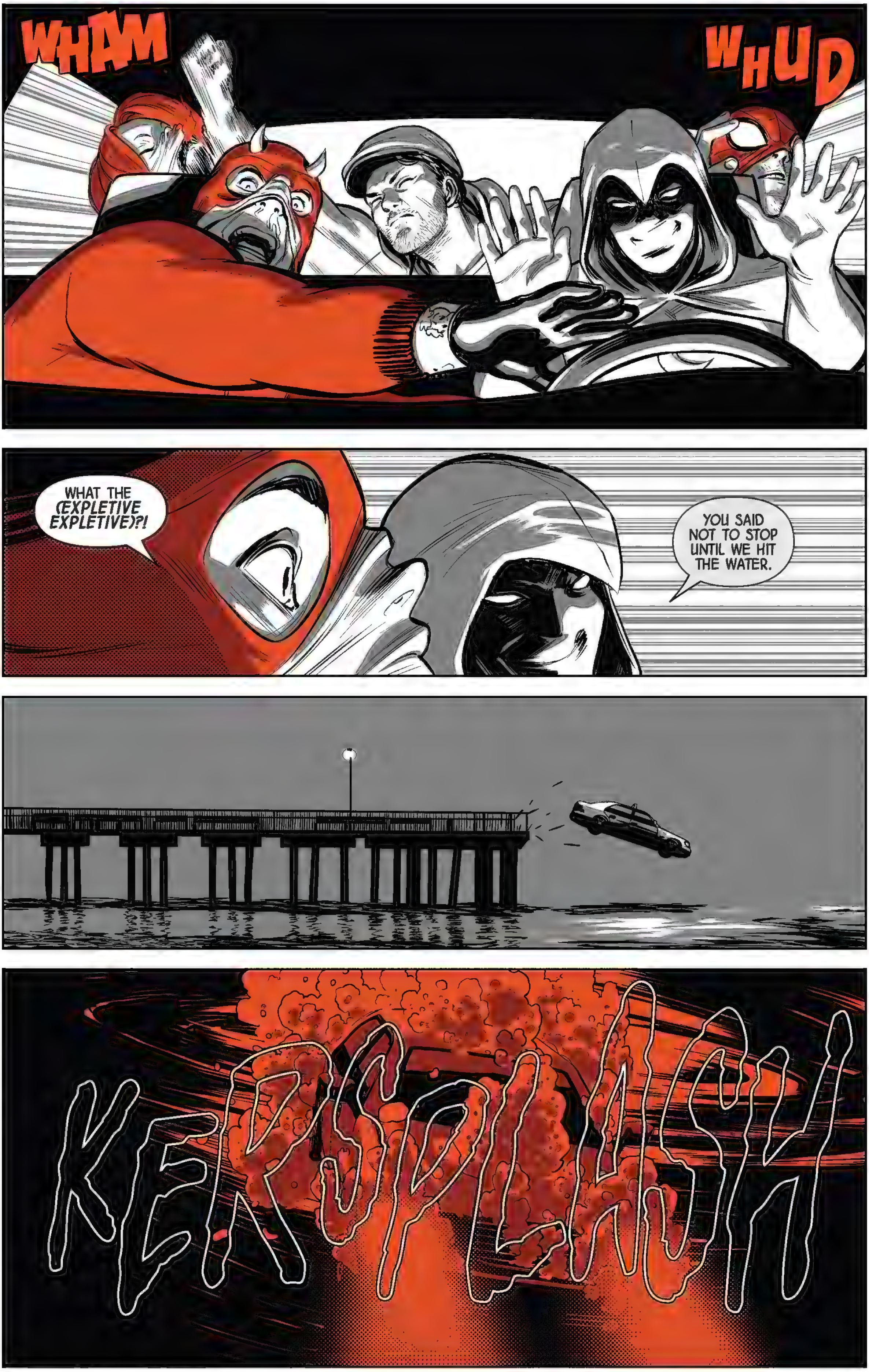

Y'KNOW...I KEEP DRIVING LIKE THIS, AND WE MAY DRAW SOME ATTENTION.
I MEAN, I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN', BUT...
SPIT IT OUT, CABBIE.
...SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU GUYS DON'T WANNA GET ANY *UNWANTED* NOTICE.
(SOMETHING SOMETHING) HE'S RIGHT.
OKAY, BUT NO FUNNY BUSINESS.
THIS'LL BE *FUN*.
UH-HUH...

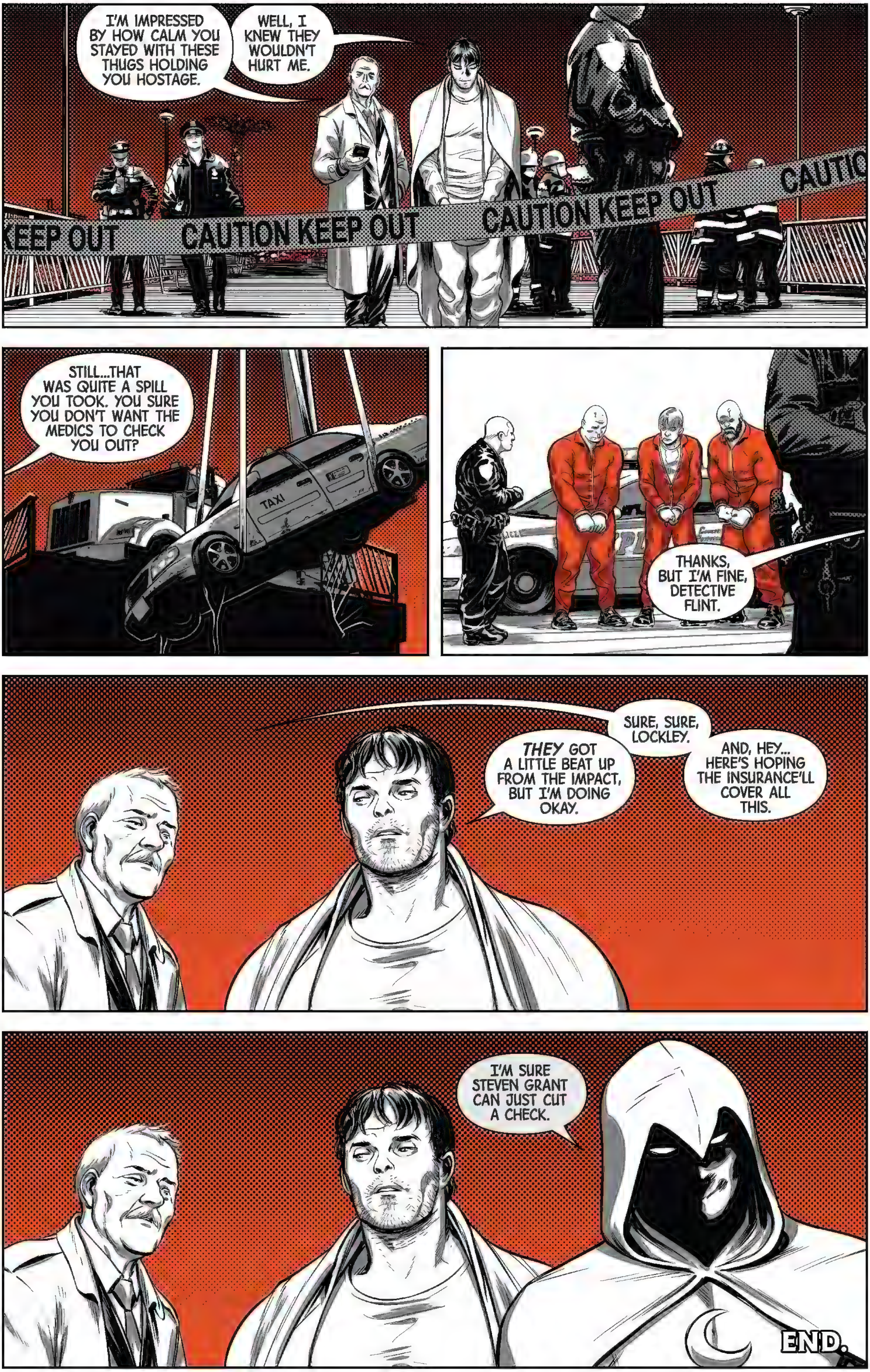

GENA'S DINER
HEY, ANYONE HUNGRY?
374A
TAXI
NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT... I COULD EAT.
MY FRIEND GENA HAS A GREAT PLACE, AND IT'S RIGHT THERE. I COULD DOUBLE BACK, AND--
NO WAY! WHAT'RE YOU-- NUTS?!
(SOMETHING SOMETHING) HE'D BE *SO* PISSED! KEEP DRIVING!
THEY'RE GONNA REGRET THAT... GENA REALLY MAKES THE *BEST* EGGS BENEDICT.
Y'KNOW, JAKE, WE'RE GETTIN' PRETTY CLOSE TO THE WATER. MIGHT BE TIME TO SPEED THINGS UP.
I HEAR YA.
VRMMM
HEY, SLOW DOWN!

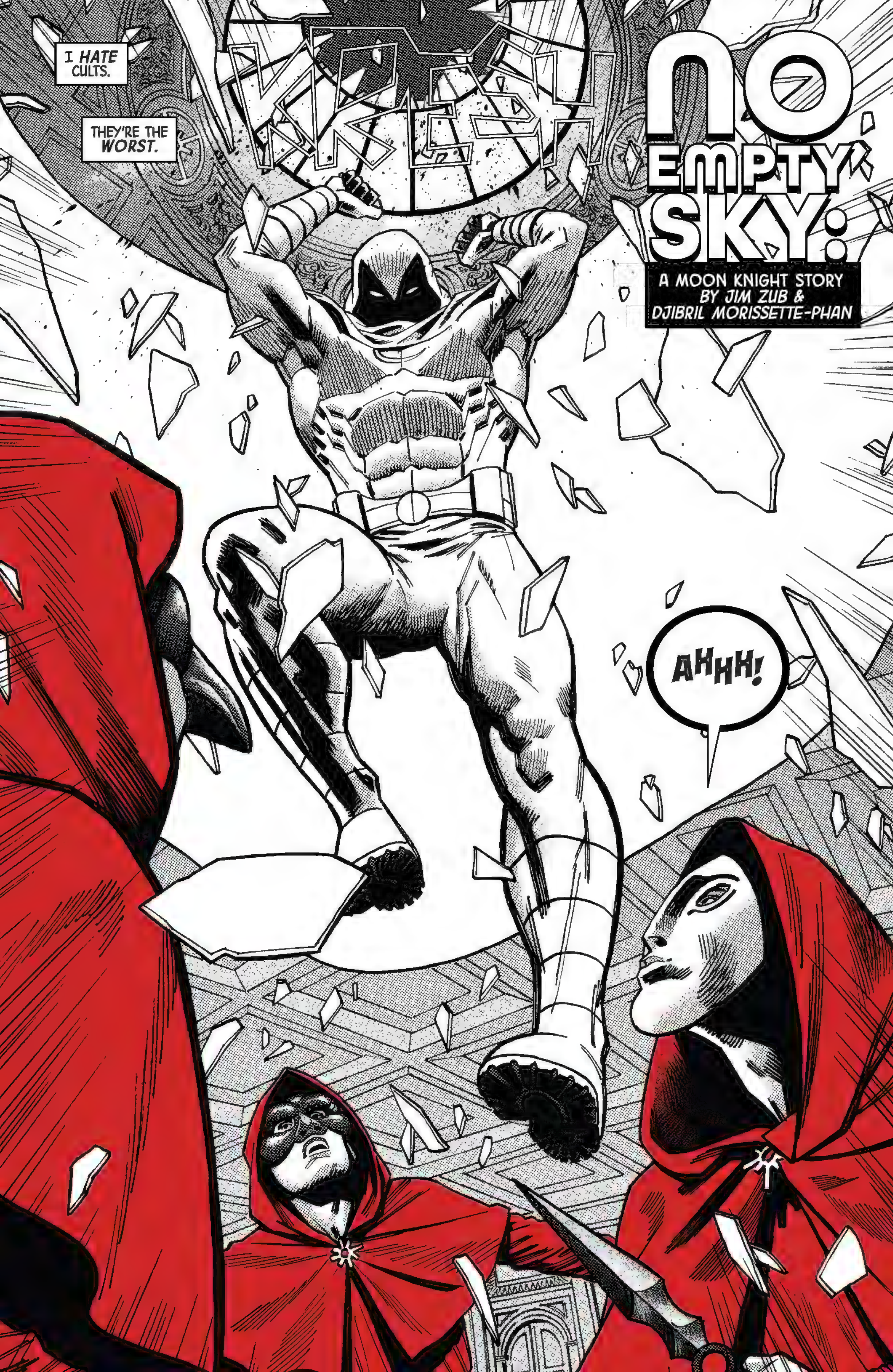

I THOUGHT WE DIDN'T WANT TO *DRAW ATTENTION.*
IT'S ALL GOOD.
IT AIN'T "ALL GOOD," CABBIE. HE SAID *SLOW THE (SOMETHING SOMETHING) DOWN!*
WE'VE GOT THIS COVERED.
TRUST US.
"WE"?
"US"?
SLOW DOWN, YA (SOMETHING SOMETHING)!
HE'S TRYNA *KILL* US!

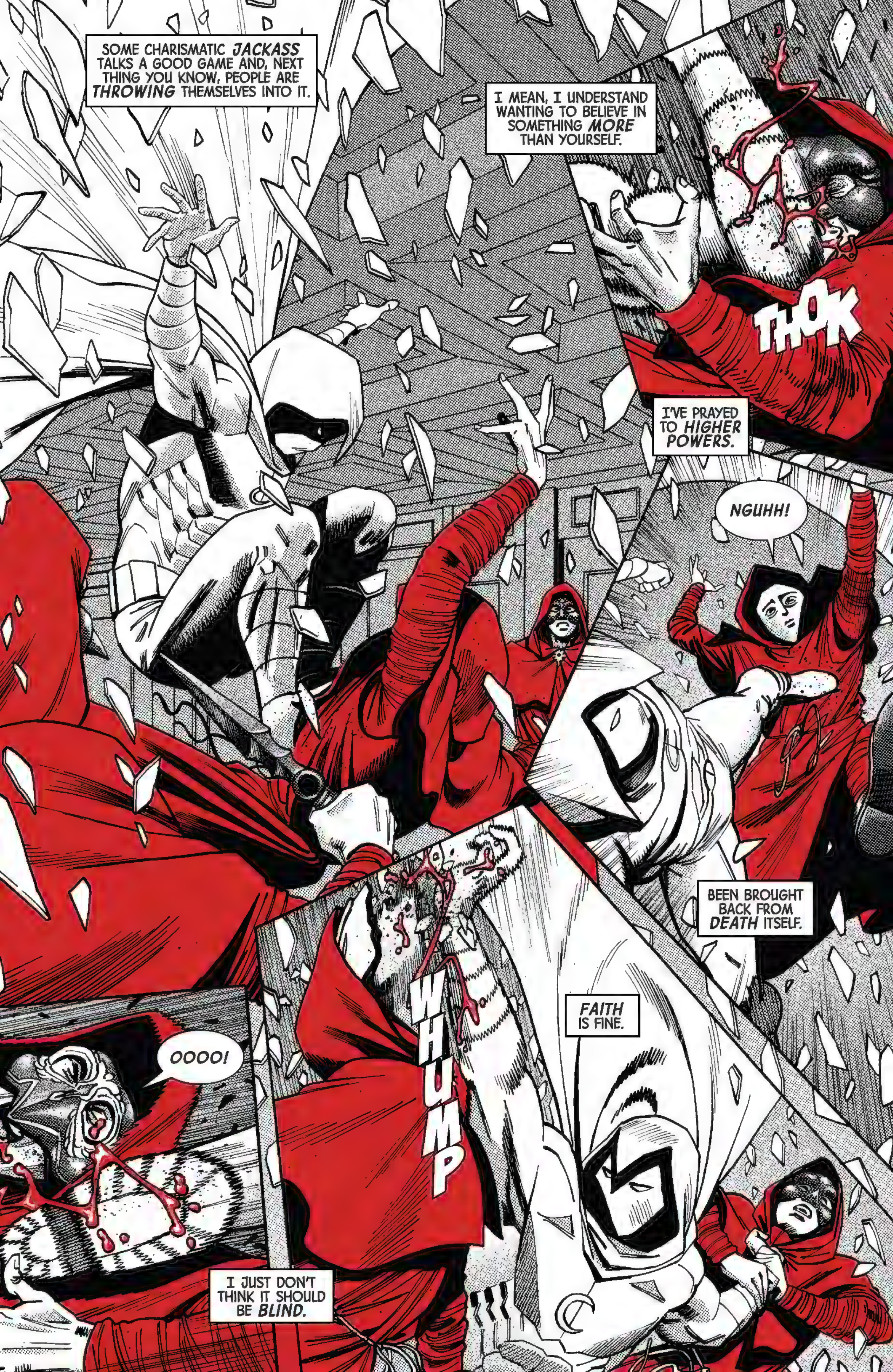

SLOW DOWN? SURE.
SCREEEE
OUCH.
WHACK
KPOW
THWUMP
TAXI
SLAM

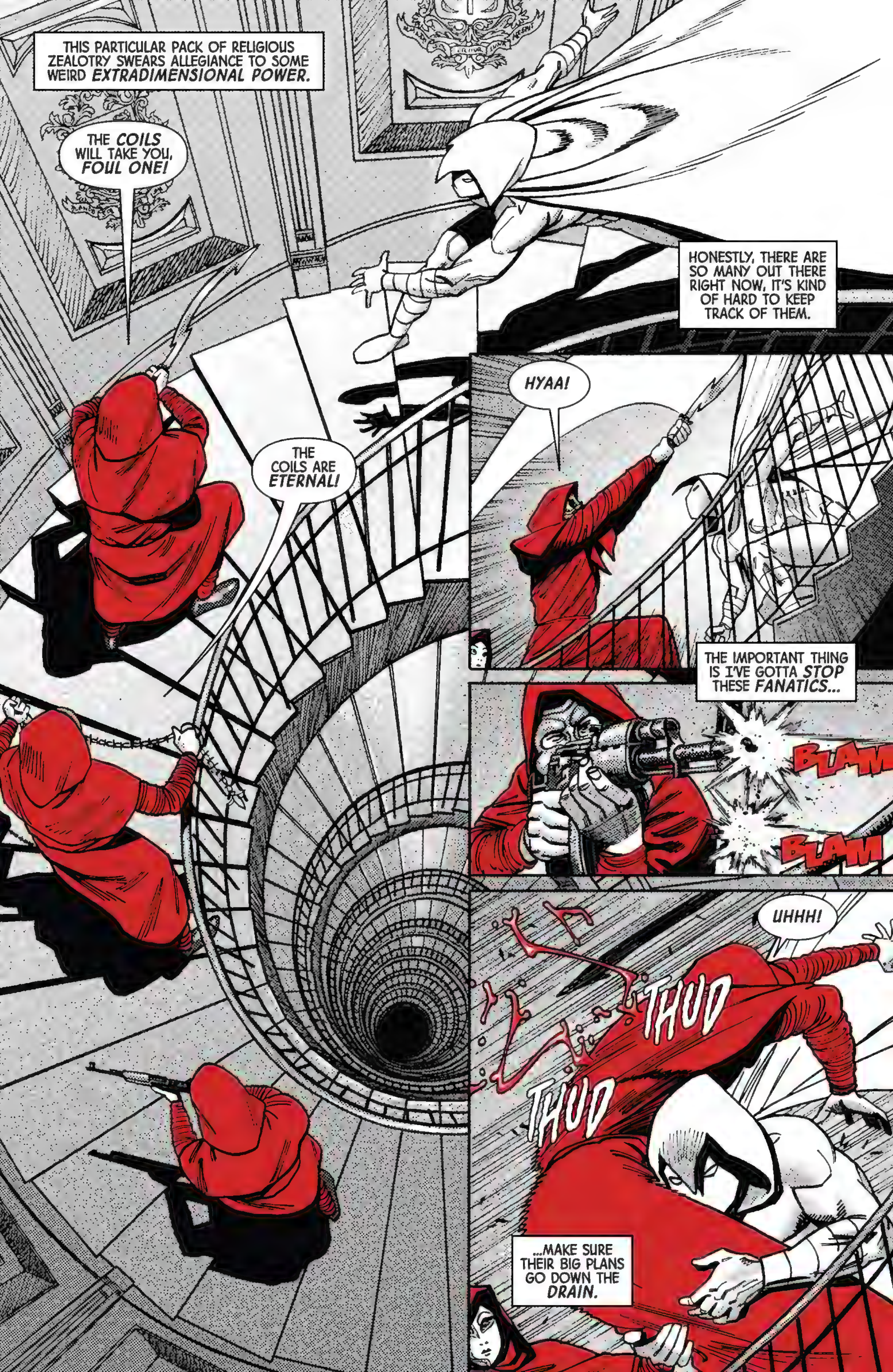

CLIP
SHUNK
PLEX DROP
CLK
THUNK
GOT ROOM FOR ME?

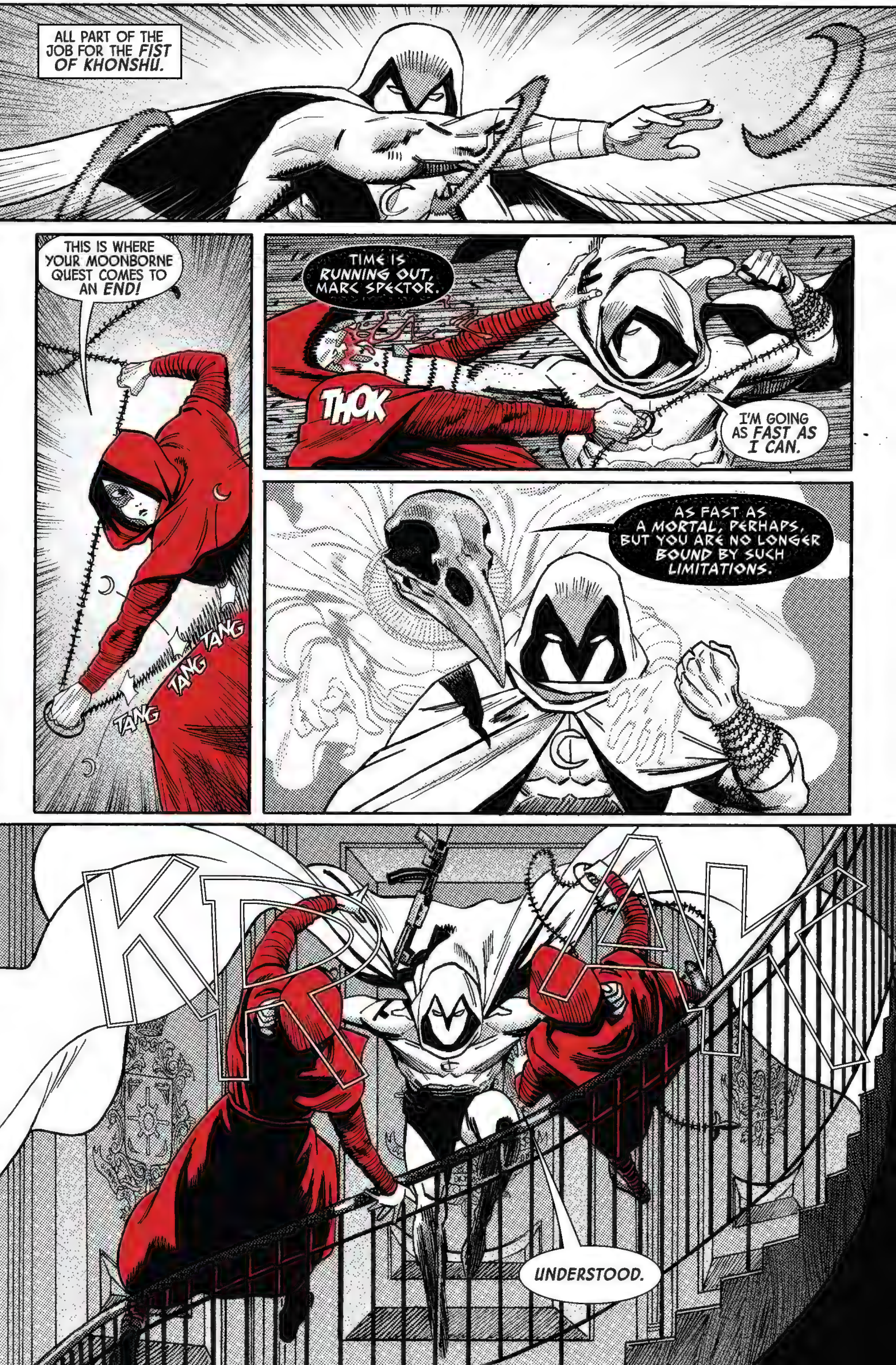

WHAM
WHUD
WHAT THE (EXPLETIVE EXPLETIVE)?!
YOU SAID NOT TO STOP UNTIL WE HIT THE WATER.
KERSPLASH

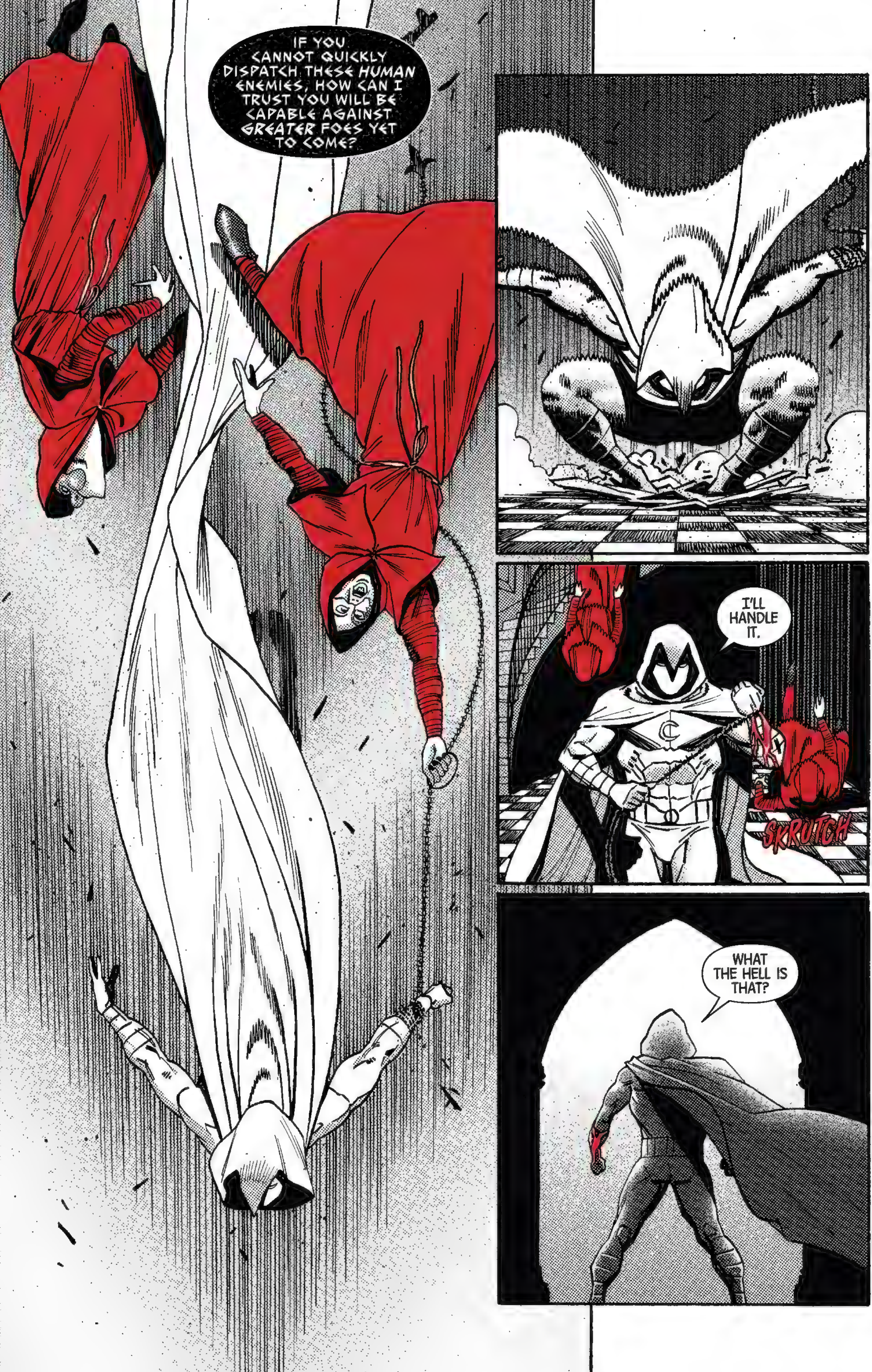

I'M IMPRESSED BY HOW CALM YOU STAYED WITH THESE THUGS HOLDING YOU HOSTAGE.
WELL, I KNEW THEY WOULDN'T HURT ME.
KEEP OUT CAUTION KEEP OUT CAUTION KEEP OUT CAUTIO
STILL...THAT WAS QUITE A SPILL YOU TOOK. YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT THE MEDICS TO CHECK YOU OUT?
TAXI
THANKS, BUT I'M FINE, DETECTIVE FLINT.
THEY GOT A LITTLE BEAT UP FROM THE IMPACT, BUT I'M DOING OKAY.
SURE, SURE, LOCKLEY.
AND, HEY... HERE'S HOPING THE INSURANCE'LL COVER ALL THIS.
I'M SURE STEVEN GRANT CAN JUST CUT A CHECK.
END.

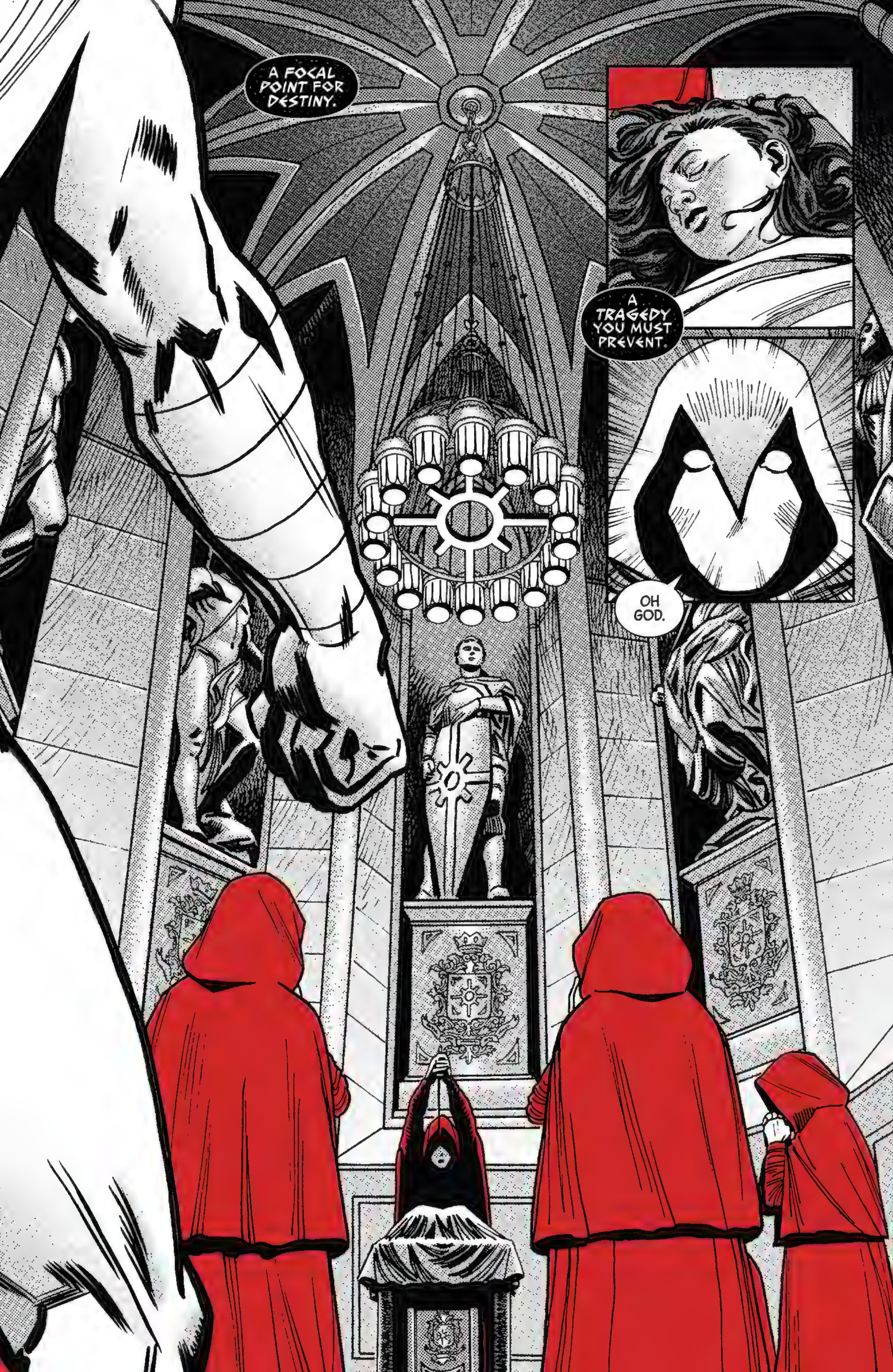

I *HATE* CULTS.
THEY'RE THE *WORST.*
KRESH
NO EMPTY SKY:
A MOON KNIGHT STORY
BY JIM ZUB &
DJIBRIL MORISSETTE-PHAN
AHHH!

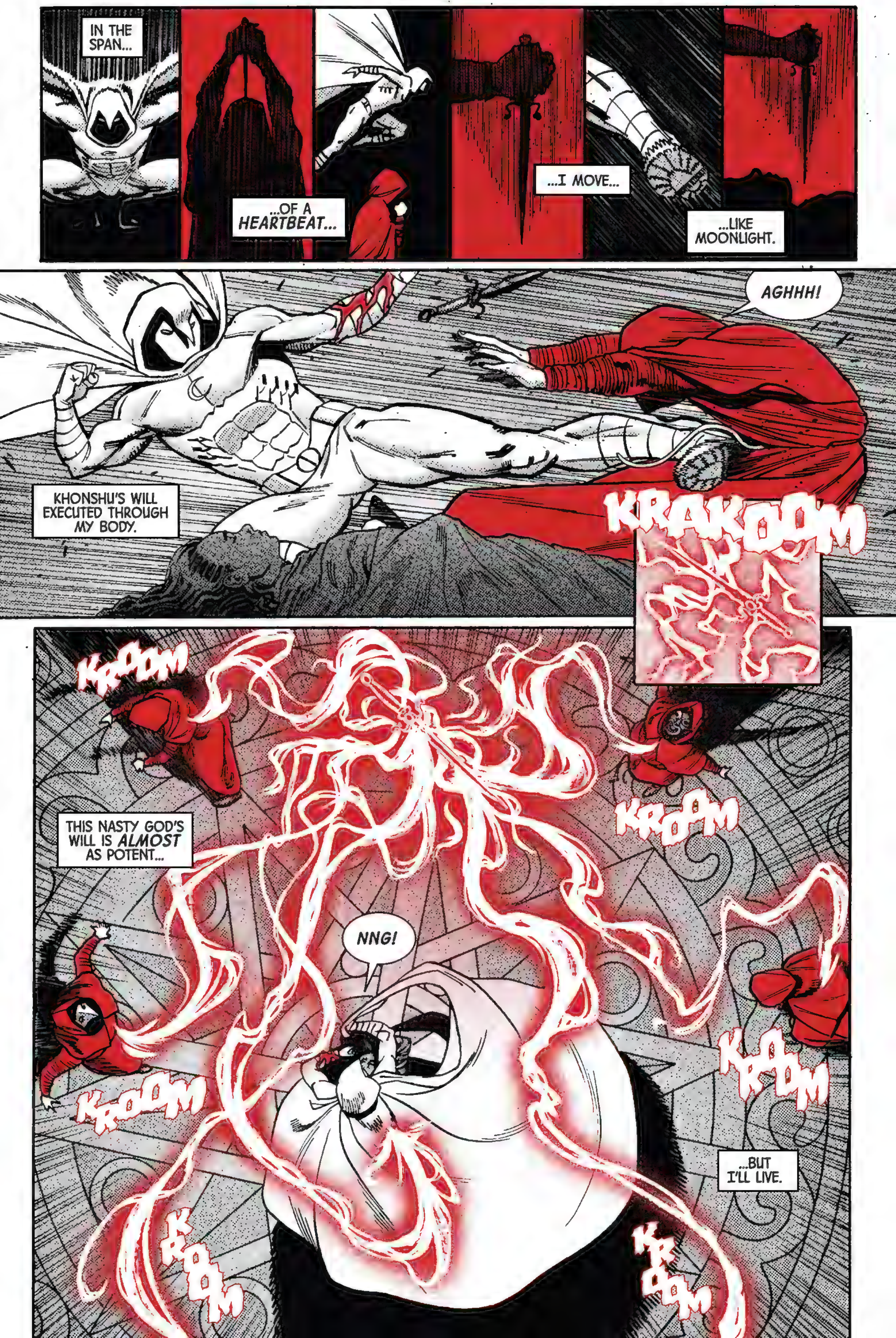

SOME CHARISMATIC *JACKASS* TALKS A GOOD GAME AND, NEXT THING YOU KNOW, PEOPLE ARE *THROWING* THEMSELVES INTO IT.
I MEAN, I UNDERSTAND WANTING TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING *MORE* THAN YOURSELF.
THOK
I'VE PRAYED TO *HIGHER POWERS.*
NGUHH!
BEEN BROUGHT BACK FROM *DEATH* ITSELF.
FAITH IS FINE.
OOOO!
WHUMP
I JUST DON'T THINK IT SHOULD BE *BLIND.*

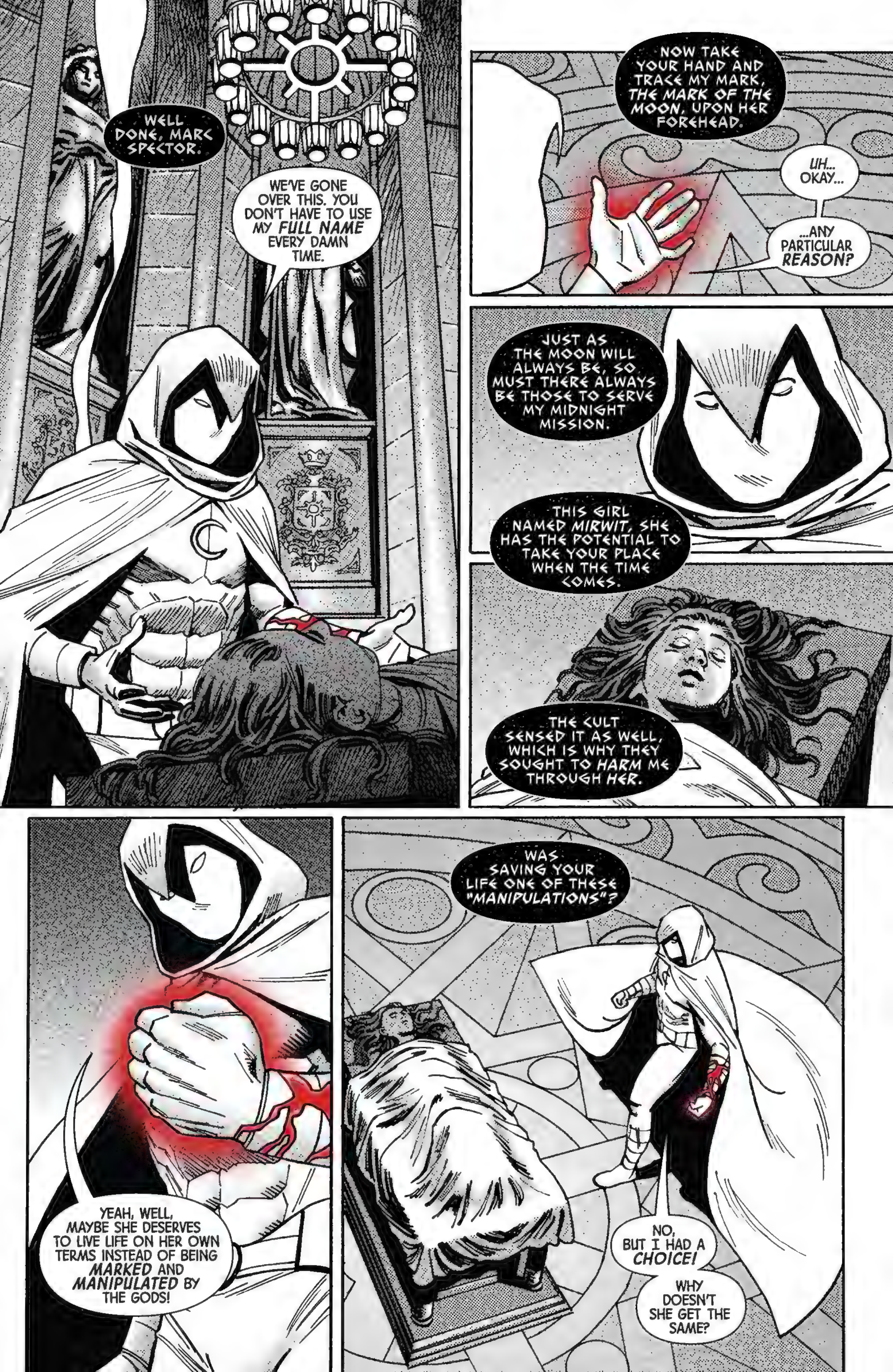

THIS PARTICULAR PACK OF RELIGIOUS ZEALOTRY SWEARS ALLEGIANCE TO SOME WEIRD *EXTRADIMENSIONAL POWER.*
THE *COILS* WILL TAKE YOU, *FOUL ONE!*
THE COILS ARE *ETERNAL!*
HONESTLY, THERE ARE SO MANY OUT THERE RIGHT NOW, IT'S KIND OF HARD TO KEEP TRACK OF THEM.
HYAA!
THE IMPORTANT THING IS I'VE GOTTA *STOP* THESE *FANATICS...*
BLAM
BLAM
UHHH!
THUD
THUD
...MAKE SURE THEIR BIG PLANS GO DOWN THE *DRAIN.*

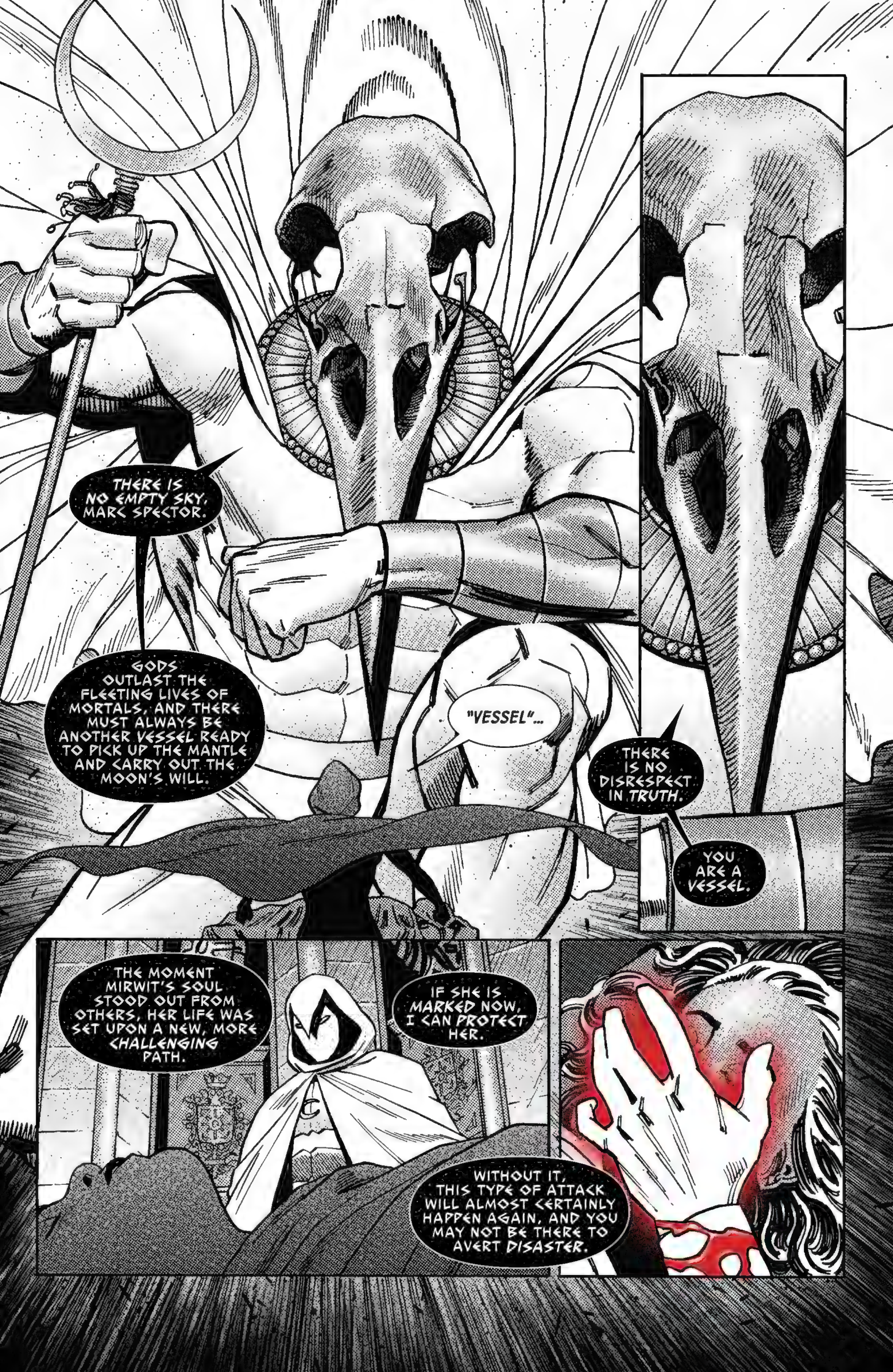

ALL PART OF THE JOB FOR THE *FIST OF KHONSHU.*
THIS IS WHERE YOUR MOONBORNE QUEST COMES TO AN *END!*
TANG
TANG
TANG
TIME IS *RUNNING OUT,* MARC SPECTOR.
THOK
I'M GOING AS *FAST AS I CAN.*
AS FAST AS A *MORTAL,* PERHAPS, BUT YOU ARE NO LONGER BOUND BY SUCH *LIMITATIONS.*
KRAK
UNDERSTOOD.

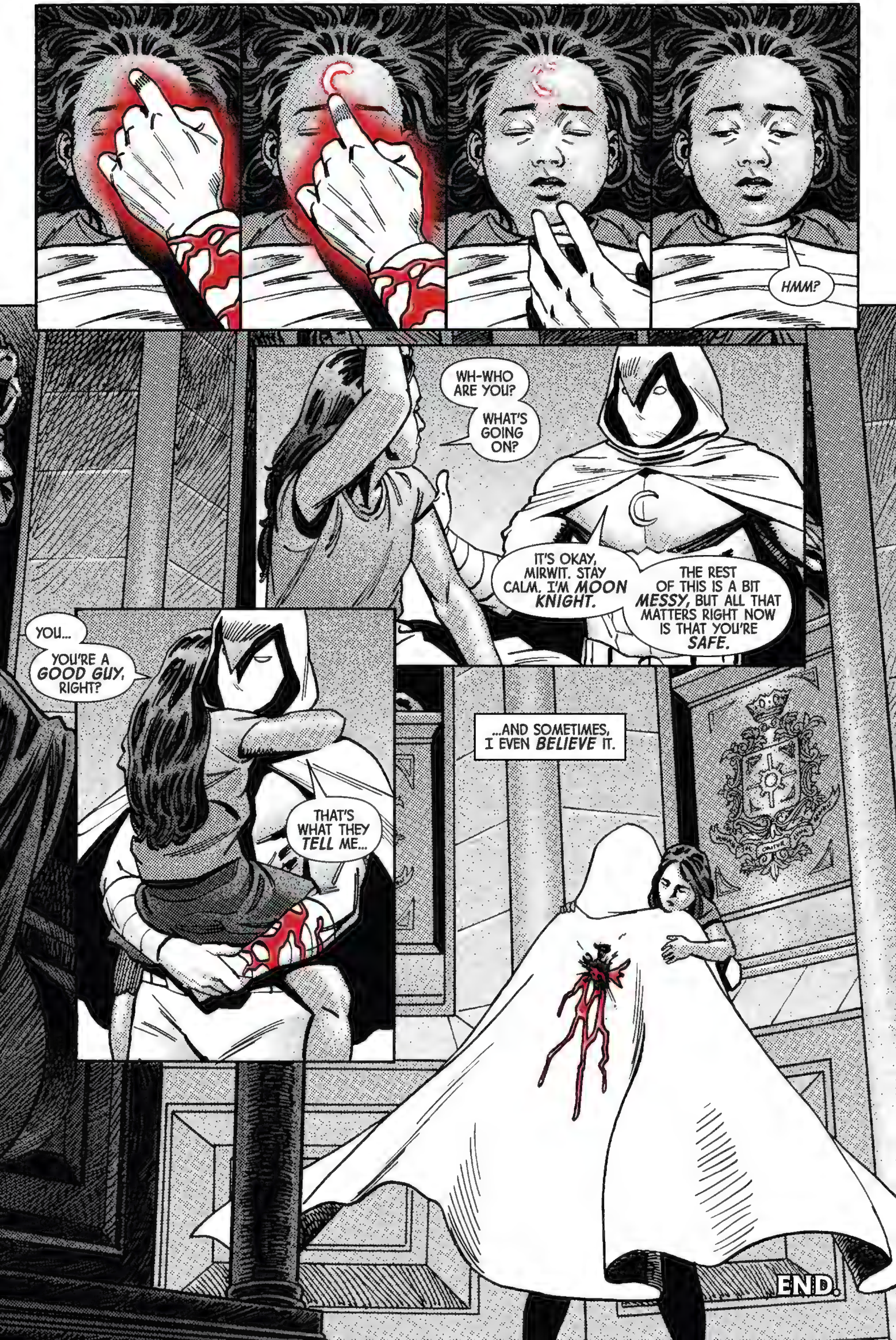

IF YOU CANNOT QUICKLY DISPATCH THESE *HUMAN* ENEMIES, HOW CAN I TRUST YOU WILL BE CAPABLE AGAINST *GREATER* FOES YET TO COME?
I'LL HANDLE IT.
SKRUTCH
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?


A FOCAL POINT FOR DESTINY.
A TRAGEDY YOU MUST PREVENT.
OH GOD.


IN THE SPAN...
...OF A *HEARTBEAT*...
...I MOVE...
...LIKE MOONLIGHT.
AGHHH!
KHONSHU'S WILL EXECUTED THROUGH MY BODY.
KRAKOOM
KROOM
THIS NASTY GOD'S WILL IS *ALMOST* AS POTENT...
KROOM
NNG!
KROOM
KROOM
...BUT I'LL LIVE.
KROOM
KROOM

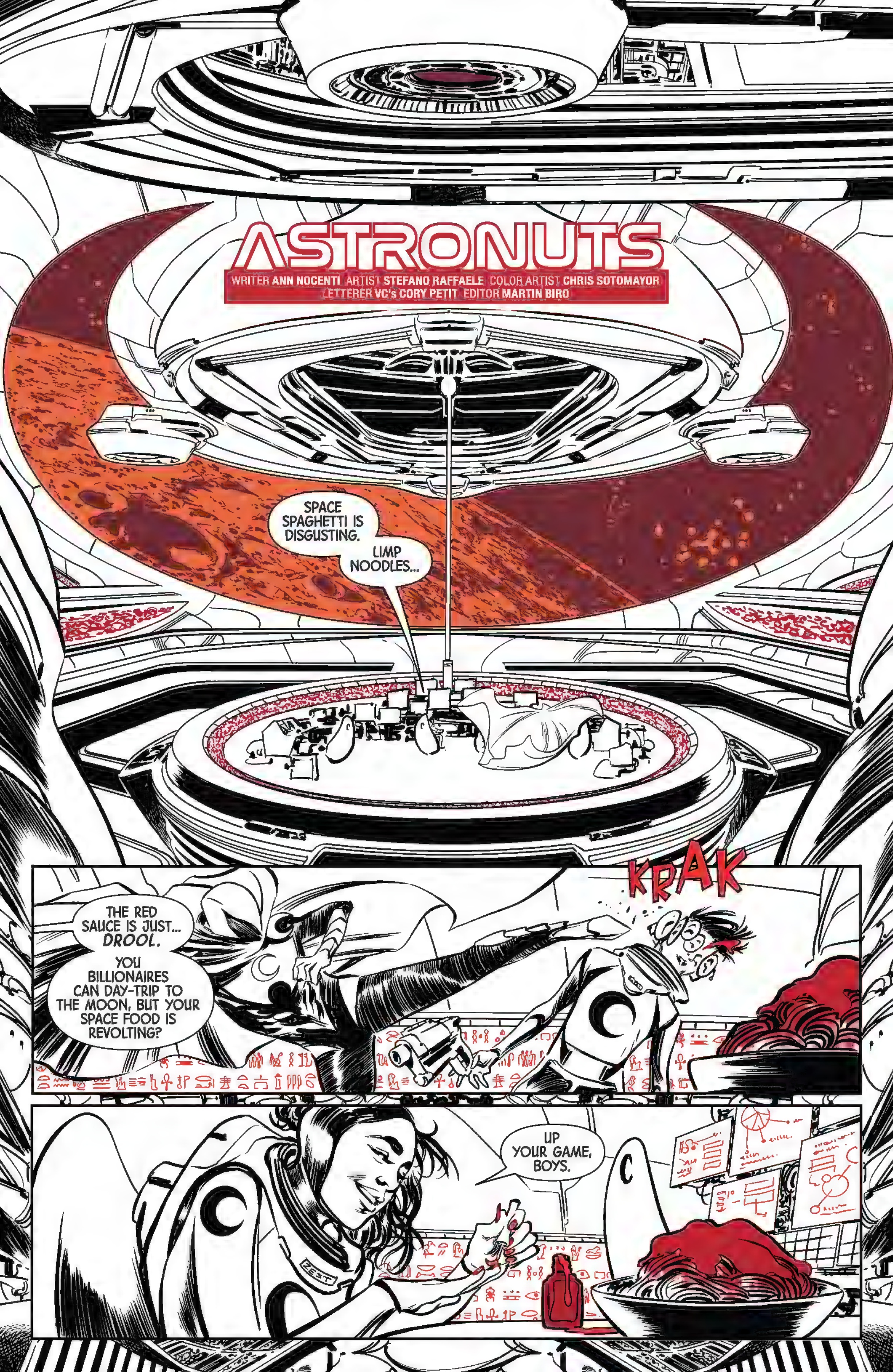

WELL DONE, MARC SPECTOR.
WE'VE GONE OVER THIS. YOU DON'T HAVE TO USE MY *FULL NAME* EVERY DAMN TIME.
NOW TAKE YOUR HAND AND TRACE MY MARK, *THE MARK OF THE MOON*, UPON HER FOREHEAD.
UH... OKAY...
...ANY PARTICULAR *REASON?*
JUST AS THE MOON WILL ALWAYS BE, SO MUST THERE ALWAYS BE THOSE TO SERVE MY MIDNIGHT MISSION.
THIS GIRL NAMED *MIRWIT*, SHE HAS THE POTENTIAL TO TAKE YOUR PLACE WHEN THE TIME COMES.
THE CULT SENSED IT AS WELL, WHICH IS WHY THEY SOUGHT TO *HARM* ME THROUGH *HER*.
YEAH, WELL, MAYBE SHE DESERVES TO LIVE LIFE ON HER OWN TERMS INSTEAD OF BEING *MARKED* AND *MANIPULATED* BY THE GODS!
WAS SAVING YOUR LIFE ONE OF THESE *"MANIPULATIONS"?*
NO, BUT I HAD A *CHOICE!*
WHY DOESN'T SHE GET THE SAME?

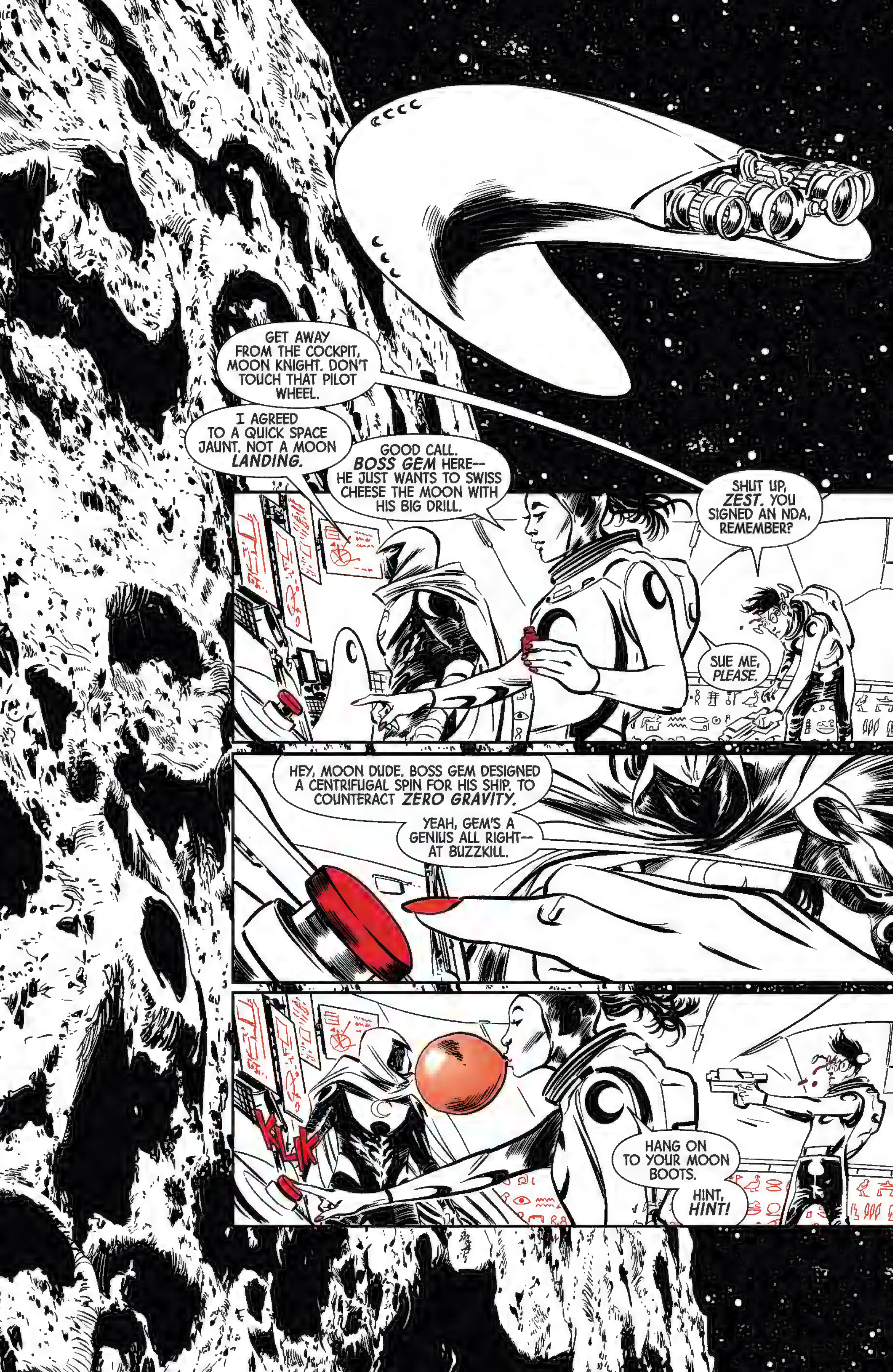

THERE IS NO EMPTY SKY, MARC SPECTOR.
GODS OUTLAST THE FLEETING LIVES OF MORTALS, AND THERE MUST ALWAYS BE ANOTHER *VESSEL* READY TO PICK UP THE MANTLE AND CARRY OUT THE MOON'S WILL.
"VESSEL"...
THERE IS NO DISRESPECT IN *TRUTH*.
YOU ARE A VESSEL.
THE MOMENT MIRWIT'S SOUL STOOD OUT FROM OTHERS, HER LIFE WAS SET UPON A NEW, MORE *CHALLENGING* PATH.
IF SHE IS *MARKED* NOW, I CAN *PROTECT* HER.
WITHOUT IT, THIS TYPE OF ATTACK WILL ALMOST CERTAINLY HAPPEN AGAIN, AND YOU MAY NOT BE THERE TO AVERT *DISASTER*.

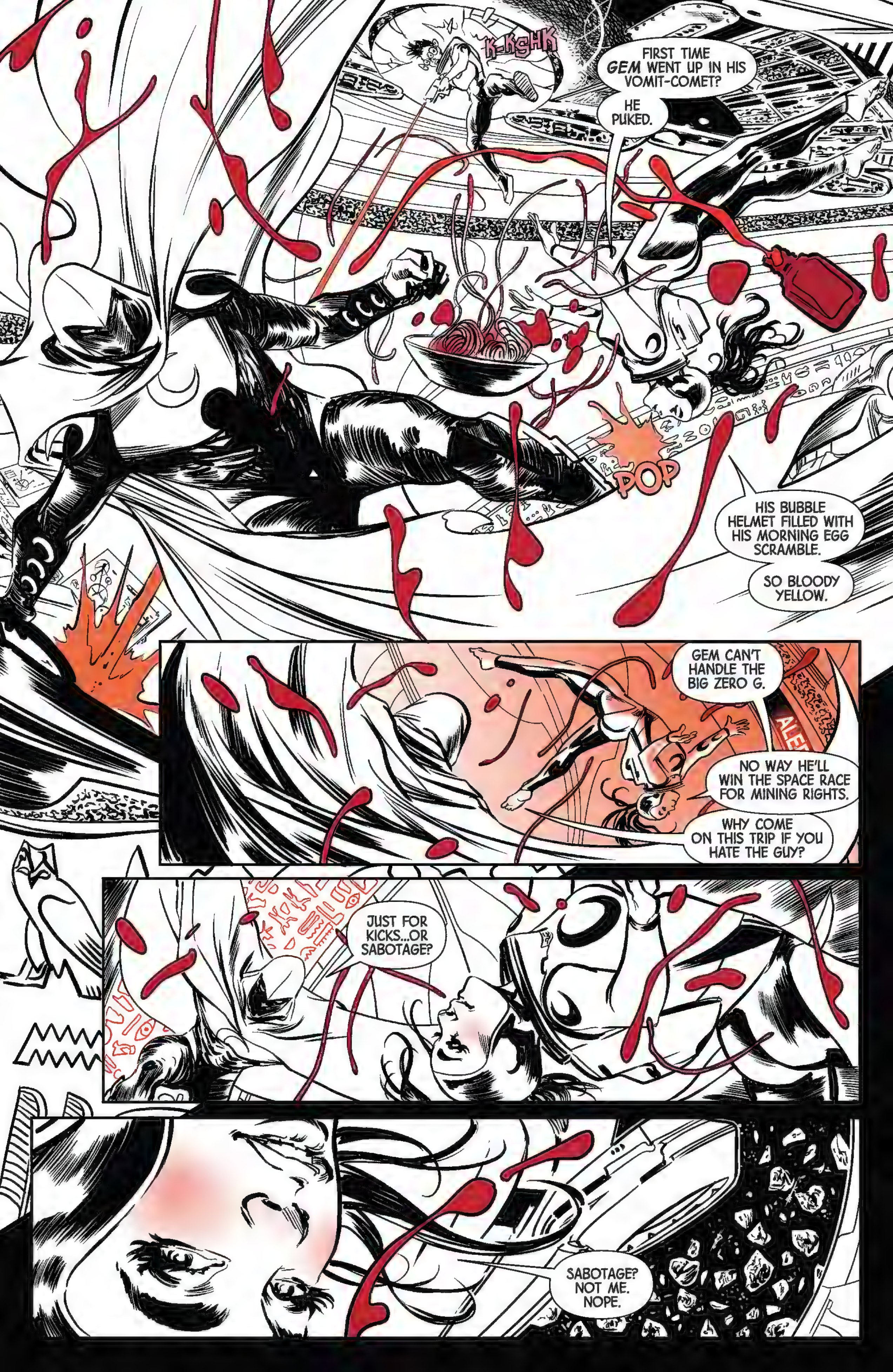

HMM?
WH-WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT'S GOING ON?
IT'S OKAY, MIRWIT. STAY CALM. I'M *MOON KNIGHT.*
THE REST OF THIS IS A BIT *MESSY,* BUT ALL THAT MATTERS RIGHT NOW IS THAT YOU'RE *SAFE.*
YOU...
YOU'RE A *GOOD GUY,* RIGHT?
THAT'S WHAT THEY *TELL* ME...
...AND SOMETIMES, I EVEN *BELIEVE* IT.
END.

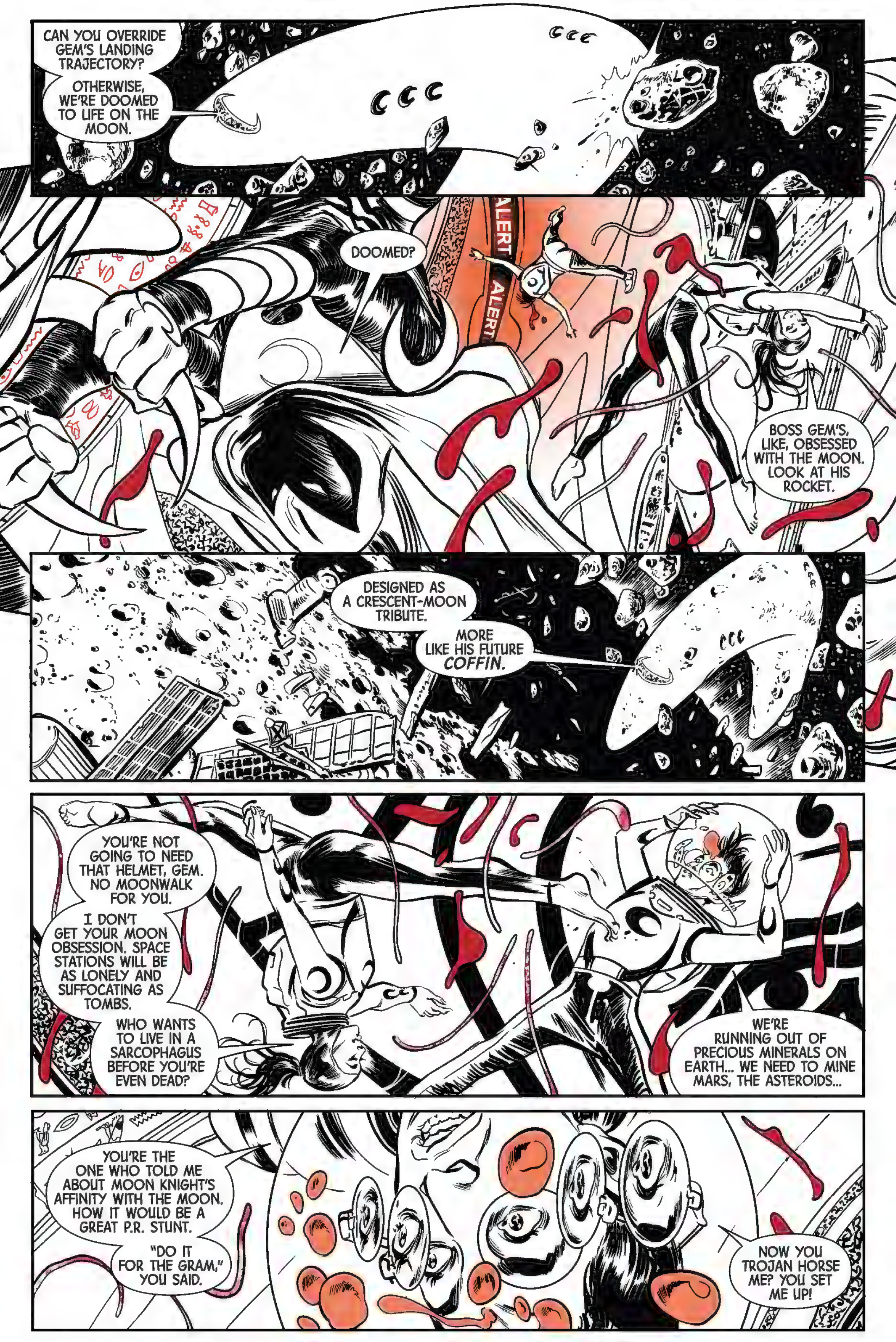
ASTRONUTS

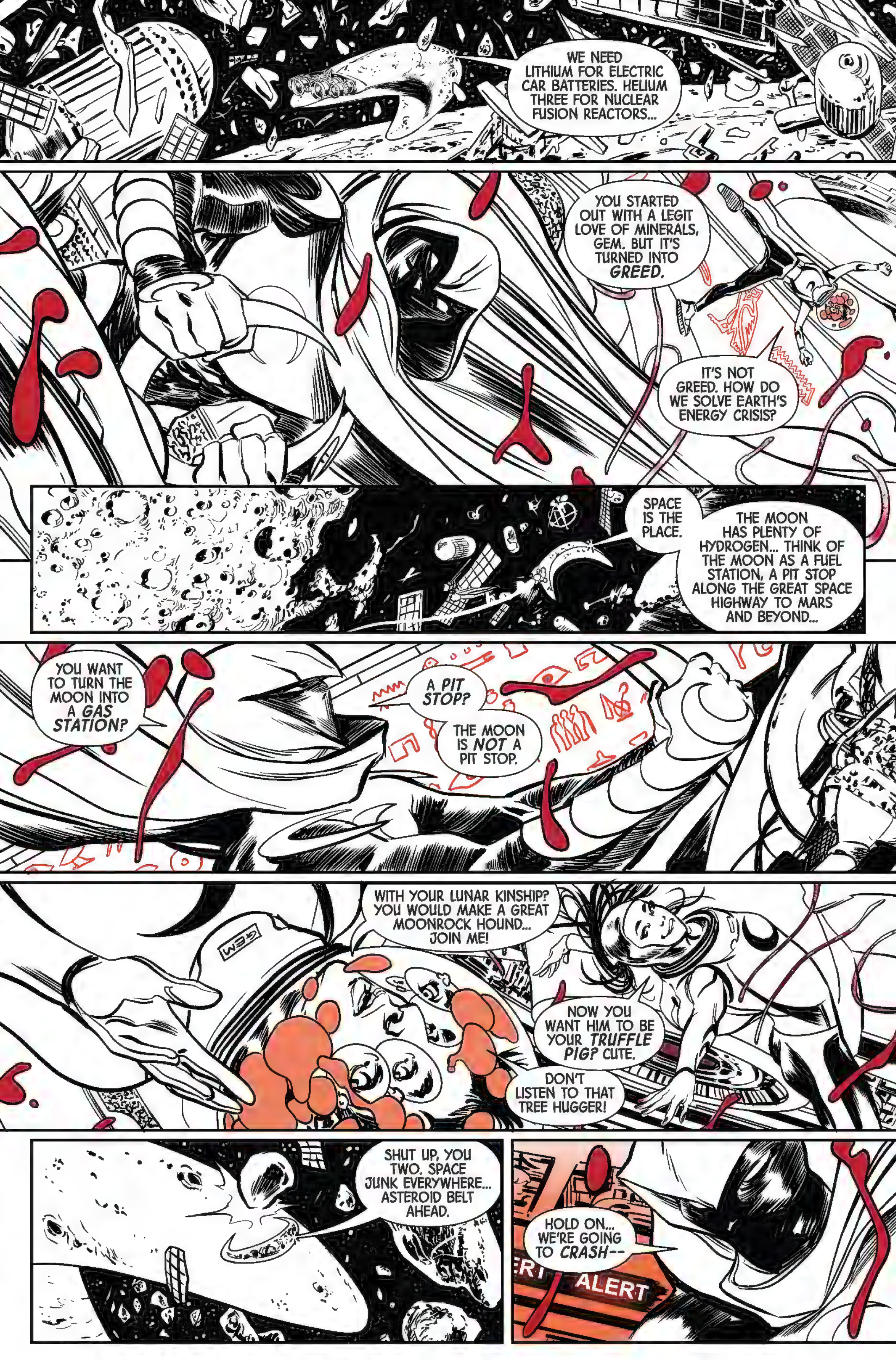
WRITER ANN NOCENTI **ARTIST** STEFANO RAFFAELE **COLOR ARTIST** CHRIS SOTOMAYOR
LETTERER VC's CORY PETIT **EDITOR** MARTIN BIRO

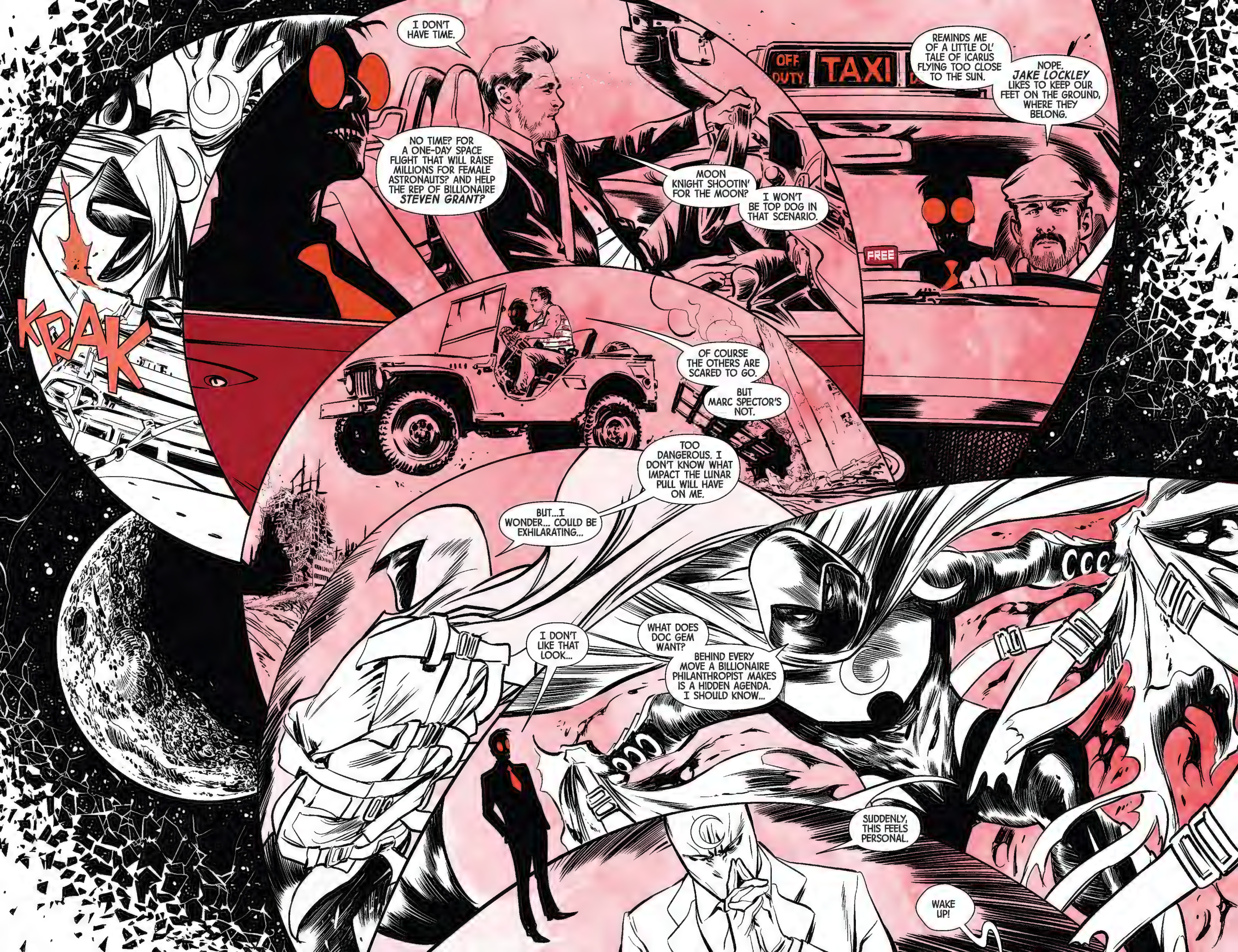

SPACE SPAGHETTI IS DISGUSTING.
LIMP NOODLES...
THE RED SAUCE IS JUST... *DROOL.*
YOU BILLIONAIRES CAN DAY-TRIP TO THE MOON, BUT YOUR SPACE FOOD IS REVOLTING?
KRAK
UP YOUR GAME, BOYS.
ZEST

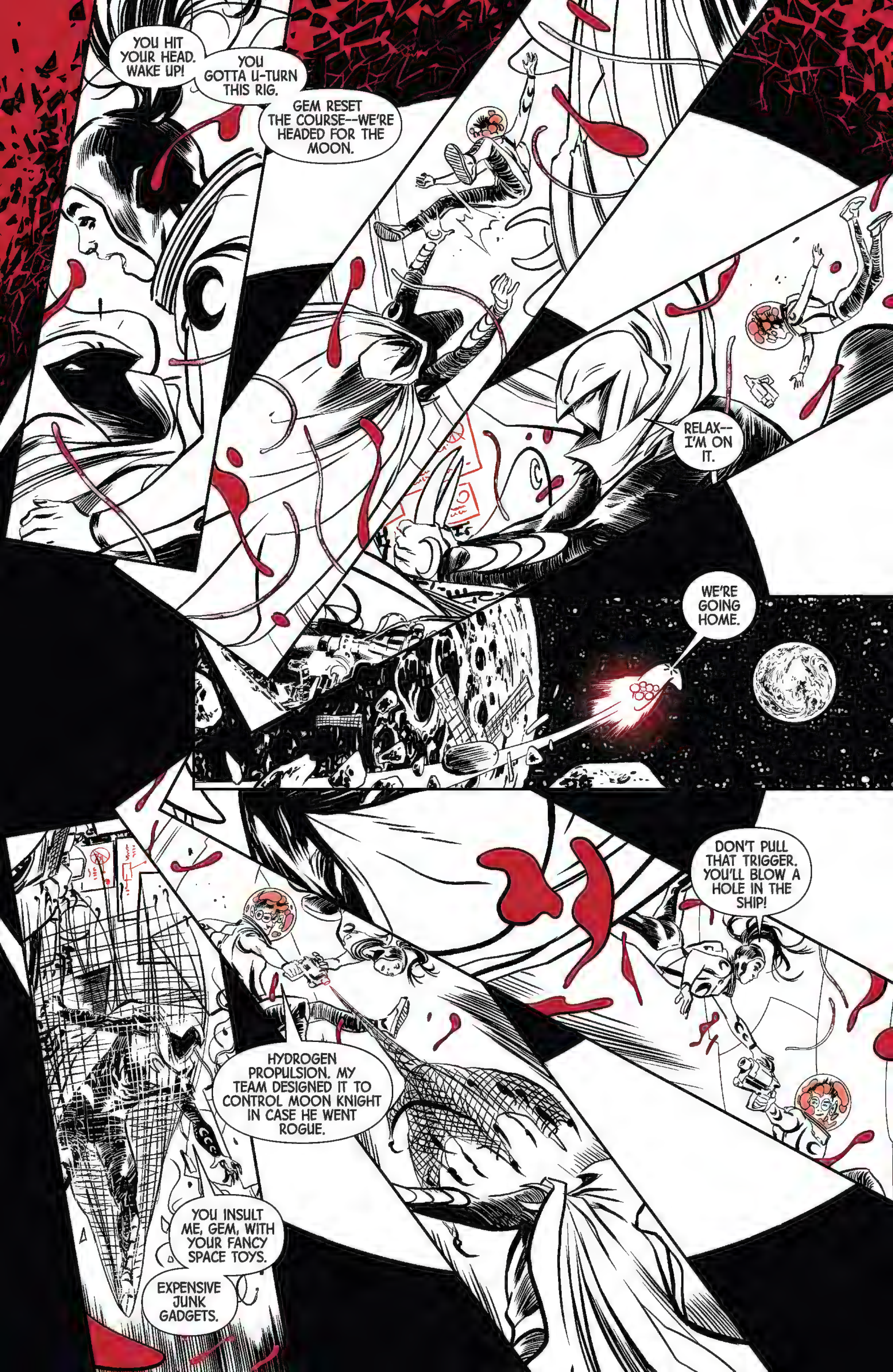

GET AWAY FROM THE COCKPIT, MOON KNIGHT. DON'T TOUCH THAT PILOT WHEEL.
I AGREED TO A QUICK SPACE JAUNT. NOT A MOON LANDING.
GOOD CALL. BOSS GEM HERE-- HE JUST WANTS TO SWISS CHEESE THE MOON WITH HIS BIG DRILL.
SHUT UP, ZEST. YOU SIGNED AN NDA, REMEMBER?
SUE ME, PLEASE.
HEY, MOON DUDE. BOSS GEM DESIGNED A CENTRIFUGAL SPIN FOR HIS SHIP. TO COUNTERACT ZERO GRAVITY.
YEAH, GEM'S A GENIUS ALL RIGHT-- AT BUZZKILL.
KLIK
HANG ON TO YOUR MOON BOOTS.
HINT, HINT!

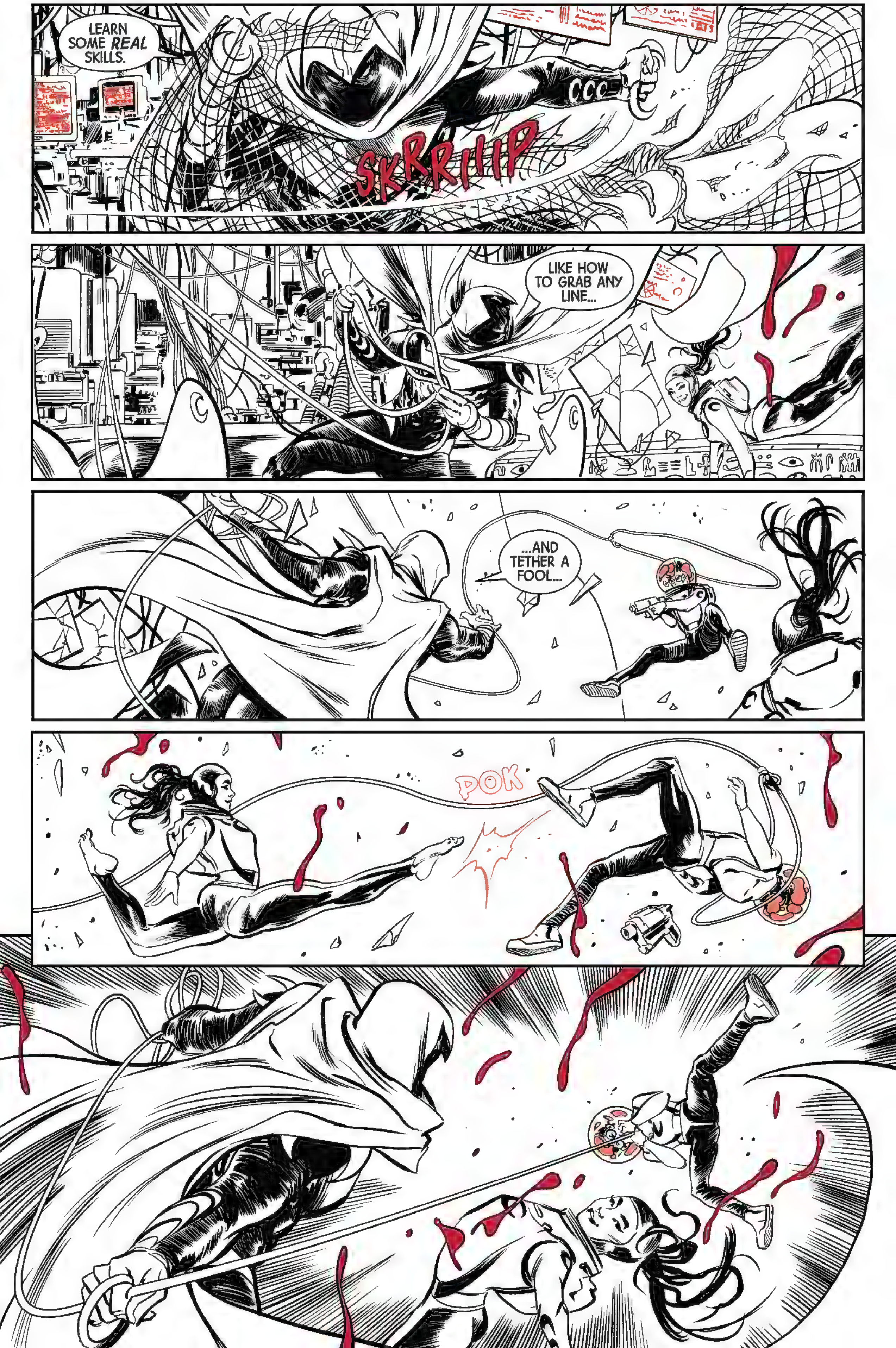

K-KSHK
FIRST TIME *GEM* WENT UP IN HIS VOMIT-COMET?
HE PUKED.
POP
HIS BUBBLE HELMET FILLED WITH HIS MORNING EGG SCRAMBLE.
SO BLOODY YELLOW.
GEM CAN'T HANDLE THE BIG ZERO G.
NO WAY HE'LL WIN THE SPACE RACE FOR MINING RIGHTS.
WHY COME ON THIS TRIP IF YOU HATE THE GUY?
JUST FOR KICKS...OR SABOTAGE?
SABOTAGE? NOT ME. NOPE.

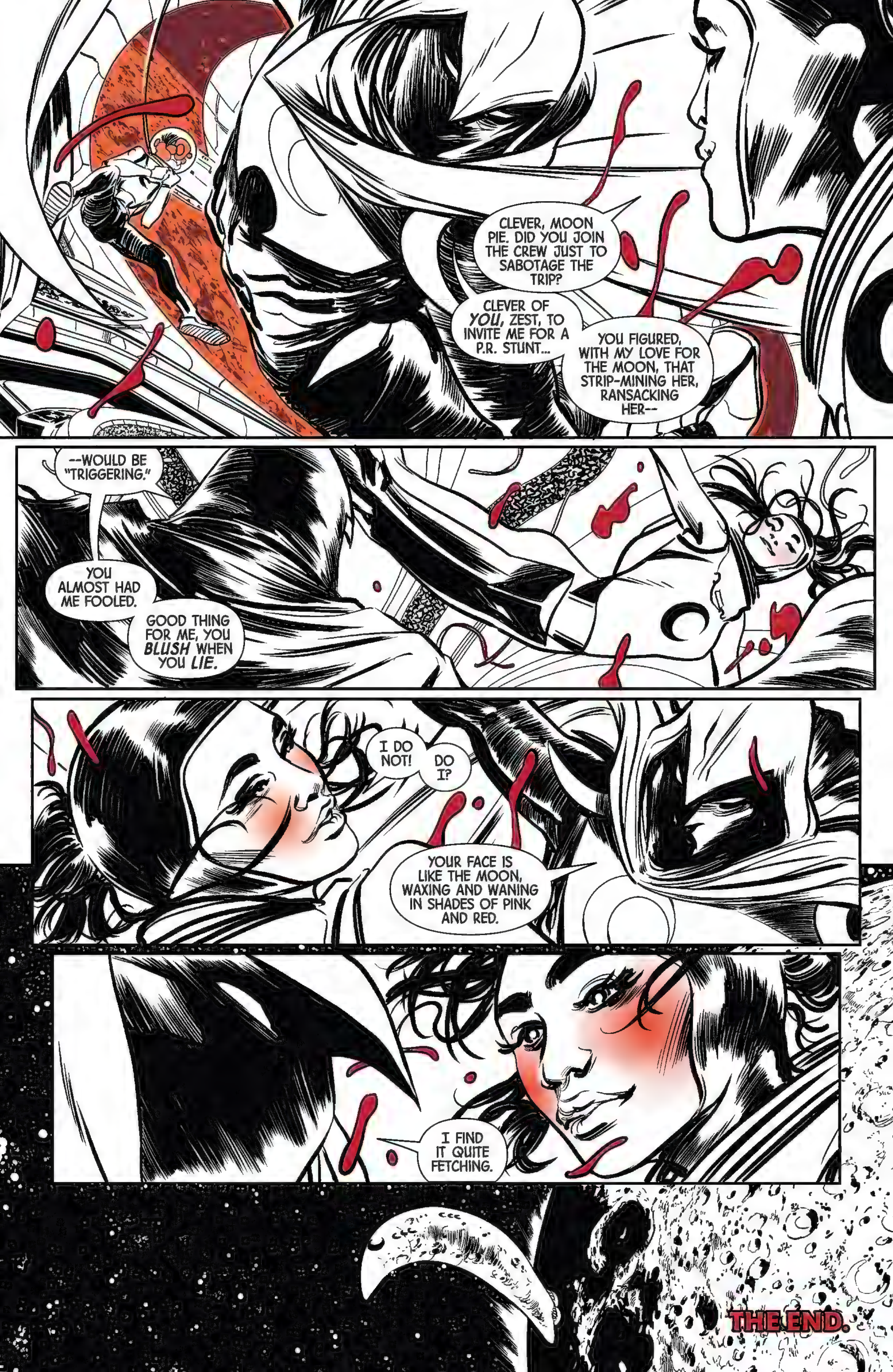

CAN YOU OVERRIDE GEM'S LANDING TRAJECTORY?
OTHERWISE, WE'RE DOOMED TO LIFE ON THE MOON.
DOOMED?
ALERT
ALERT
ALERT
BOSS GEM'S, LIKE, OBSESSED WITH THE MOON. LOOK AT HIS ROCKET.
DESIGNED AS A CRESCENT-MOON TRIBUTE.
MORE LIKE HIS FUTURE *COFFIN.*
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO NEED THAT HELMET, GEM. NO MOONWALK FOR YOU.
I DON'T GET YOUR MOON OBSESSION. SPACE STATIONS WILL BE AS LONELY AND SUFFOCATING AS TOMBS.
WHO WANTS TO LIVE IN A SARCOPHAGUS BEFORE YOU'RE EVEN DEAD?
WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF PRECIOUS MINERALS ON EARTH... WE NEED TO MINE MARS, THE ASTEROIDS...
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO TOLD ME ABOUT MOON KNIGHT'S AFFINITY WITH THE MOON. HOW IT WOULD BE A GREAT P.R. STUNT.
"DO IT FOR THE GRAM," YOU SAID.
NOW YOU TROJAN HORSE ME? YOU SET ME UP!


WE NEED LITHIUM FOR ELECTRIC CAR BATTERIES. HELIUM THREE FOR NUCLEAR FUSION REACTORS...
YOU STARTED OUT WITH A LEGIT LOVE OF MINERALS, GEM. BUT IT'S TURNED INTO *GREED.*
IT'S NOT GREED. HOW DO WE SOLVE EARTH'S ENERGY CRISIS?
SPACE IS THE PLACE.
THE MOON HAS PLENTY OF HYDROGEN... THINK OF THE MOON AS A FUEL STATION, A PIT STOP ALONG THE GREAT SPACE HIGHWAY TO MARS AND BEYOND...
YOU WANT TO TURN THE MOON INTO A *GAS STATION?*
A *PIT STOP?*
THE MOON IS *NOT* A PIT STOP.
WITH YOUR LUNAR KINSHIP? YOU WOULD MAKE A GREAT MOONROCK HOUND... JOIN ME!
GEM
NOW YOU WANT HIM TO BE YOUR *TRUFFLE PIG?* CUTE.
DON'T LISTEN TO THAT TREE HUGGER!
SHUT UP, YOU TWO. SPACE JUNK EVERYWHERE... ASTEROID BELT AHEAD.
HOLD ON... WE'RE GOING TO *CRASH*--
ERT
ALERT

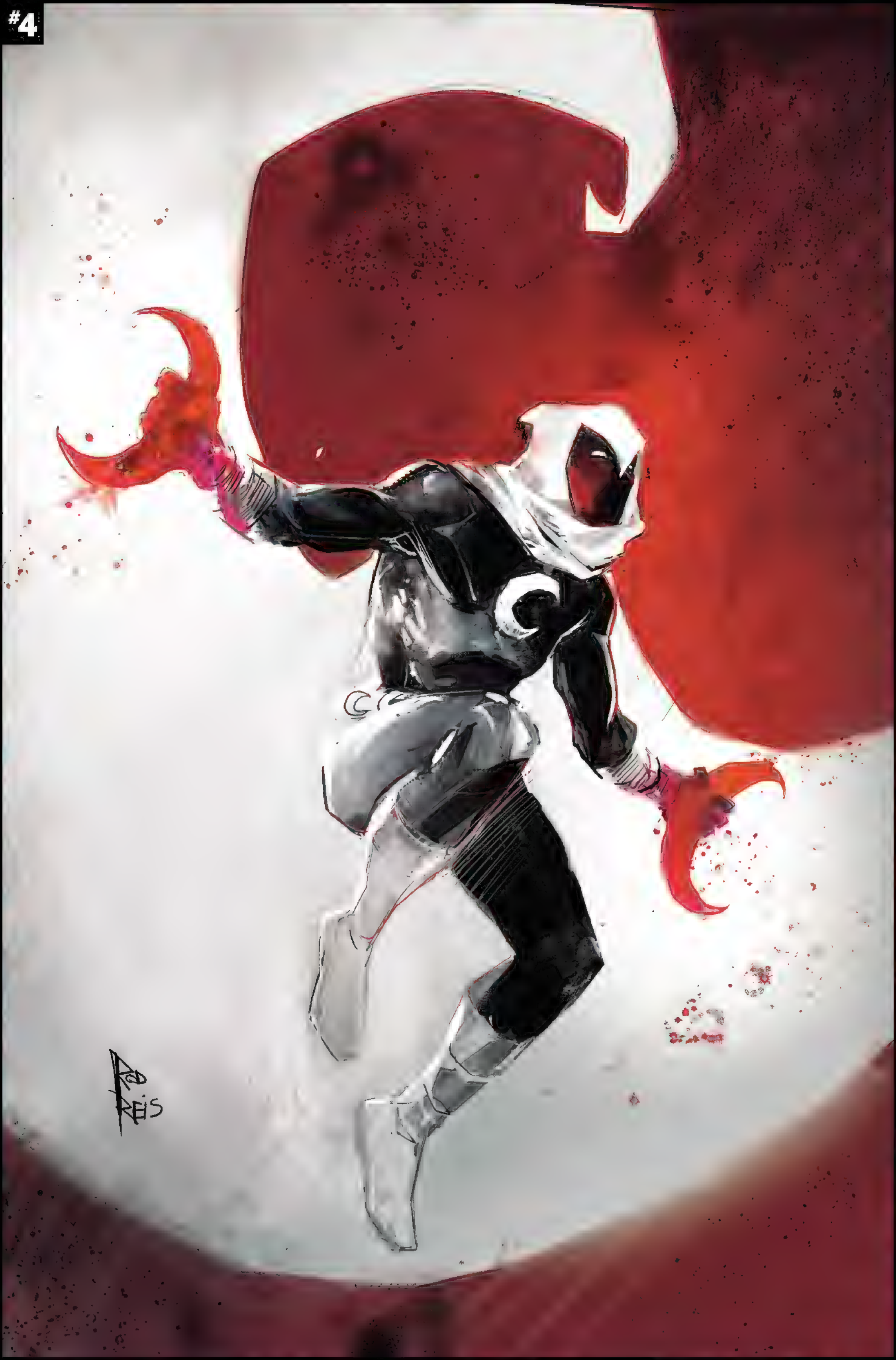

KRAK
I DON'T HAVE TIME.
NO TIME? FOR A ONE-DAY SPACE FLIGHT THAT WILL RAISE MILLIONS FOR FEMALE ASTRONAUTS? AND HELP THE REP OF BILLIONAIRE *STEVEN GRANT?*
MOON KNIGHT SHOOTIN' FOR THE MOON?
I WON'T BE TOP DOG IN THAT SCENARIO.
OFF DUTY
TAXI
REMINDS ME OF A LITTLE OL' TALE OF ICARUS FLYING TOO CLOSE TO THE SUN.
NOPE. *JAKE LOCKLEY* LIKES TO KEEP OUR FEET ON THE GROUND, WHERE THEY BELONG.
FREE
OF COURSE THE OTHERS ARE SCARED TO GO.
BUT MARC SPECTOR'S NOT.
TOO DANGEROUS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT IMPACT THE LUNAR PULL WILL HAVE ON ME.
BUT...I WONDER... COULD BE EXHILARATING...
I DON'T LIKE THAT LOOK...
WHAT DOES DOC GEM WANT?
BEHIND EVERY MOVE A BILLIONAIRE PHILANTHROPIST MAKES IS A HIDDEN AGENDA. I SHOULD KNOW...
SUDDENLY, THIS FEELS PERSONAL.
WAKE UP!


YOU HIT YOUR HEAD. WAKE UP!
YOU GOTTA U-TURN THIS RIG.
GEM RESET THE COURSE--WE'RE HEADED FOR THE MOON.
RELAX--I'M ON IT.
WE'RE GOING HOME.
DON'T PULL THAT TRIGGER. YOU'LL BLOW A HOLE IN THE SHIP!
HYDROGEN PROPULSION. MY TEAM DESIGNED IT TO CONTROL MOON KNIGHT IN CASE HE WENT ROGUE.
YOU INSULT ME, GEM, WITH YOUR FANCY SPACE TOYS.
EXPENSIVE JUNK GADGETS.

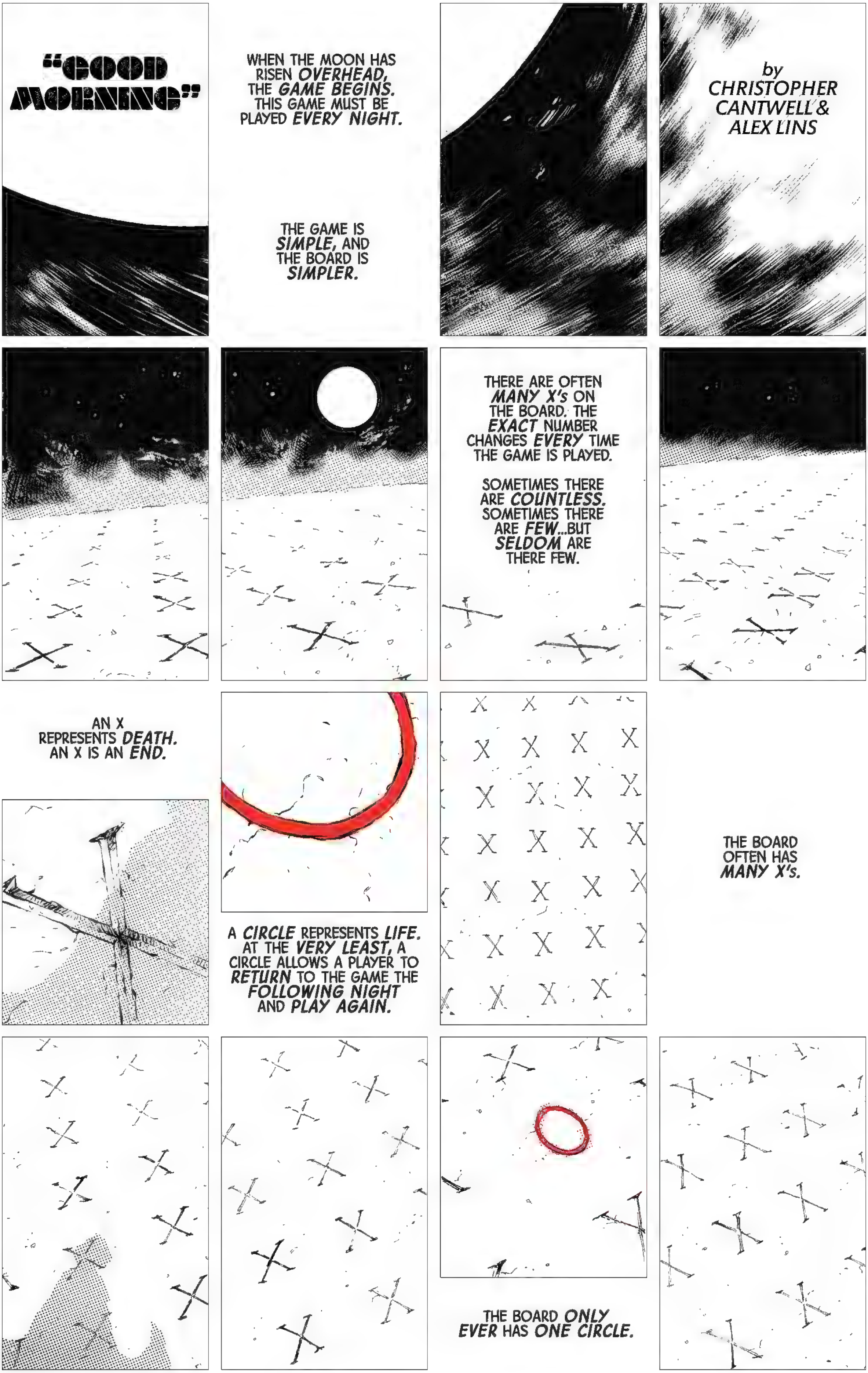

LEARN SOME *REAL* SKILLS.
SKRRIIIP
LIKE HOW TO GRAB ANY LINE...
...AND TETHER A FOOL...
POK

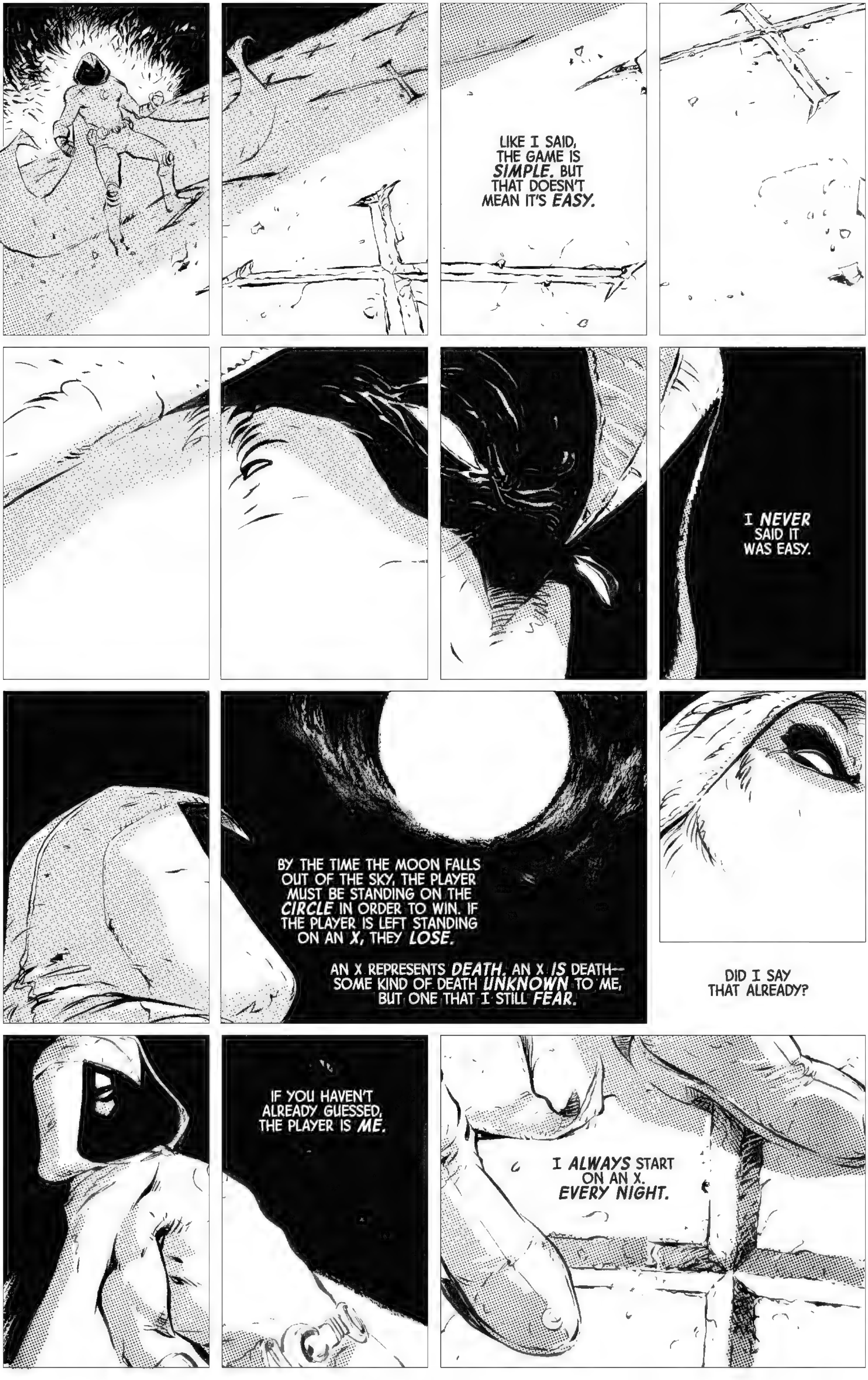

CLEVER, MOON PIE. DID YOU JOIN THE CREW JUST TO SABOTAGE THE TRIP?
CLEVER OF *YOU*, ZEST, TO INVITE ME FOR A P.R. STUNT...
YOU FIGURED, WITH MY LOVE FOR THE MOON, THAT STRIP-MINING HER, RANSACKING HER--
--WOULD BE "TRIGGERING."
YOU ALMOST HAD ME FOOLED.
GOOD THING FOR ME, YOU *BLUSH* WHEN YOU *LIE*.
I DO NOT!
DO I?
YOUR FACE IS LIKE THE MOON, WAXING AND WANING IN SHADES OF PINK AND RED.
I FIND IT QUITE FETCHING.
THE END.

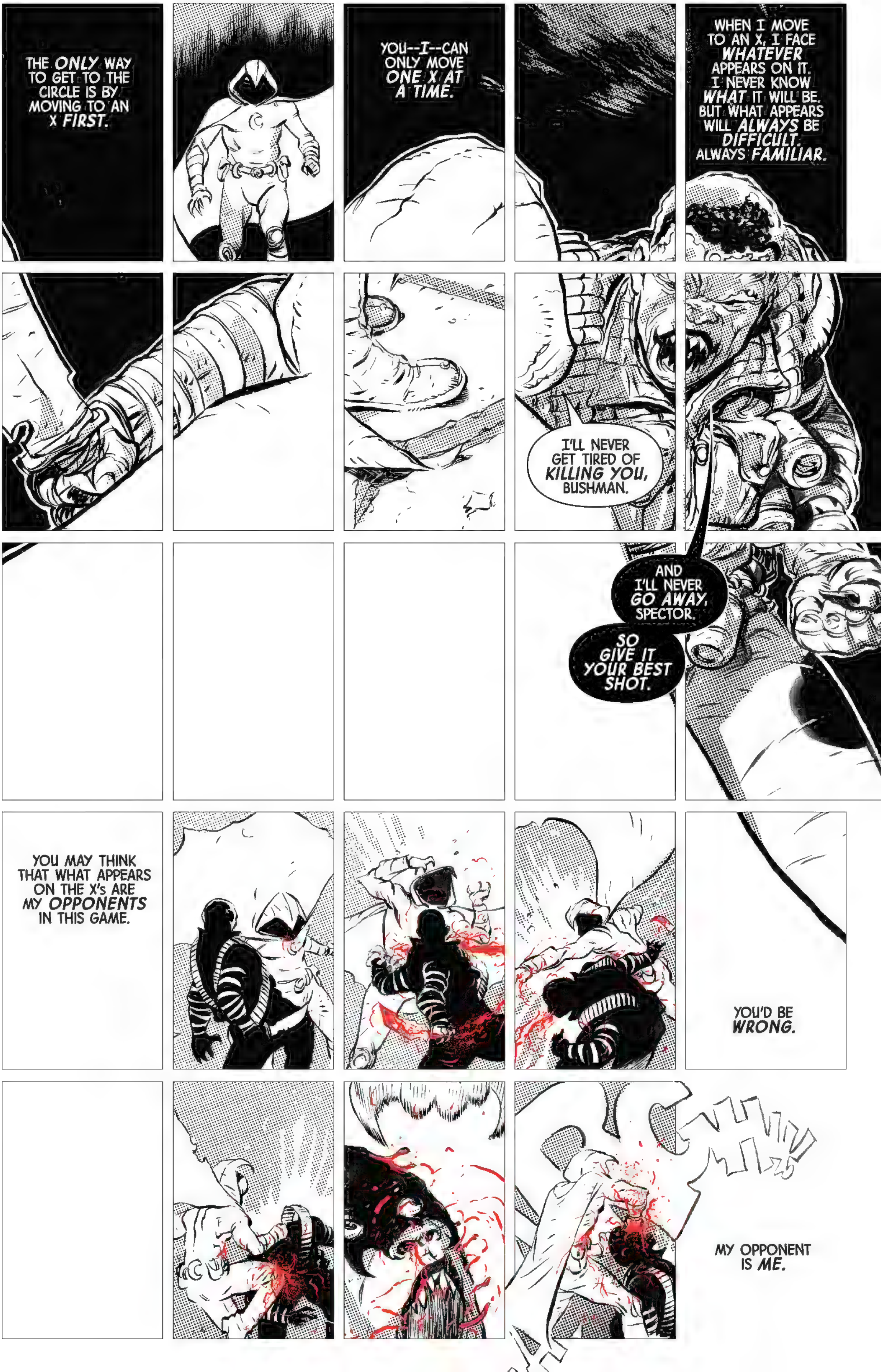
#4

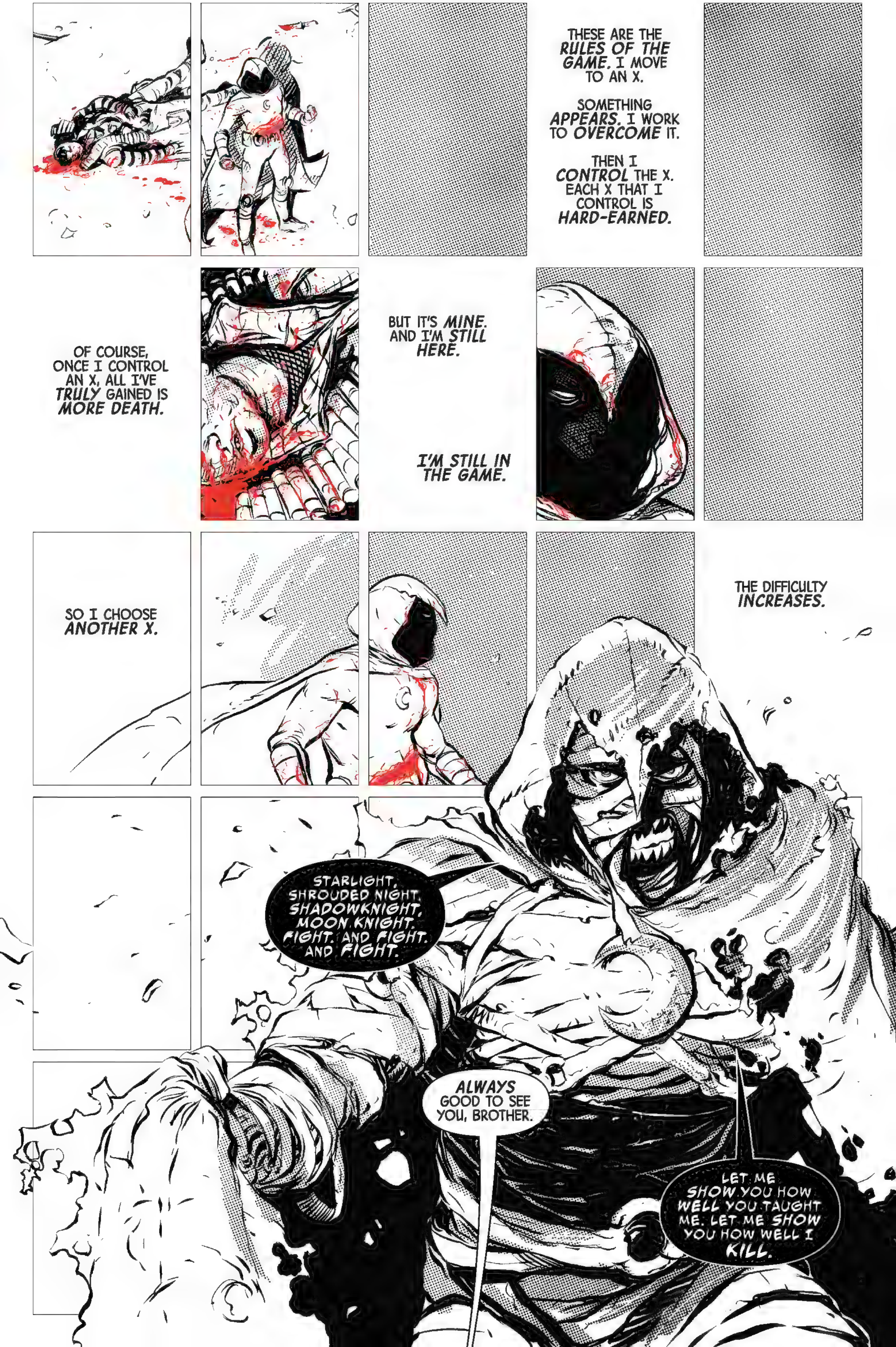


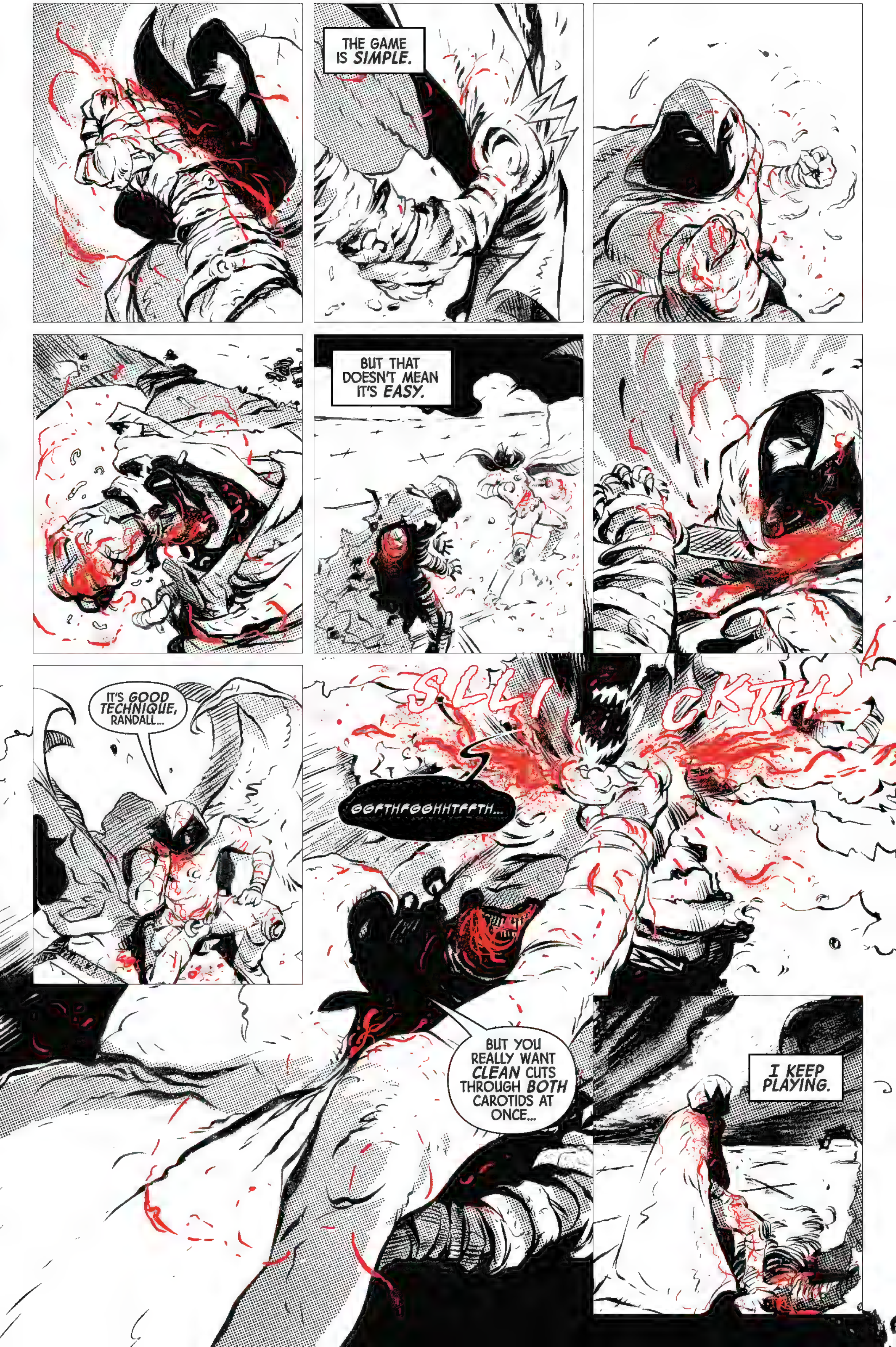
THIS ISSUE INCLUDES DEPICTIONS OF SUICIDE. READER DISCRETION IS ADVISED. IF YOU ARE STRUGGLING WITH THOUGHTS OF SUICIDE, OR ARE WORRIED ABOUT A FRIEND OR LOVED ONE, PLEASE REACH OUT TO A COUNSELOR OR SOMEONE YOU TRUST OR DIAL 988 FOR THE SUICIDE AND CRISIS LIFELINE.

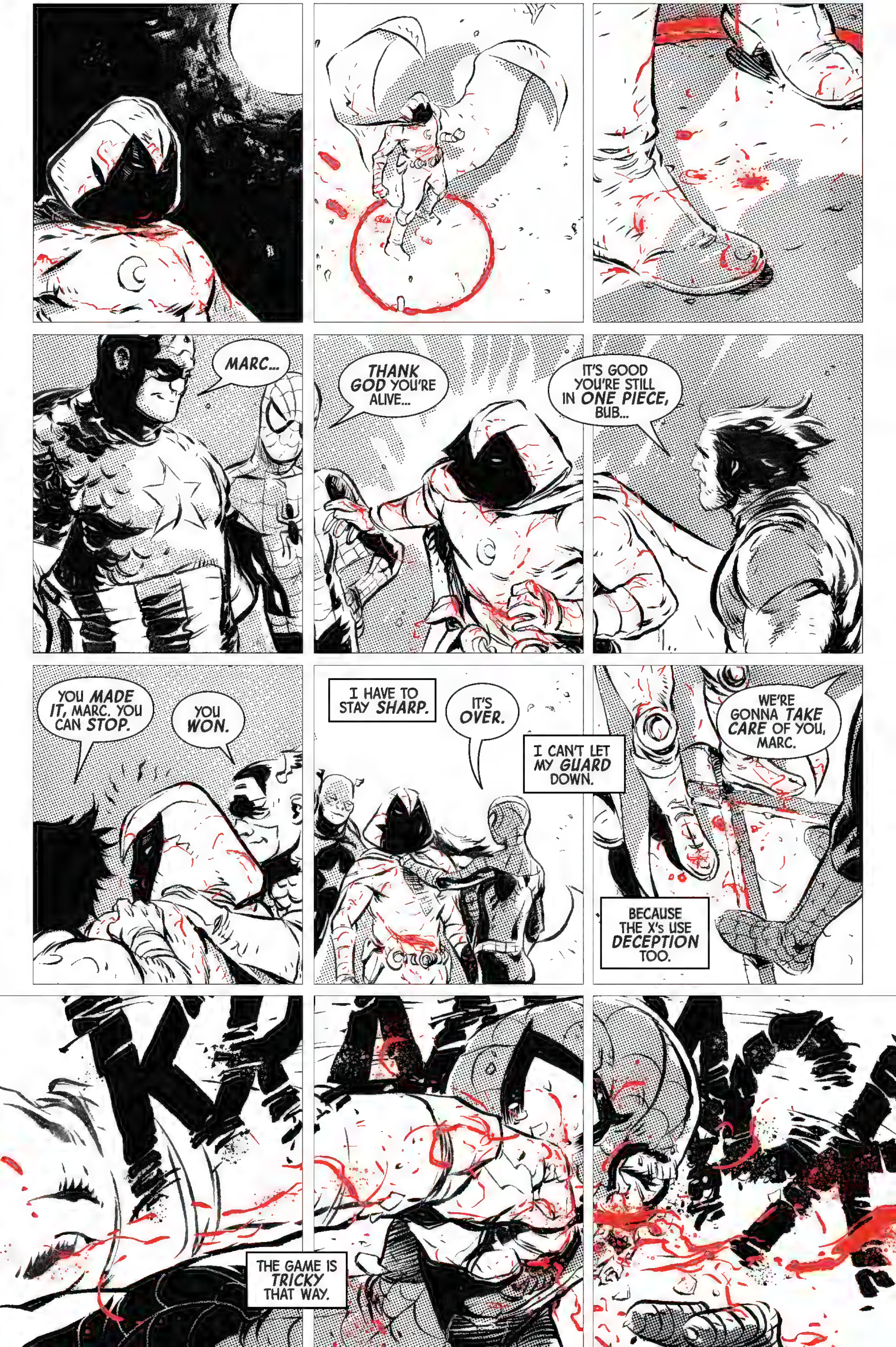

"GOOD MORNING"
WHEN THE MOON HAS RISEN OVERHEAD, THE GAME BEGINS. THIS GAME MUST BE PLAYED EVERY NIGHT.
THE GAME IS SIMPLE, AND THE BOARD IS SIMPLER.
by CHRISTOPHER CANTWELL & ALEX LINS
THERE ARE OFTEN MANY X's ON THE BOARD. THE EXACT NUMBER CHANGES EVERY TIME THE GAME IS PLAYED.
SOMETIMES THERE ARE COUNTLESS. SOMETIMES THERE ARE FEW...BUT SELDOM ARE THERE FEW.
AN X REPRESENTS DEATH. AN X IS AN END.
A CIRCLE REPRESENTS LIFE. AT THE VERY LEAST, A CIRCLE ALLOWS A PLAYER TO RETURN TO THE GAME THE FOLLOWING NIGHT AND PLAY AGAIN.
THE BOARD OFTEN HAS MANY X's.
THE BOARD ONLY EVER HAS ONE CIRCLE.

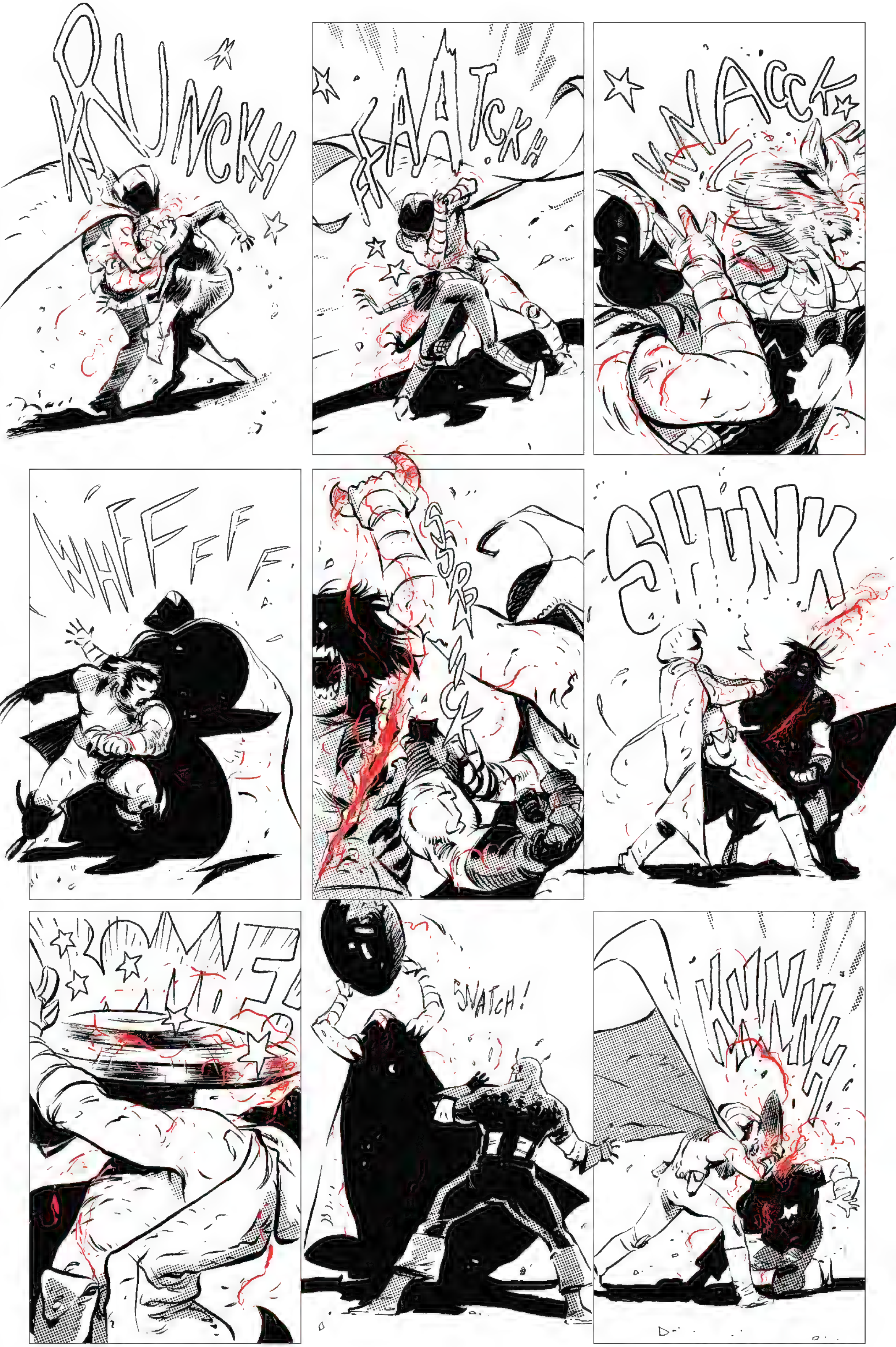

LIKE I SAID, THE GAME IS *SIMPLE.* BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN IT'S *EASY.*
I *NEVER* SAID IT WAS EASY.
BY THE TIME THE MOON FALLS OUT OF THE SKY, THE PLAYER MUST BE STANDING ON THE *CIRCLE* IN ORDER TO WIN. IF THE PLAYER IS LEFT STANDING ON AN *X,* THEY *LOSE.*
AN X REPRESENTS *DEATH.* AN X *IS* DEATH-- SOME KIND OF DEATH *UNKNOWN* TO ME, BUT ONE THAT I STILL *FEAR.*
DID I SAY THAT ALREADY?
IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY GUESSED, THE PLAYER IS *ME.*
I *ALWAYS* START ON AN X. *EVERY NIGHT.*

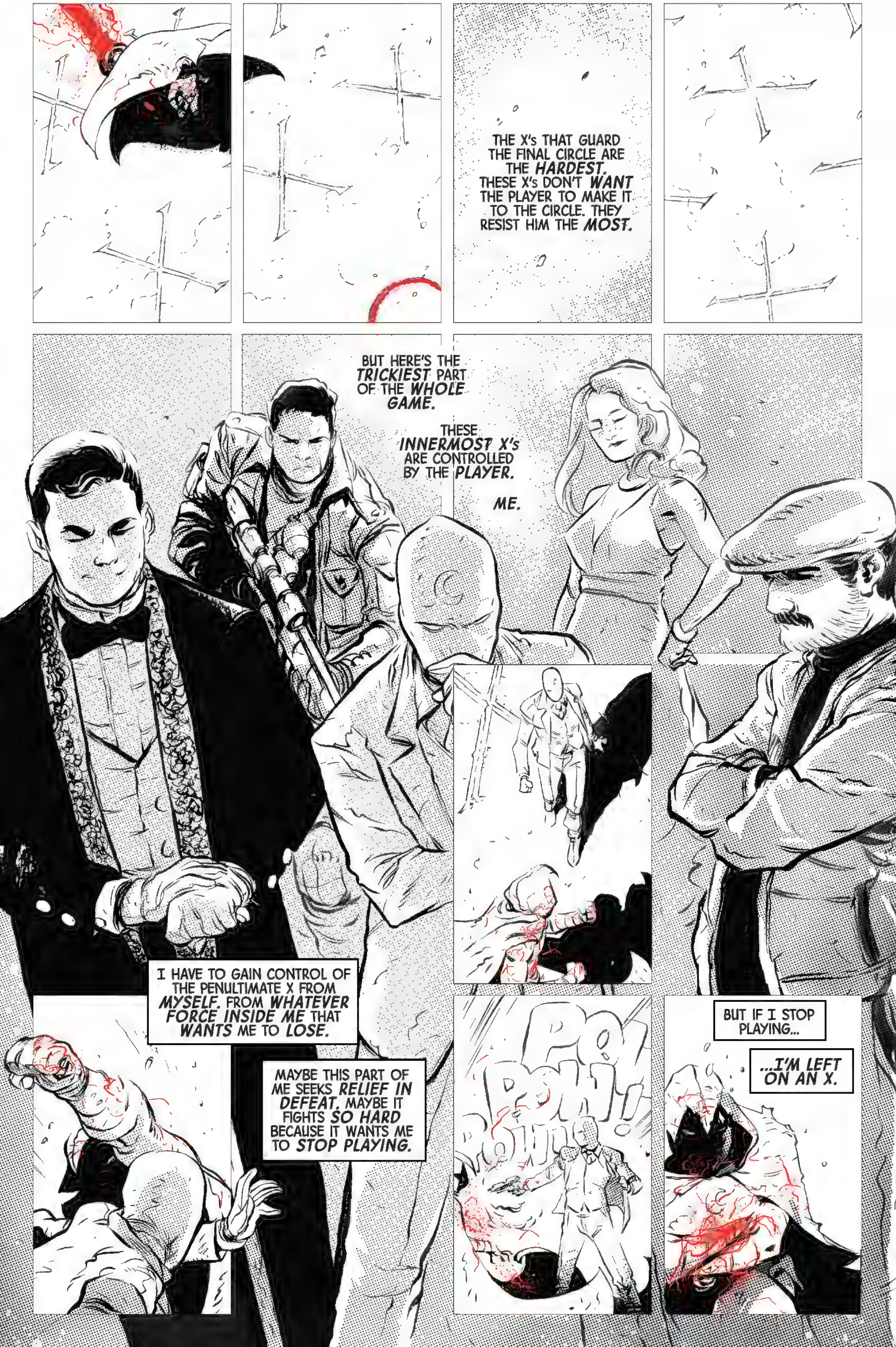

THE *ONLY* WAY TO GET TO THE CIRCLE IS BY MOVING TO AN X *FIRST*.
YOU--*I*--CAN ONLY MOVE *ONE X AT A TIME.*
WHEN I MOVE TO AN X, I FACE *WHATEVER* APPEARS ON IT. I NEVER KNOW *WHAT* IT WILL BE. BUT WHAT APPEARS WILL *ALWAYS* BE *DIFFICULT*. ALWAYS *FAMILIAR*.
I'LL NEVER GET TIRED OF *KILLING YOU*, BUSHMAN.
AND I'LL NEVER *GO AWAY*, SPECTOR.
SO GIVE IT YOUR BEST SHOT.
YOU MAY THINK THAT WHAT APPEARS ON THE X's ARE *MY OPPONENTS* IN THIS GAME.
YOU'D BE *WRONG.*
MY OPPONENT IS *ME.*

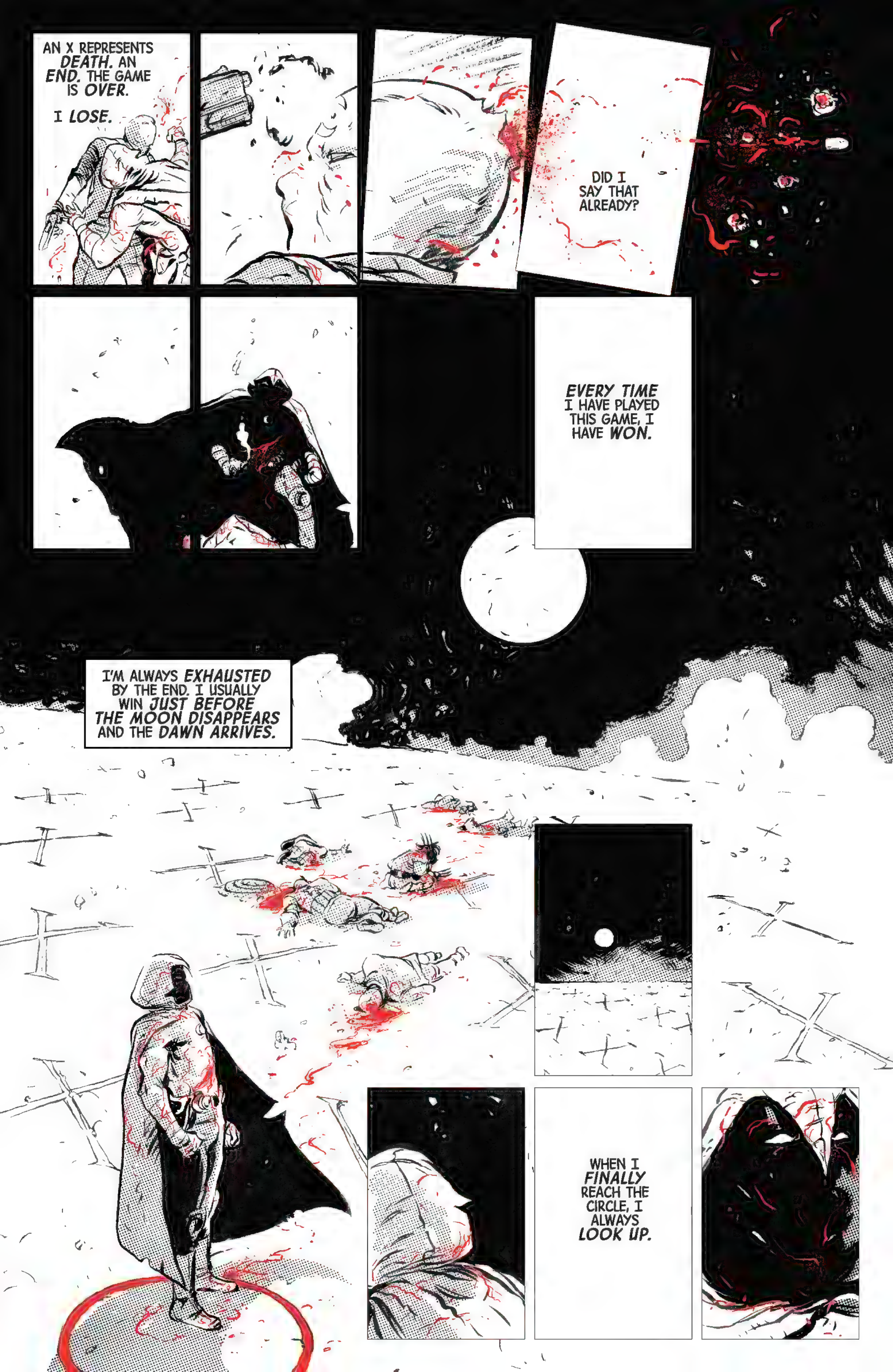

THESE ARE THE RULES OF THE GAME. I MOVE TO AN X.
SOMETHING APPEARS. I WORK TO OVERCOME IT.
THEN I CONTROL THE X. EACH X THAT I CONTROL IS HARD-EARNED.
OF COURSE, ONCE I CONTROL AN X, ALL I'VE TRULY GAINED IS MORE DEATH.
BUT IT'S MINE. AND I'M STILL HERE.
I'M STILL IN THE GAME.
SO I CHOOSE ANOTHER X.
THE DIFFICULTY INCREASES.
STARLIGHT. SHROUDED NIGHT. SHADOWKNIGHT. MOON KNIGHT. FIGHT. AND FIGHT. AND FIGHT.
ALWAYS GOOD TO SEE YOU, BROTHER.
LET ME SHOW YOU HOW WELL YOU TAUGHT ME. LET ME SHOW YOU HOW WELL I KILL.

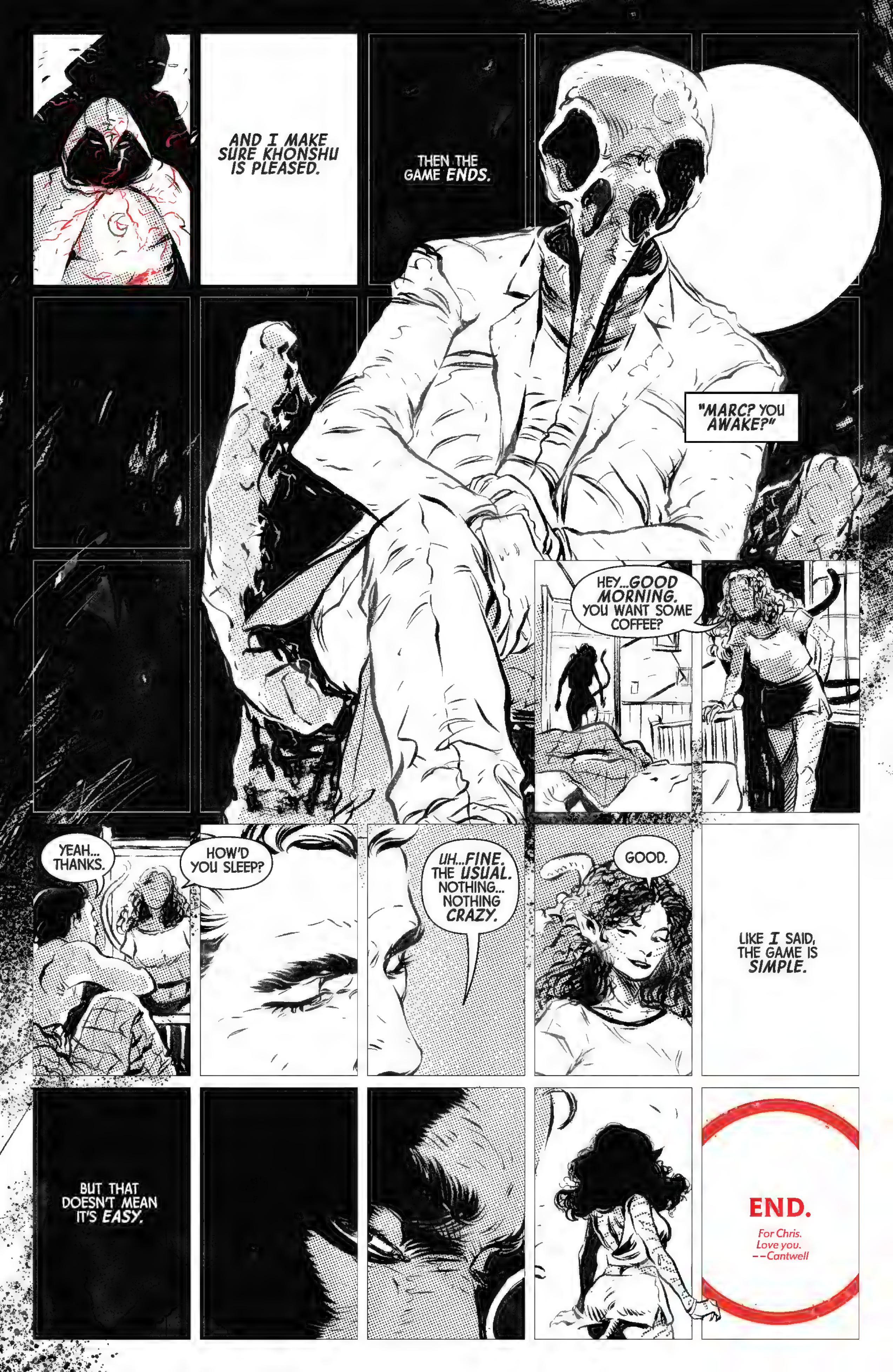

THE GAME IS *SIMPLE.*
BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN IT'S *EASY.*
IT'S *GOOD TECHNIQUE,* RANDALL...
SLLICKTH
GGFTHFGGHHTFFTH...
BUT YOU REALLY WANT *CLEAN* CUTS THROUGH *BOTH* CAROTIDS AT ONCE...
I KEEP PLAYING.


MARC...
THANK GOD YOU'RE ALIVE...
IT'S GOOD YOU'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE, BUB...
YOU MADE IT, MARC. YOU CAN STOP.
YOU WON.
I HAVE TO STAY SHARP.
IT'S OVER.
I CAN'T LET MY GUARD DOWN.
WE'RE GONNA TAKE CARE OF YOU, MARC.
BECAUSE THE X's USE DECEPTION TOO.
THE GAME IS TRICKY THAT WAY.


KRUNCKH
FSAATCKH
WHACCK
WHFFFFF
SSRAACK
SHUNK
BOMF
SNATCH!
KHNNNG

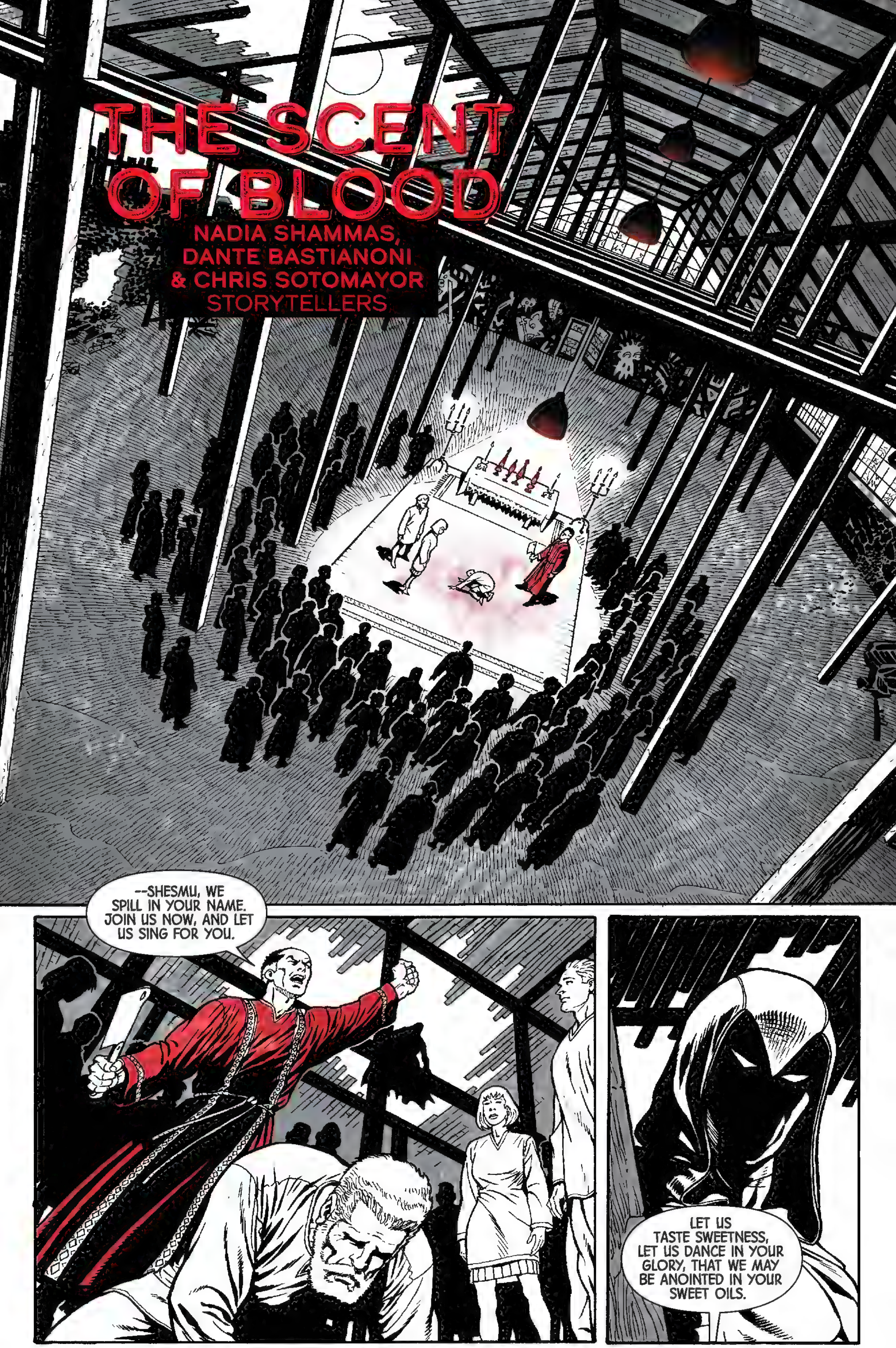

THE X's THAT GUARD THE FINAL CIRCLE ARE THE *HARDEST*. THESE X's DON'T *WANT* THE PLAYER TO MAKE IT TO THE CIRCLE. THEY RESIST HIM THE *MOST*.
BUT HERE'S THE *TRICKIEST* PART OF THE *WHOLE GAME*.
THESE *INNERMOST X's* ARE CONTROLLED BY THE *PLAYER*.
ME.
I HAVE TO GAIN CONTROL OF THE PENULTIMATE X FROM *MYSELF*. FROM *WHATEVER FORCE INSIDE ME* THAT *WANTS* ME TO *LOSE*.
MAYBE THIS PART OF ME SEEKS *RELIEF IN DEFEAT*. MAYBE IT FIGHTS *SO HARD* BECAUSE IT WANTS ME TO *STOP PLAYING*.
PO! POW!
BUT IF I STOP PLAYING...
...I'M LEFT ON AN X.

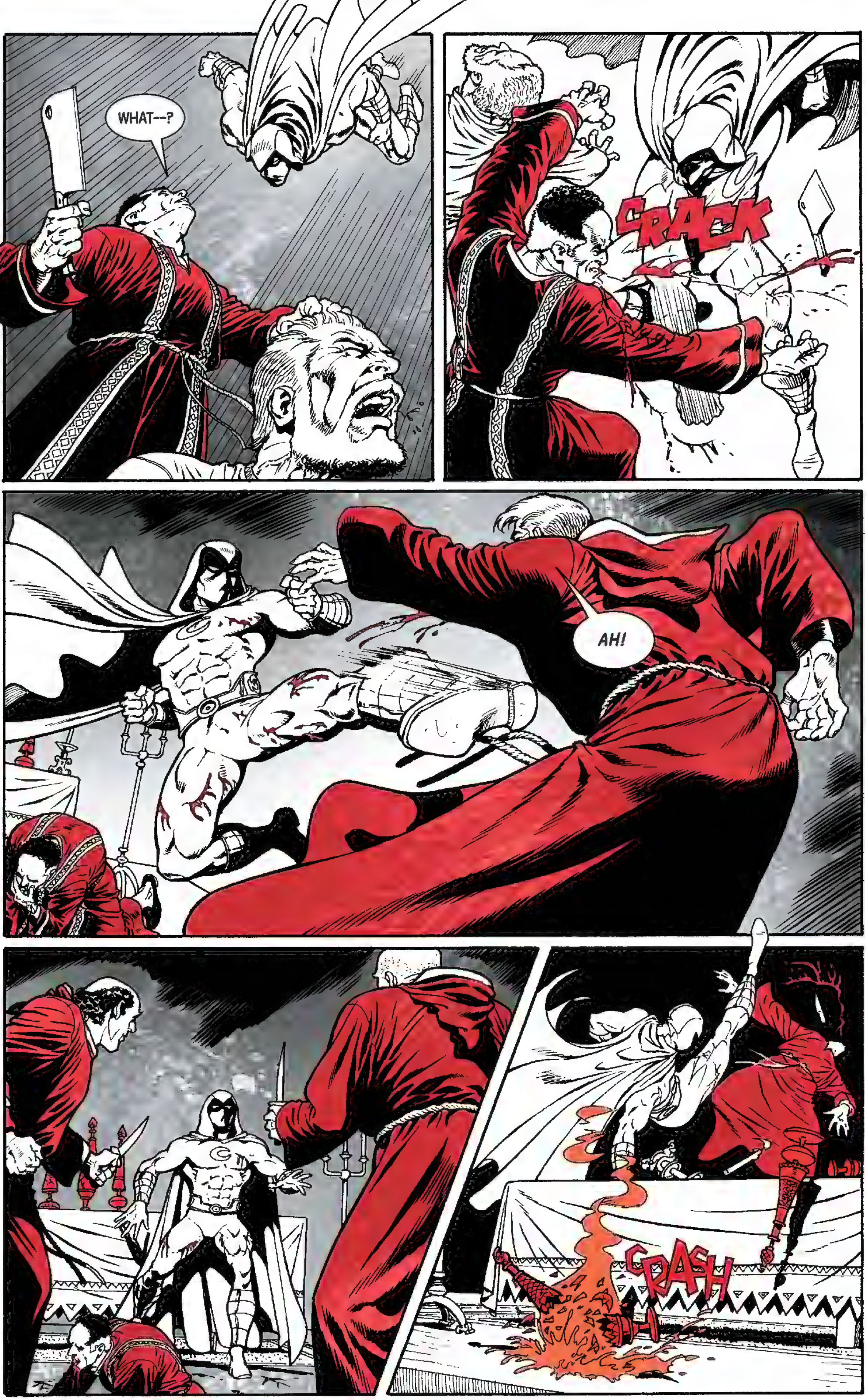

AN X REPRESENTS DEATH. AN END. THE GAME IS OVER.
I LOSE.
DID I SAY THAT ALREADY?
EVERY TIME I HAVE PLAYED THIS GAME, I HAVE WON.
I'M ALWAYS EXHAUSTED BY THE END. I USUALLY WIN JUST BEFORE THE MOON DISAPPEARS AND THE DAWN ARRIVES.
WHEN I FINALLY REACH THE CIRCLE, I ALWAYS LOOK UP.

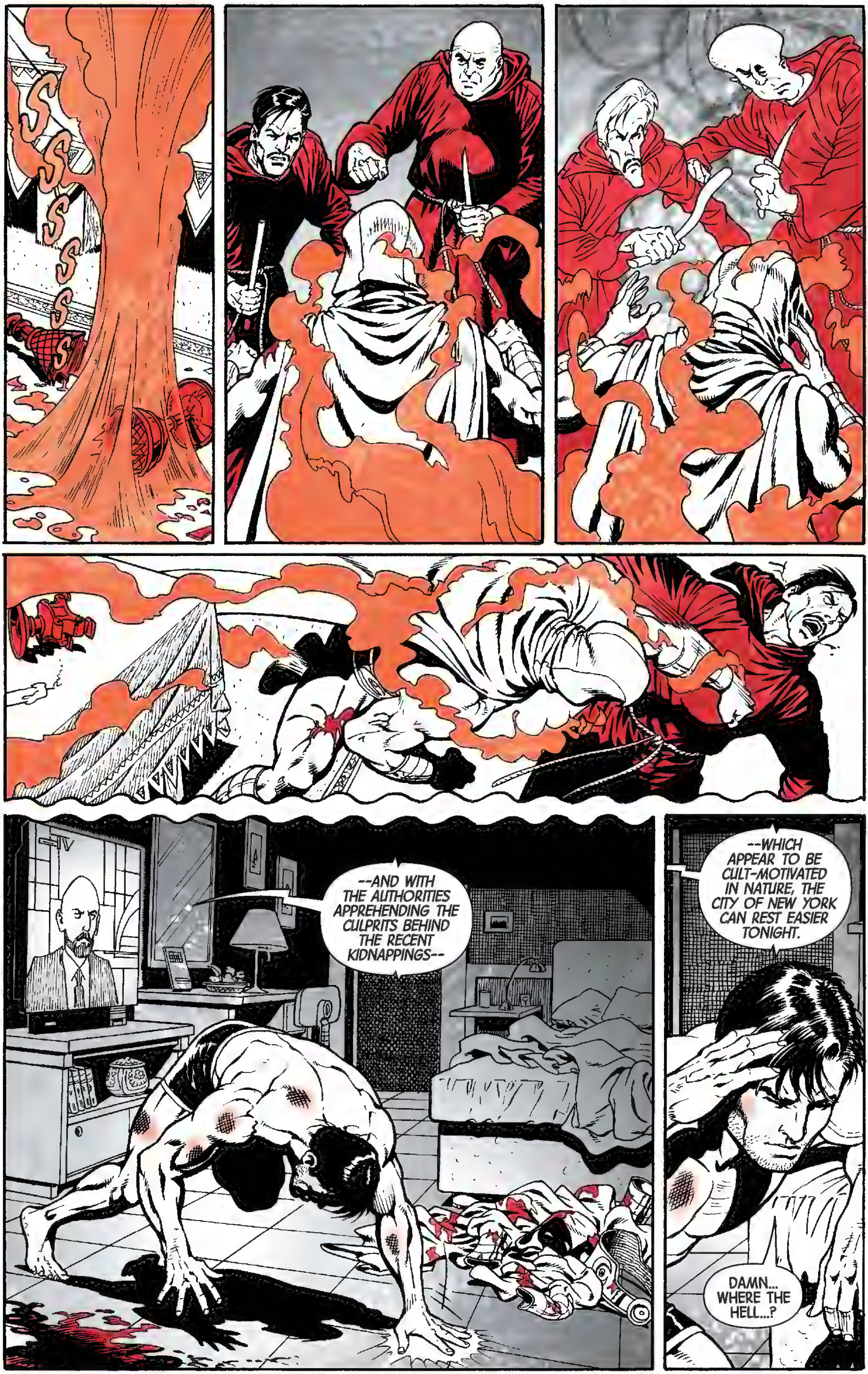

AND I MAKE SURE KHONSHU IS PLEASED.
THEN THE GAME *ENDS*.
"MARC? YOU AWAKE?"
HEY...*GOOD MORNING.* YOU WANT SOME COFFEE?
YEAH... THANKS.
HOW'D YOU SLEEP?
UH...*FINE.* THE *USUAL.* NOTHING... NOTHING *CRAZY.*
GOOD.
LIKE *I* SAID, THE GAME IS *SIMPLE.*
BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN IT'S *EASY.*
END.
For Chris.
Love you.
--Cantwell

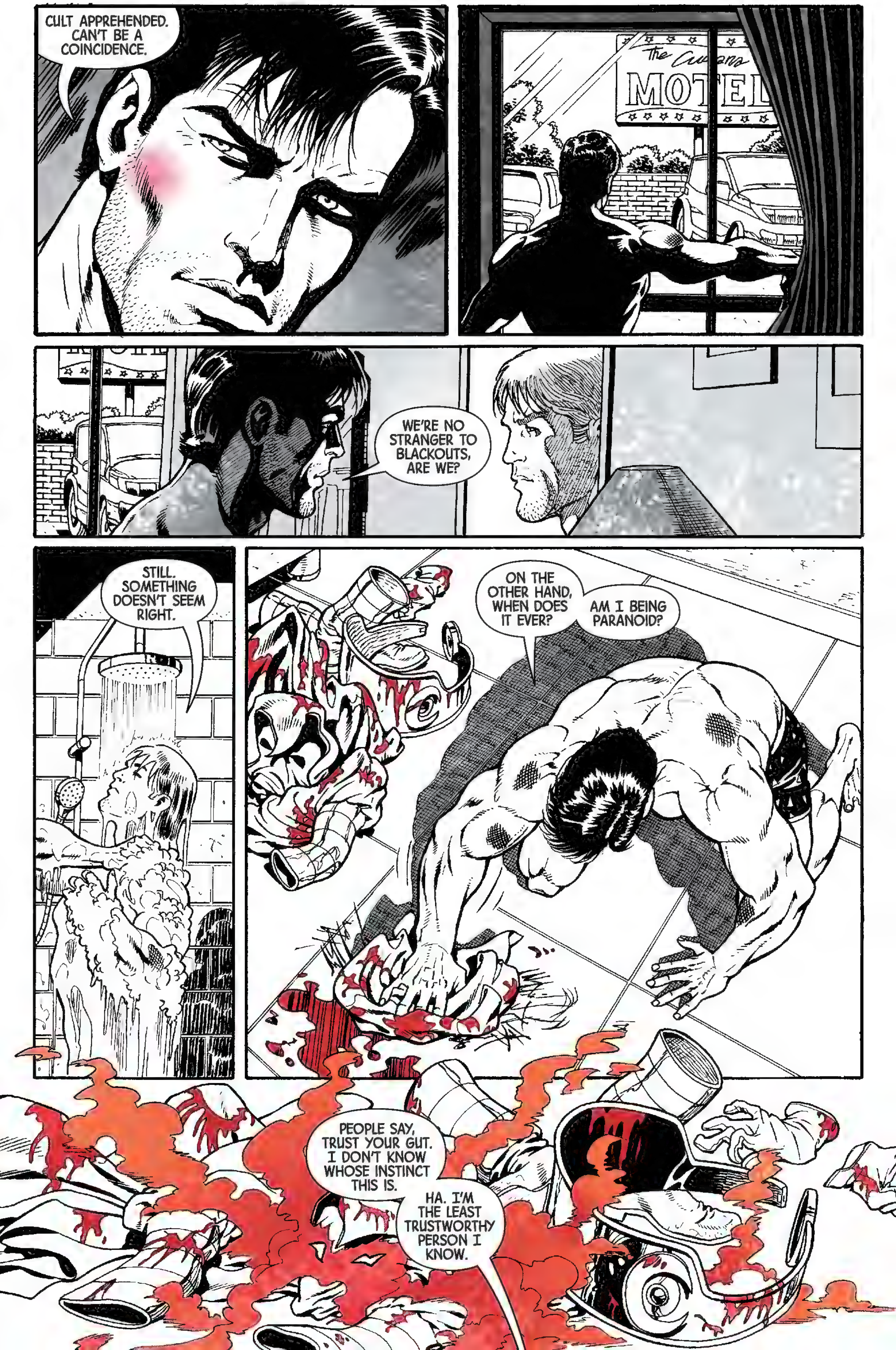
THE SCENT OF BLOOD

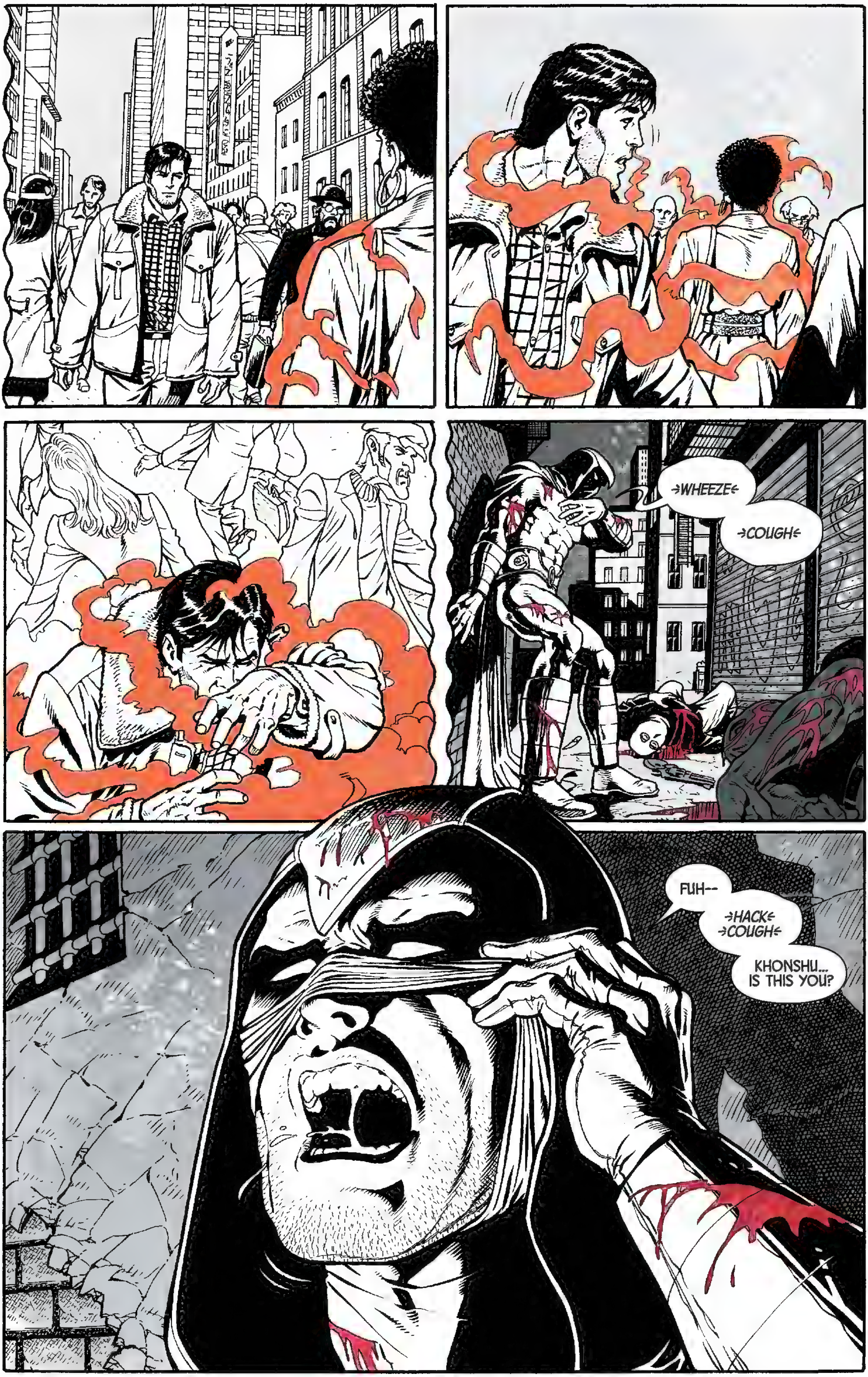
NADIA SHAMMAS,
DANTE BASTIANONI
& CHRIS SOTOMAYOR
STORYTELLERS

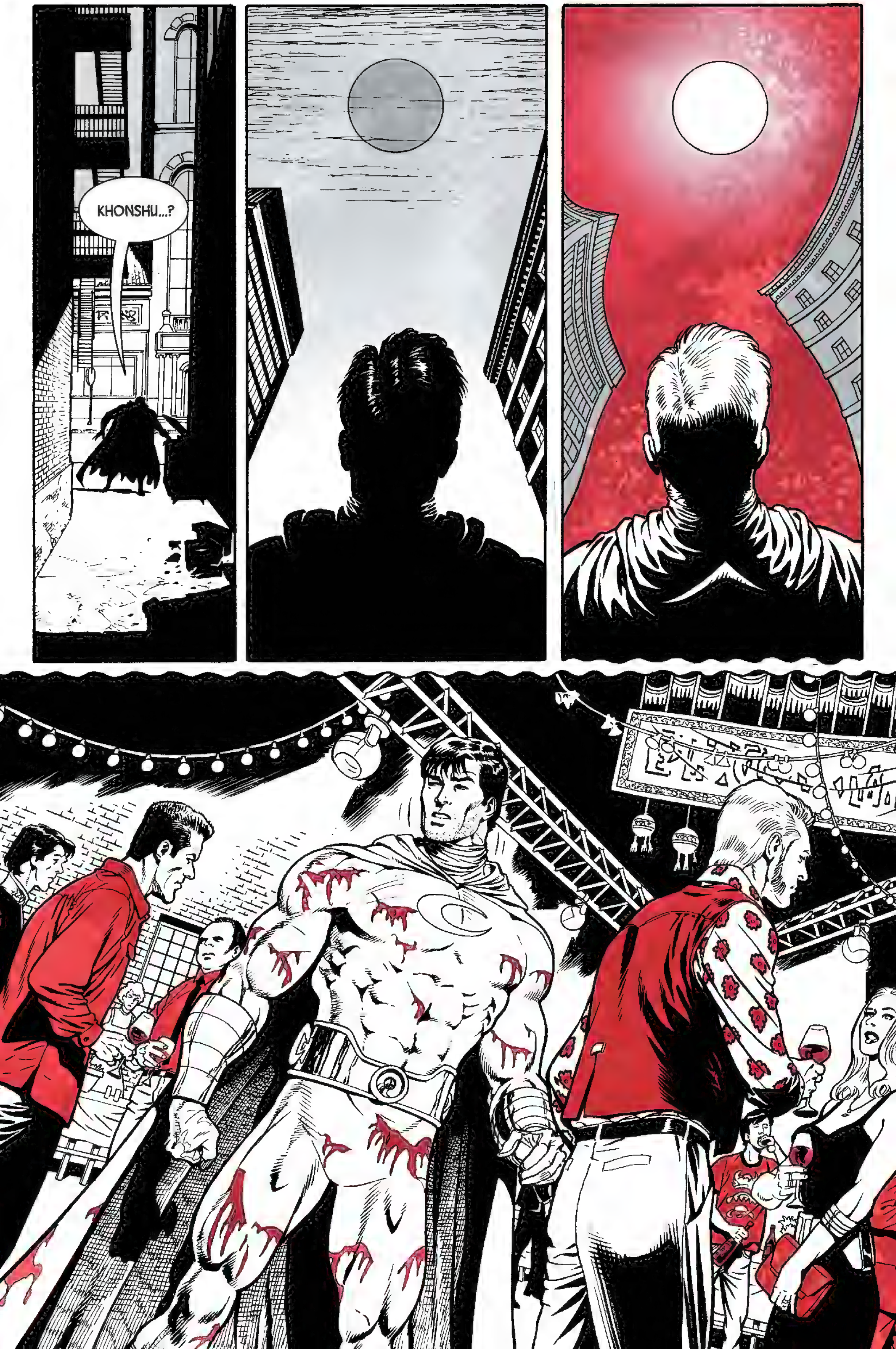

--SHESMU, WE SPILL IN YOUR NAME. JOIN US NOW, AND LET US SING FOR YOU.
LET US TASTE SWEETNESS, LET US DANCE IN YOUR GLORY, THAT WE MAY BE ANOINTED IN YOUR SWEET OILS.

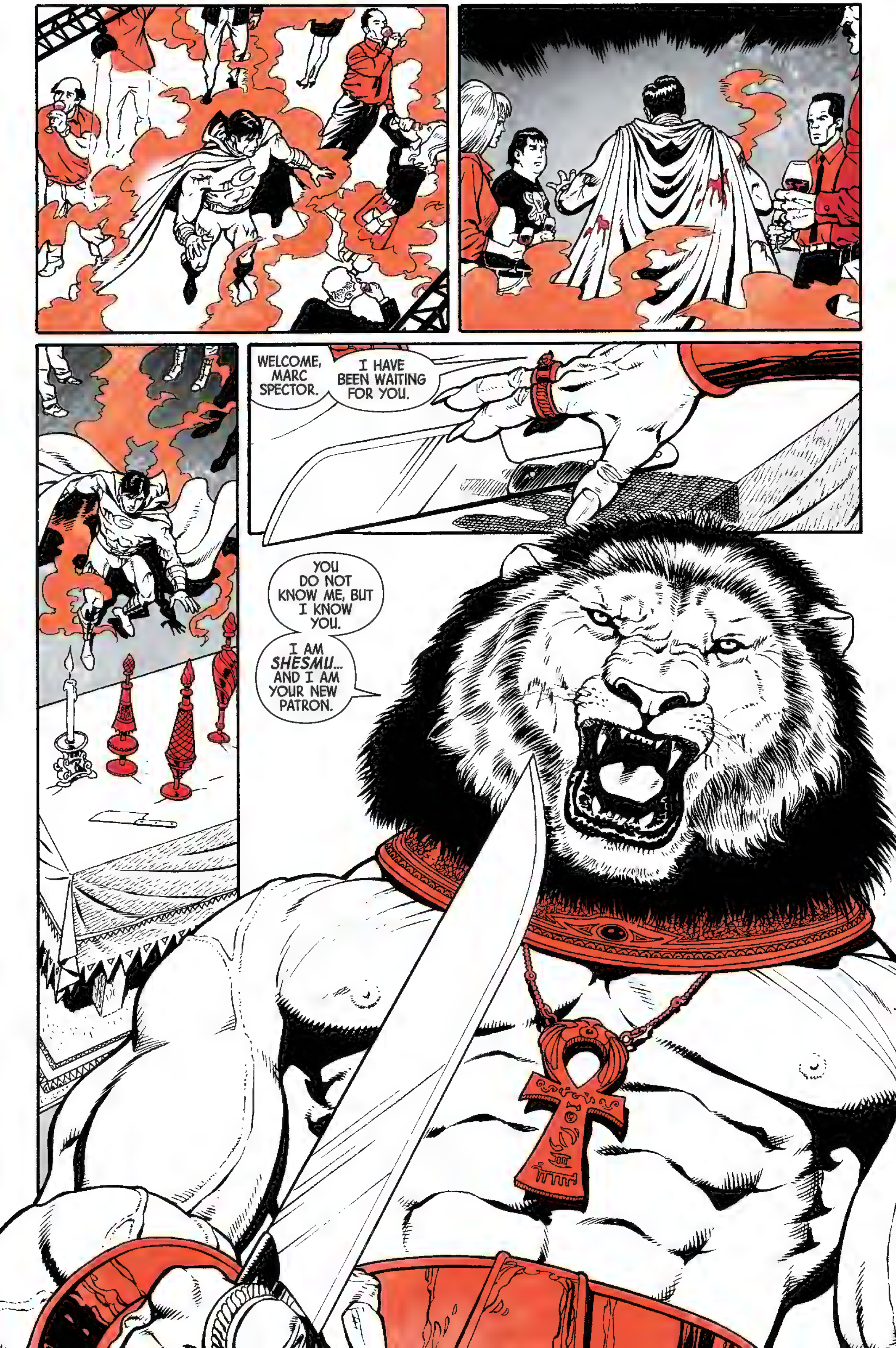

WHAT--?
CRACK
AH!
CRASH

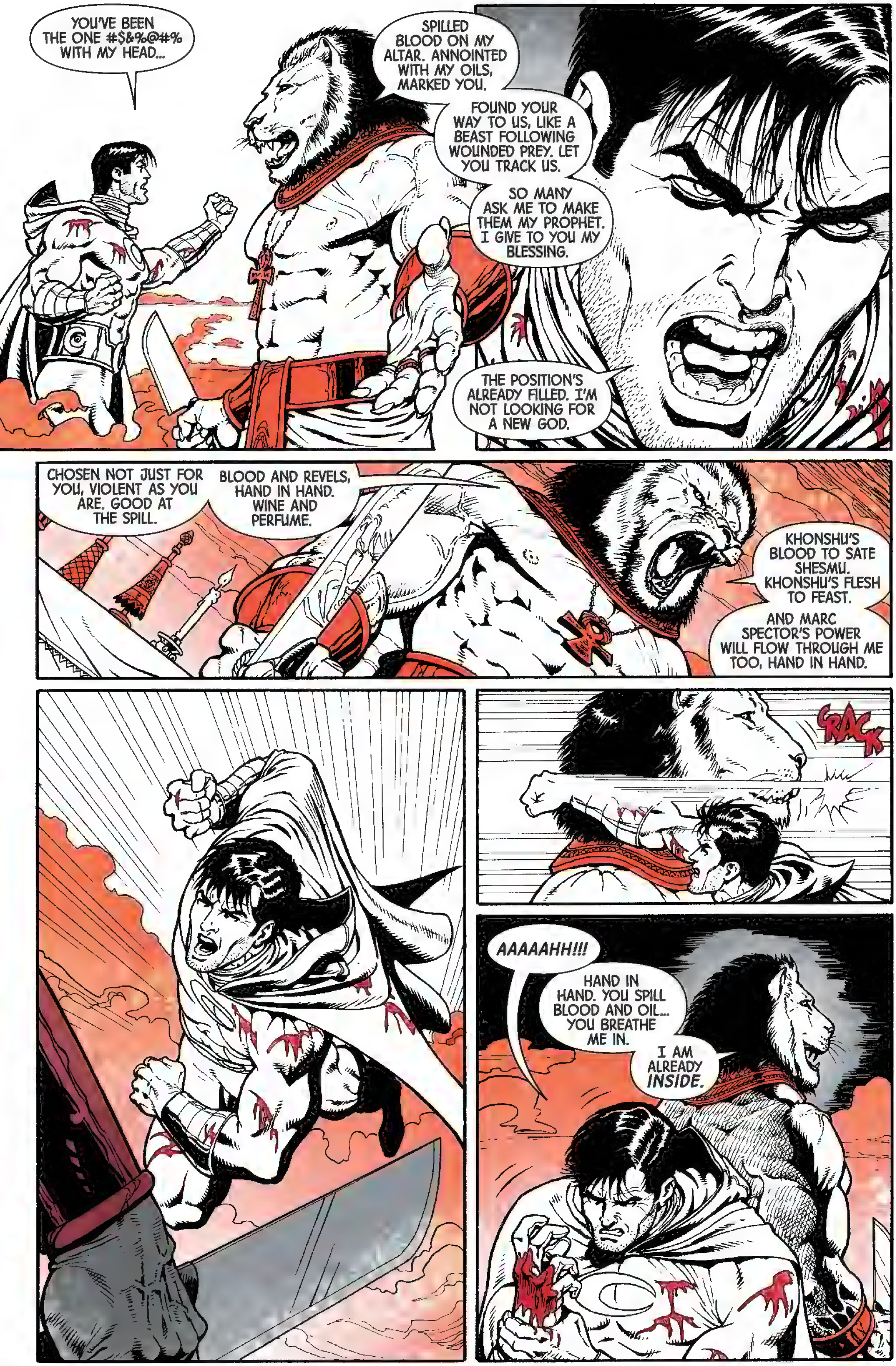

SSSSSSS
--AND WITH THE AUTHORITIES APPREHENDING THE CULPRITS BEHIND THE RECENT KIDNAPPINGS--
--WHICH APPEAR TO BE CULT-MOTIVATED IN NATURE, THE CITY OF NEW YORK CAN REST EASIER TONIGHT.
DAMN... WHERE THE HELL...?

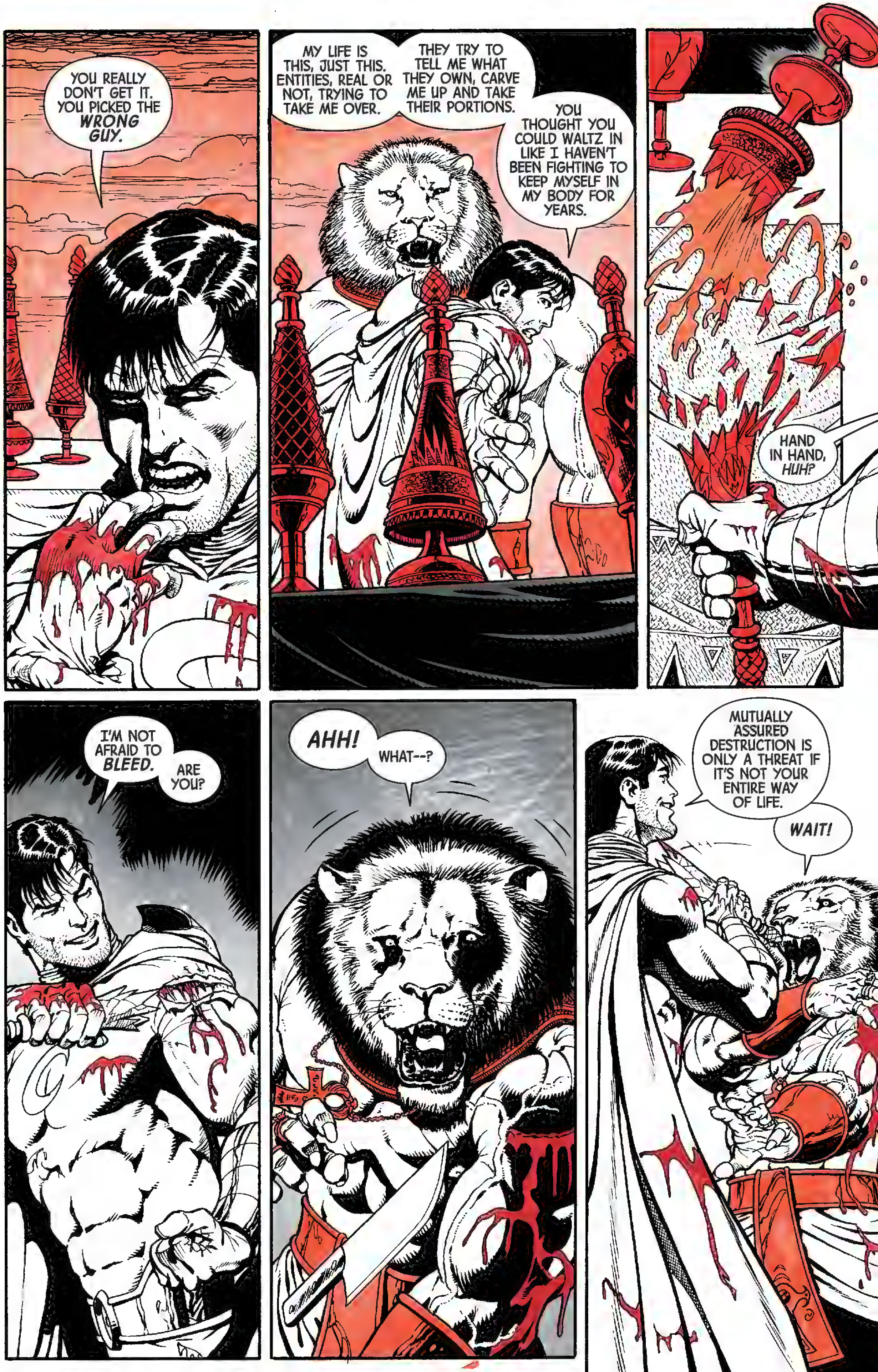

CULT APPREHENDED. CAN'T BE A COINCIDENCE.
MOTEL
WE'RE NO STRANGER TO BLACKOUTS, ARE WE?
STILL. SOMETHING DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT.
ON THE OTHER HAND, WHEN DOES IT EVER?
AM I BEING PARANOID?
PEOPLE SAY, TRUST YOUR GUT. I DON'T KNOW WHOSE INSTINCT THIS IS.
HA. I'M THE LEAST TRUSTWORTHY PERSON I KNOW.

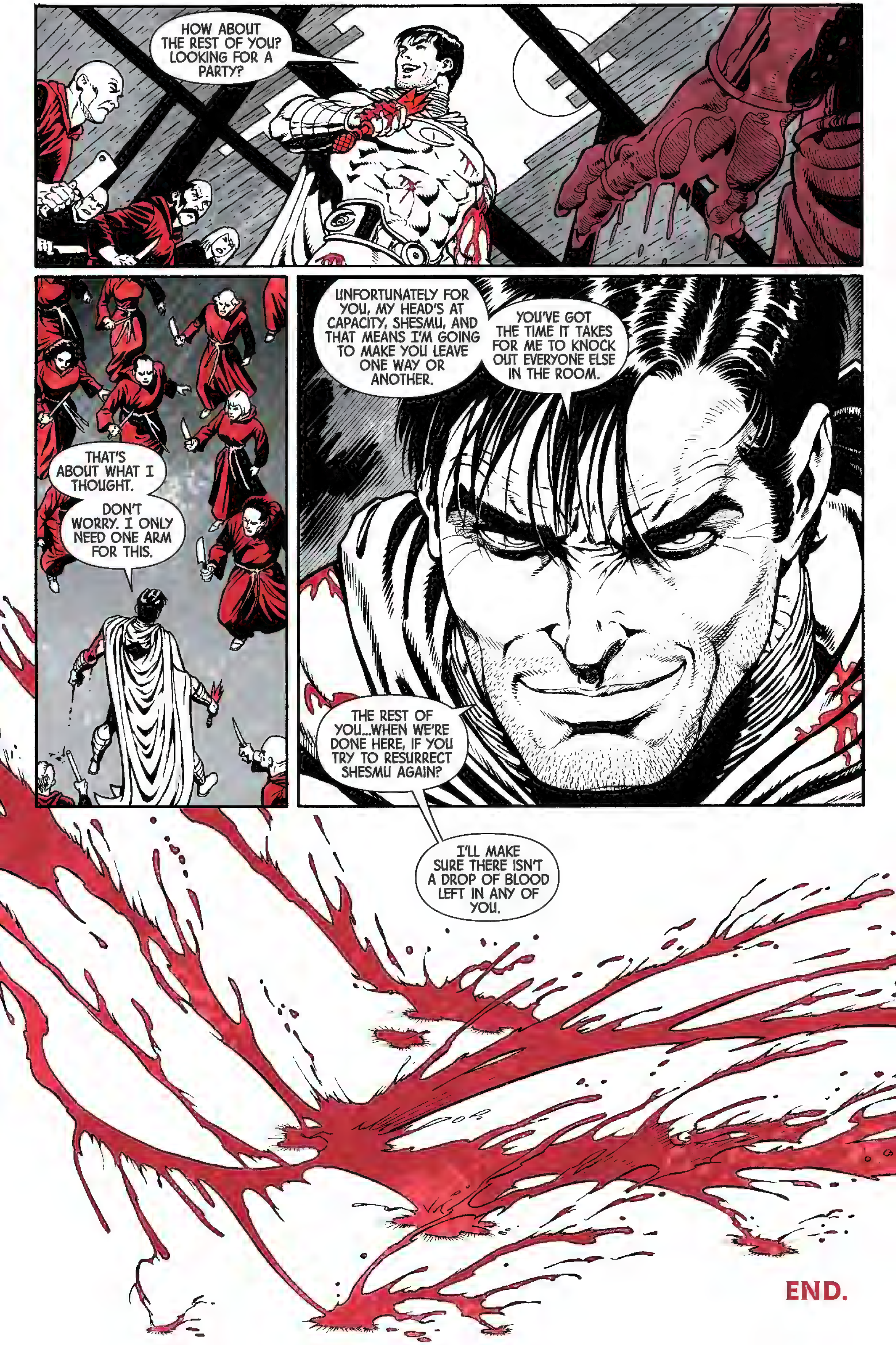

→WHEEZE←
→COUGH←
FUH--
→HACK← →COUGH←
KHONSHU... IS THIS YOU?


KHONSHU...?


WELCOME, MARC SPECTOR.
I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.
YOU DO NOT KNOW ME, BUT I KNOW YOU.
I AM *SHESMU*... AND I AM YOUR NEW PATRON.

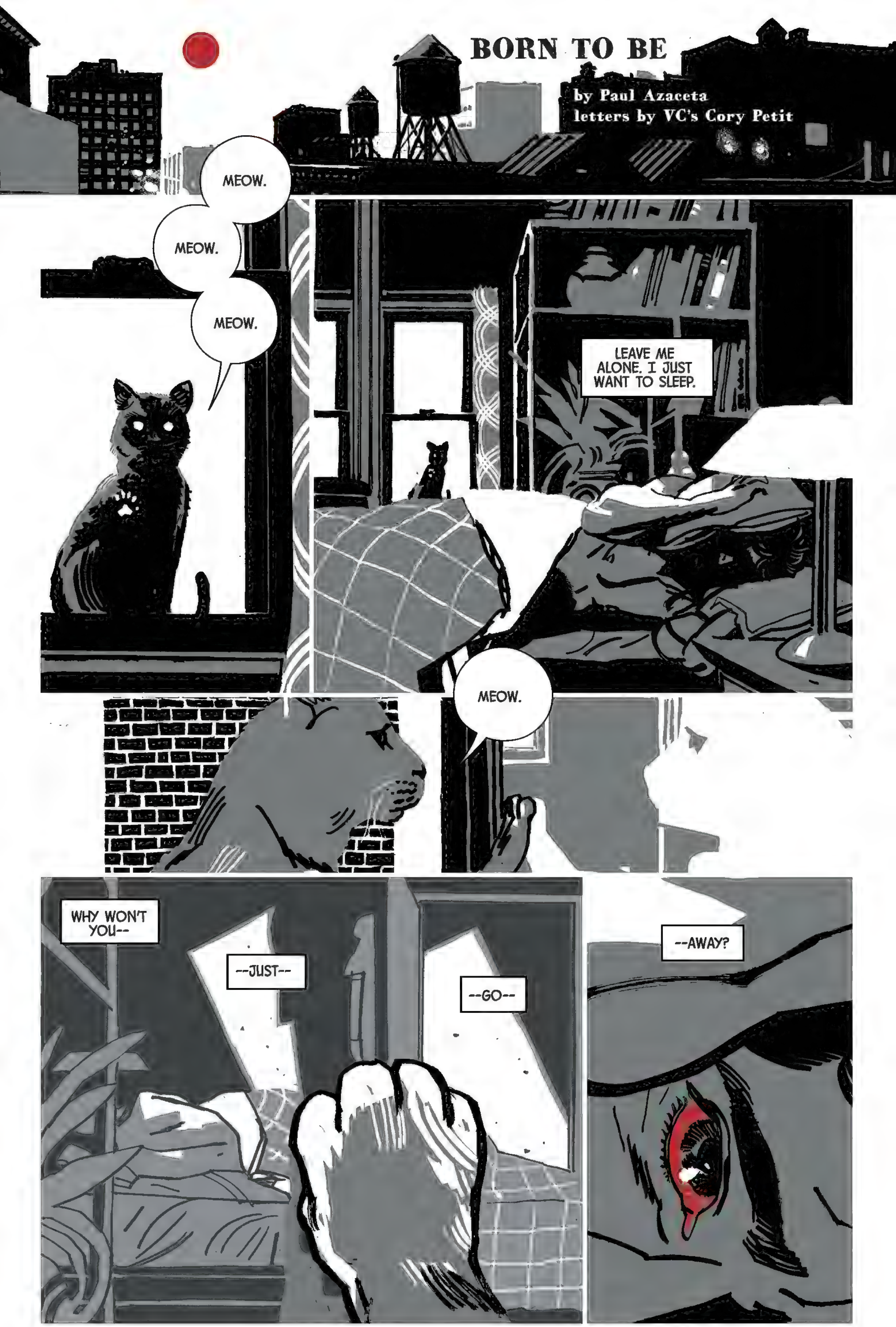

YOU'VE BEEN THE ONE #$&%@#% WITH MY HEAD...
SPILLED BLOOD ON MY ALTAR. ANNOINTED WITH MY OILS, MARKED YOU.
FOUND YOUR WAY TO US, LIKE A BEAST FOLLOWING WOUNDED PREY. LET YOU TRACK US.
SO MANY ASK ME TO MAKE THEM MY PROPHET. I GIVE TO YOU MY BLESSING.
THE POSITION'S ALREADY FILLED. I'M NOT LOOKING FOR A NEW GOD.
CHOSEN NOT JUST FOR YOU, VIOLENT AS YOU ARE. GOOD AT THE SPILL.
BLOOD AND REVELS, HAND IN HAND. WINE AND PERFUME.
KHONSHU'S BLOOD TO SATE SHESMU. KHONSHU'S FLESH TO FEAST.
AND MARC SPECTOR'S POWER WILL FLOW THROUGH ME TOO, HAND IN HAND.
CRACK
AAAAAHH!!!
HAND IN HAND. YOU SPILL BLOOD AND OIL... YOU BREATHE ME IN.
I AM ALREADY *INSIDE.*

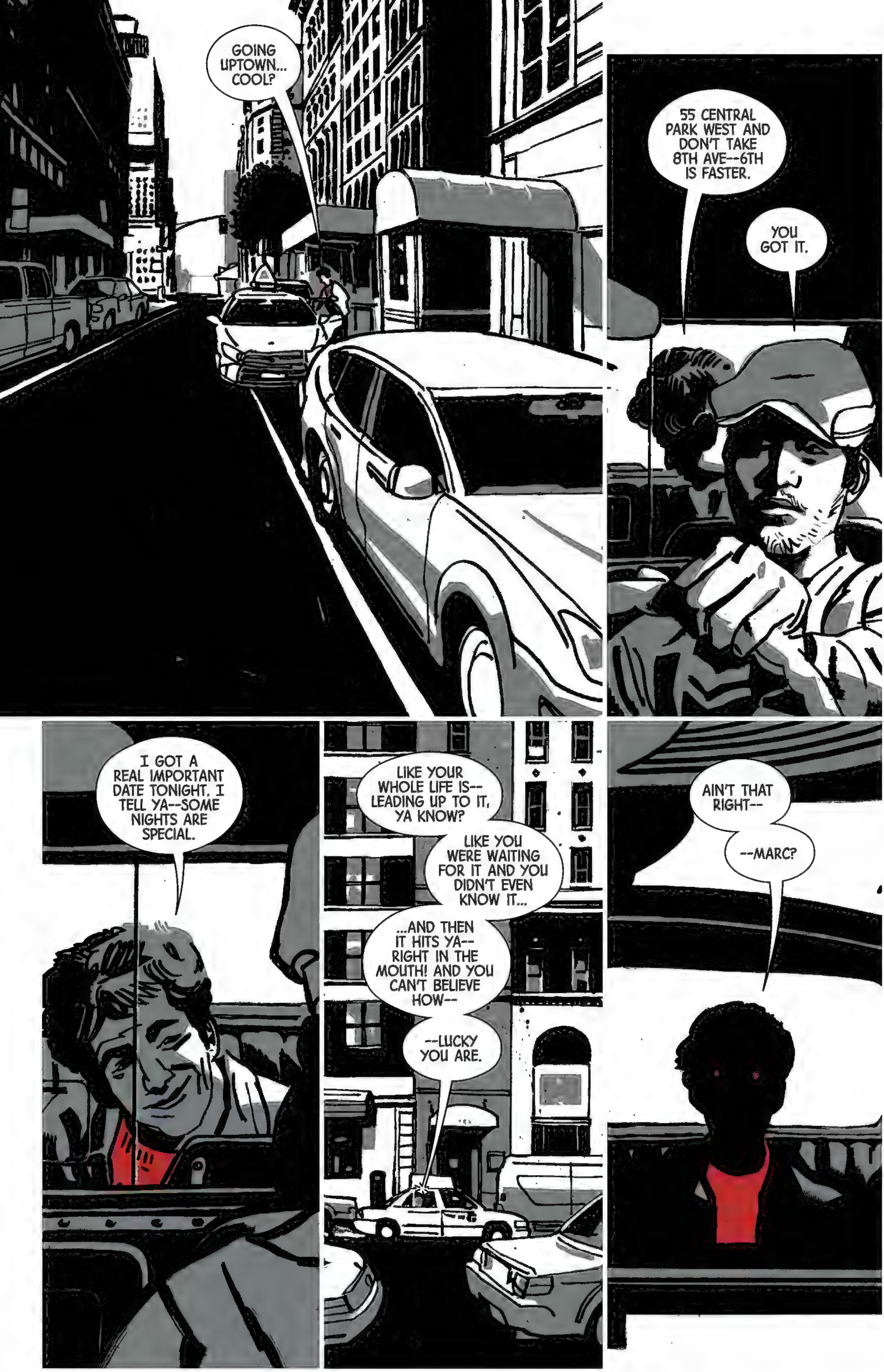

YOU REALLY DON'T GET IT. YOU PICKED THE *WRONG GUY.*
MY LIFE IS THIS, JUST THIS. ENTITIES, REAL OR NOT, TRYING TO TAKE ME OVER.
THEY TRY TO TELL ME WHAT THEY OWN, CARVE ME UP AND TAKE THEIR PORTIONS.
YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD WALTZ IN LIKE I HAVEN'T BEEN FIGHTING TO KEEP MYSELF IN MY BODY FOR YEARS.
HAND IN HAND, *HUH?*
I'M NOT AFRAID TO *BLEED.*
ARE YOU?
AHH!
WHAT--?
MUTUALLY ASSURED DESTRUCTION IS ONLY A THREAT IF IT'S NOT YOUR ENTIRE WAY OF LIFE.
WAIT!

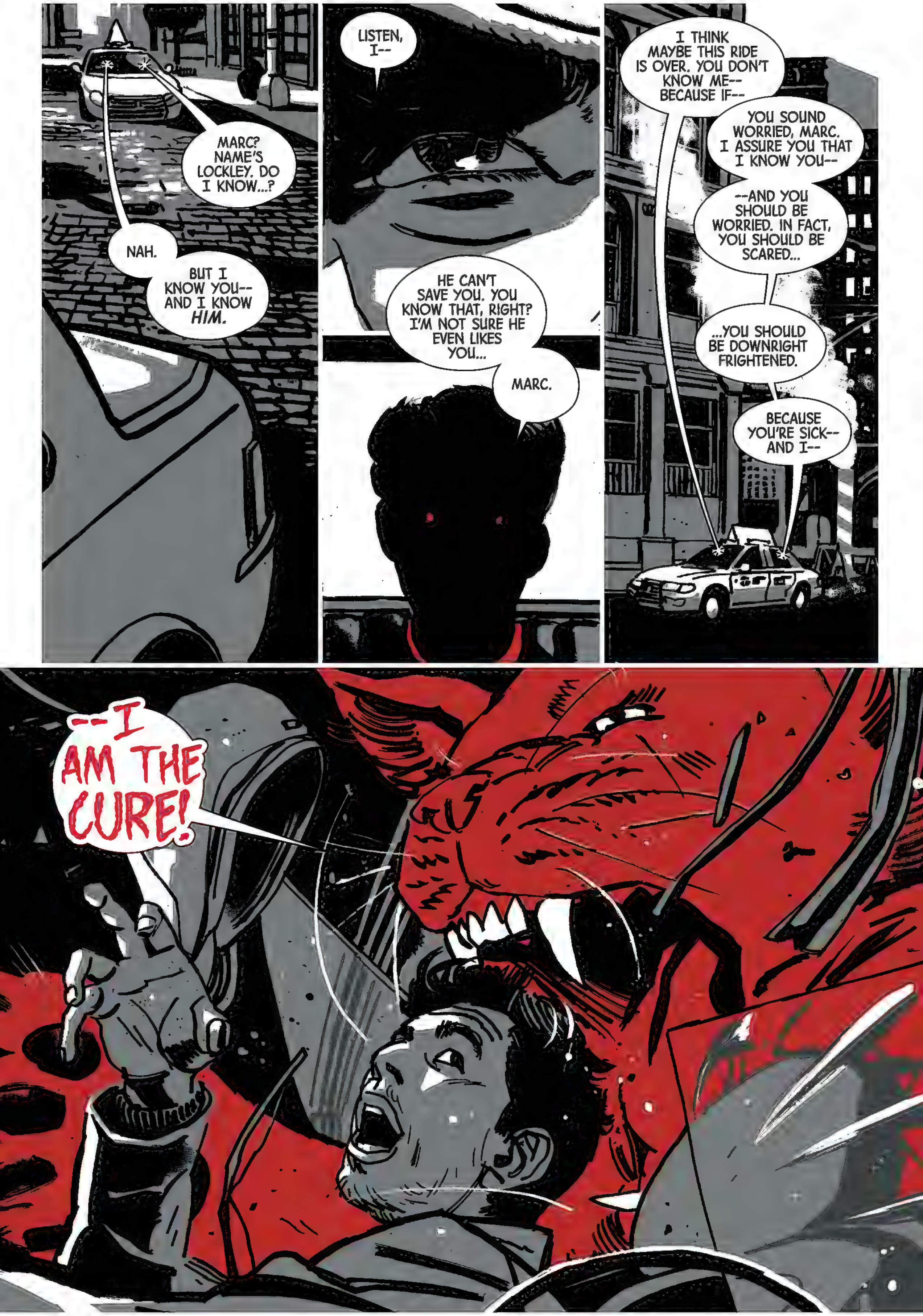

HOW ABOUT THE REST OF YOU? LOOKING FOR A PARTY?
THAT'S ABOUT WHAT I THOUGHT.
DON'T WORRY. I ONLY NEED ONE ARM FOR THIS.
UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, MY HEAD'S AT CAPACITY, SHESMU, AND THAT MEANS I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU LEAVE ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.
YOU'VE GOT THE TIME IT TAKES FOR ME TO KNOCK OUT EVERYONE ELSE IN THE ROOM.
THE REST OF YOU...WHEN WE'RE DONE HERE, IF YOU TRY TO RESURRECT SHESMU AGAIN?
I'LL MAKE SURE THERE ISN'T A DROP OF BLOOD LEFT IN ANY OF YOU.
END.

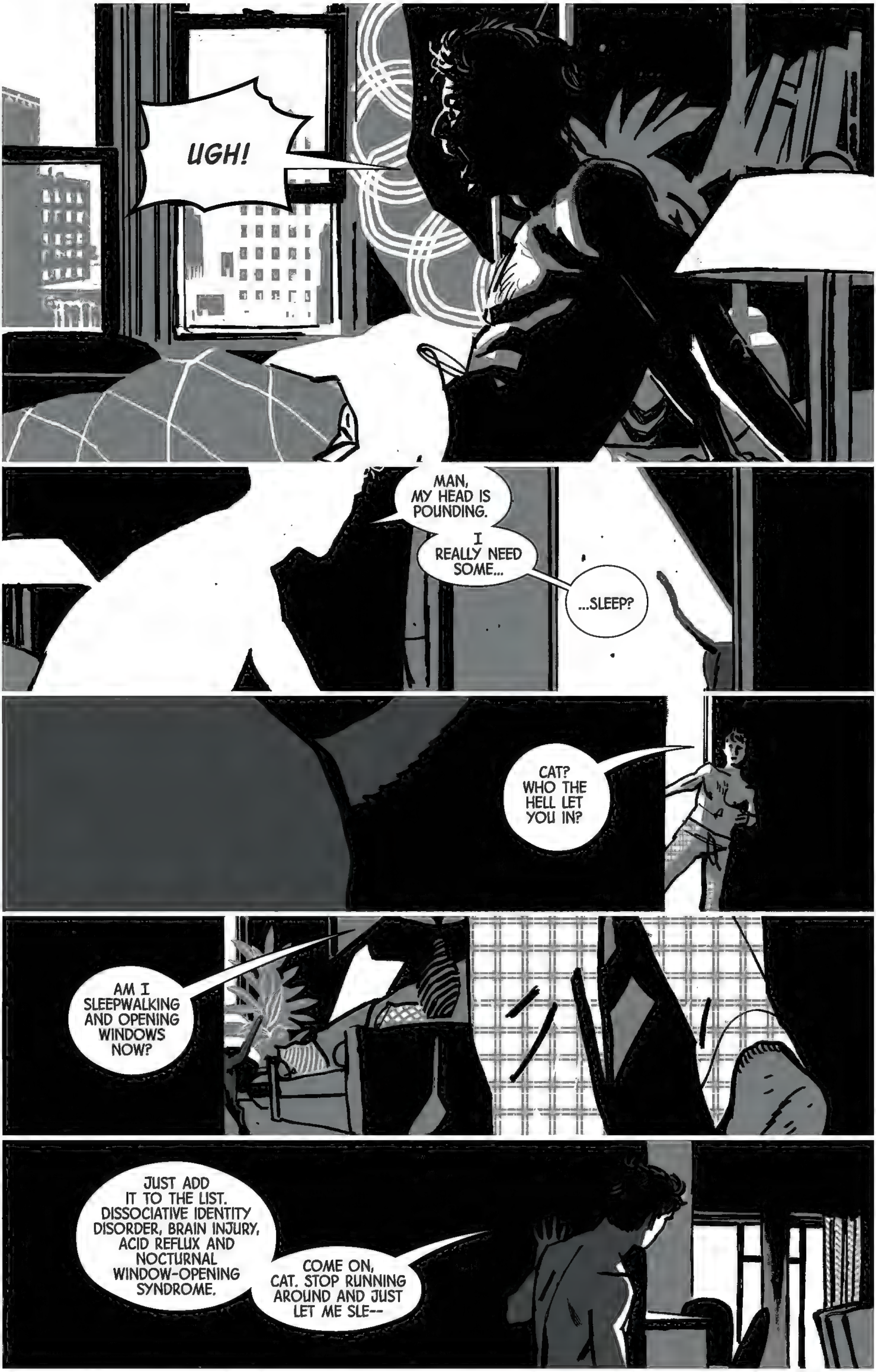
BORN TO BE

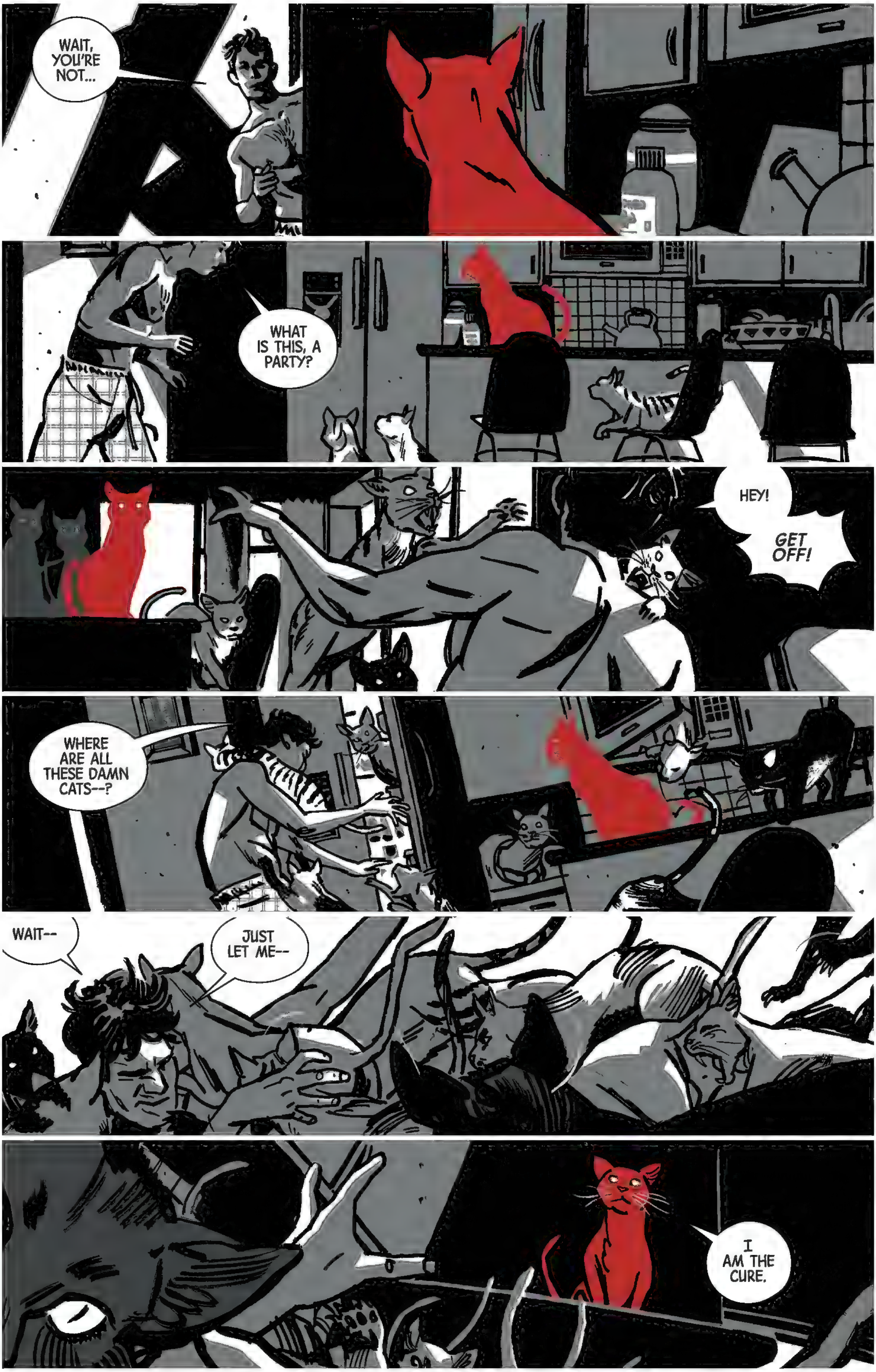
by Paul Azaceta
letters by VC's Cory Petit

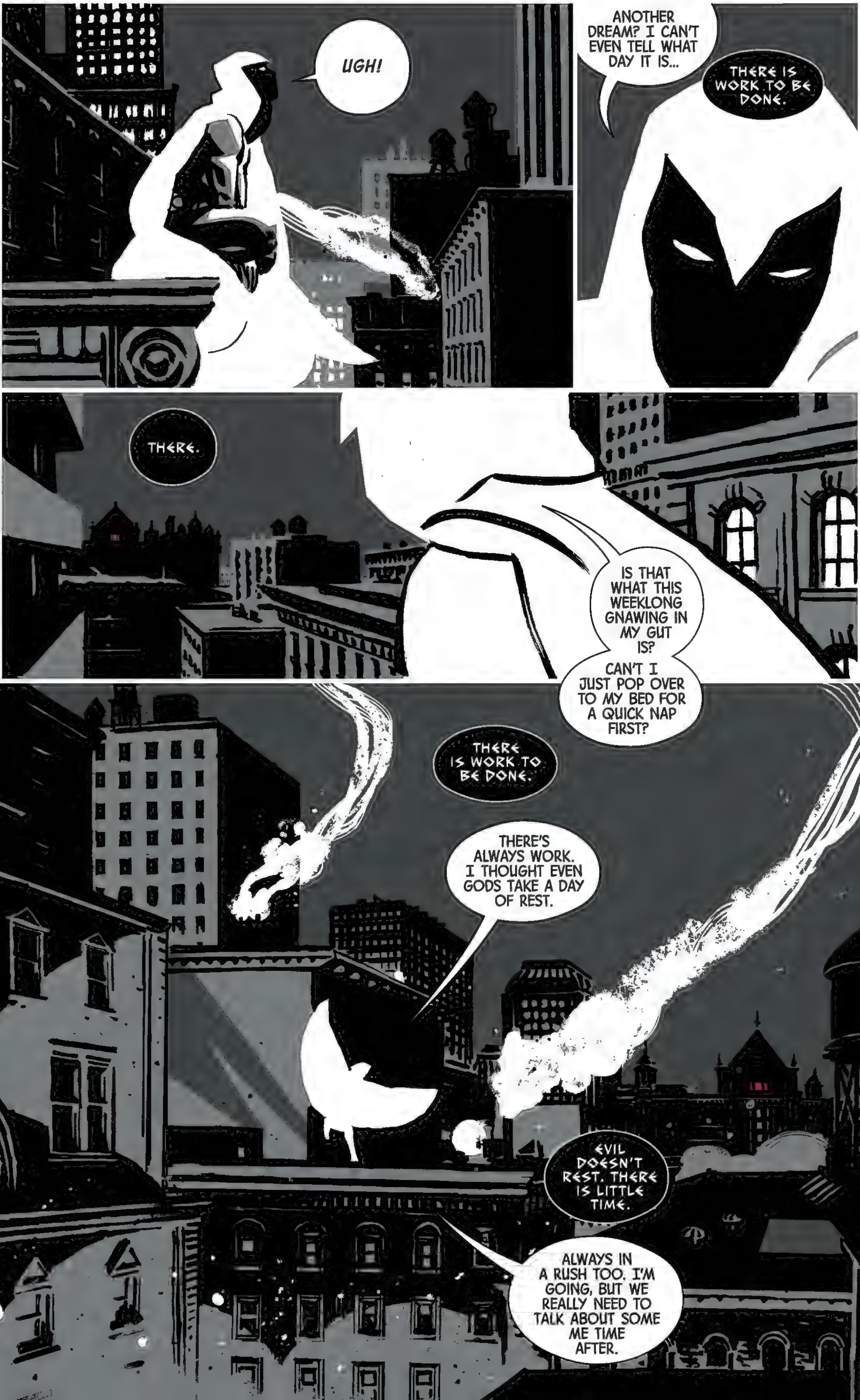

MEOW.
MEOW.
MEOW.
LEAVE ME ALONE. I JUST WANT TO SLEEP.
MEOW.
WHY WON'T YOU--
--JUST--
--GO--
--AWAY?

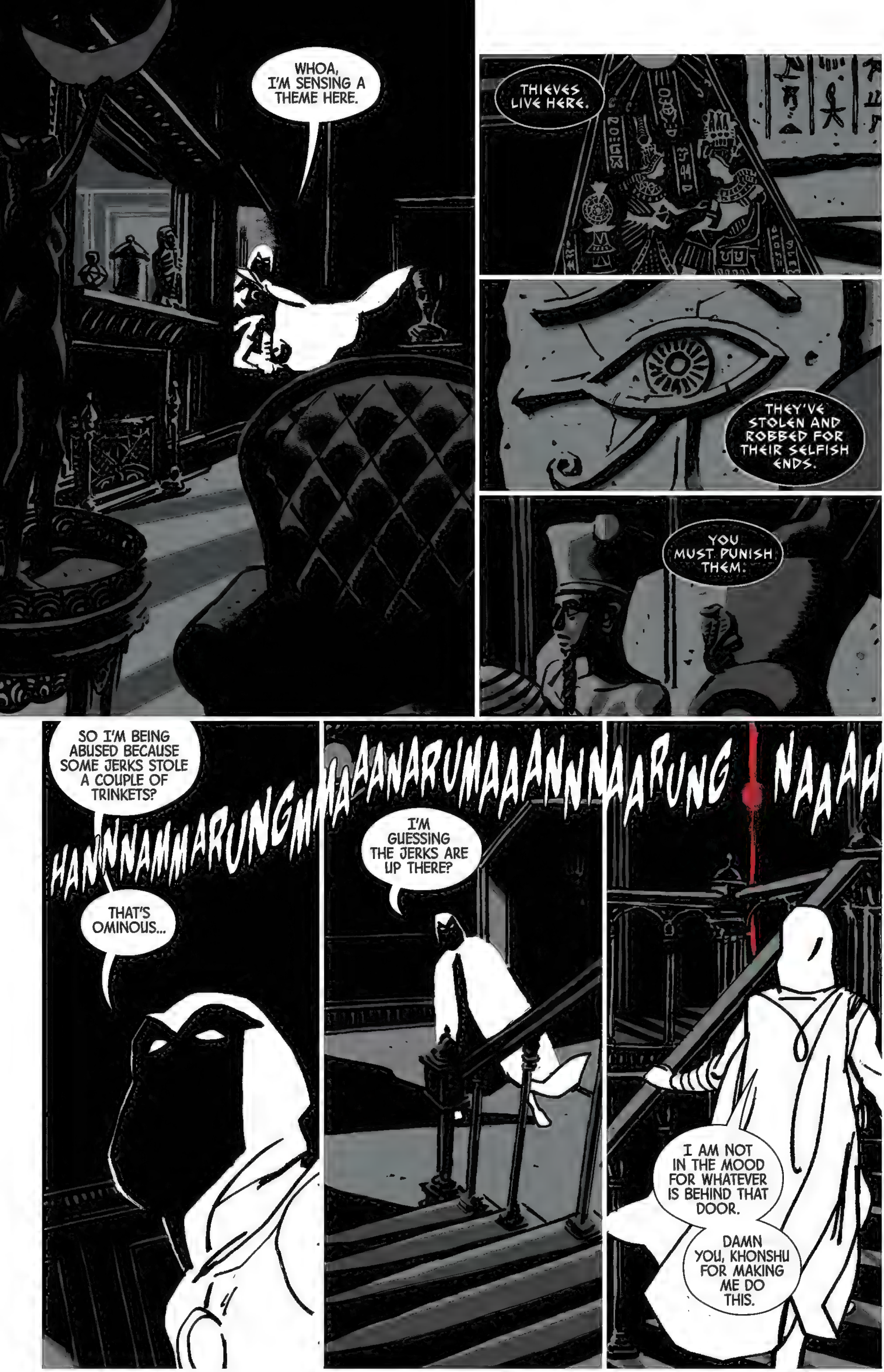

GOING UPTOWN... COOL?
55 CENTRAL PARK WEST AND DON'T TAKE 8TH AVE--6TH IS FASTER.
YOU GOT IT.
I GOT A REAL IMPORTANT DATE TONIGHT. I TELL YA--SOME NIGHTS ARE SPECIAL.
LIKE YOUR WHOLE LIFE IS--LEADING UP TO IT, YA KNOW?
LIKE YOU WERE WAITING FOR IT AND YOU DIDN'T EVEN KNOW IT...
...AND THEN IT HITS YA--RIGHT IN THE MOUTH! AND YOU CAN'T BELIEVE HOW--
--LUCKY YOU ARE.
AIN'T THAT RIGHT--
--MARC?

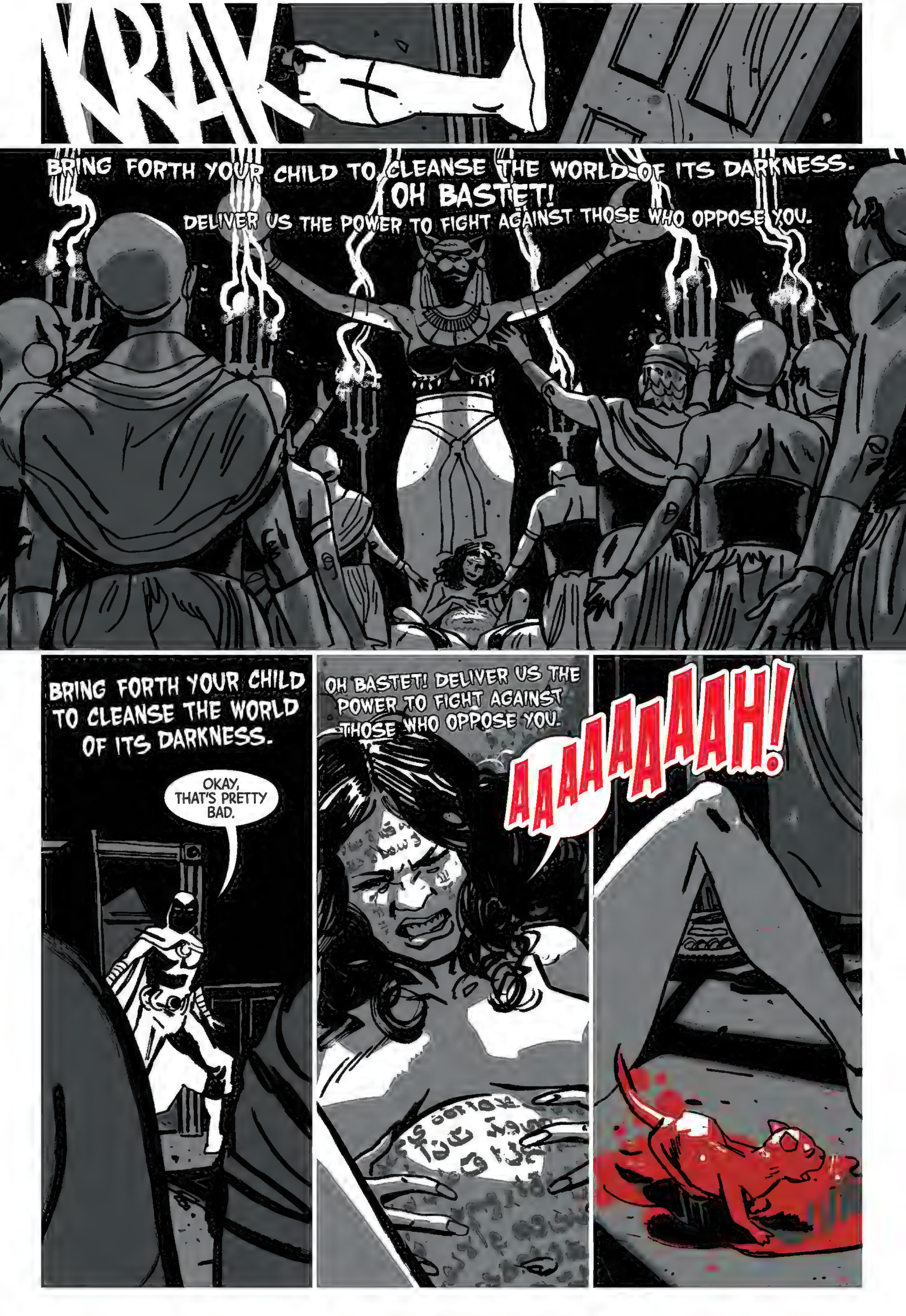

MARC? NAME'S LOCKLEY. DO I KNOW...?
NAH.
BUT I KNOW YOU-- AND I KNOW *HIM.*
LISTEN, I--
HE CAN'T SAVE YOU. YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT? I'M NOT SURE HE EVEN LIKES YOU...
MARC.
I THINK MAYBE THIS RIDE IS OVER. YOU DON'T KNOW ME-- BECAUSE IF--
YOU SOUND WORRIED, MARC. I ASSURE YOU THAT I KNOW YOU--
--AND YOU SHOULD BE WORRIED. IN FACT, YOU SHOULD BE SCARED...
...YOU SHOULD BE DOWNRIGHT FRIGHTENED.
BECAUSE YOU'RE SICK-- AND I--
--I AM THE CURE!

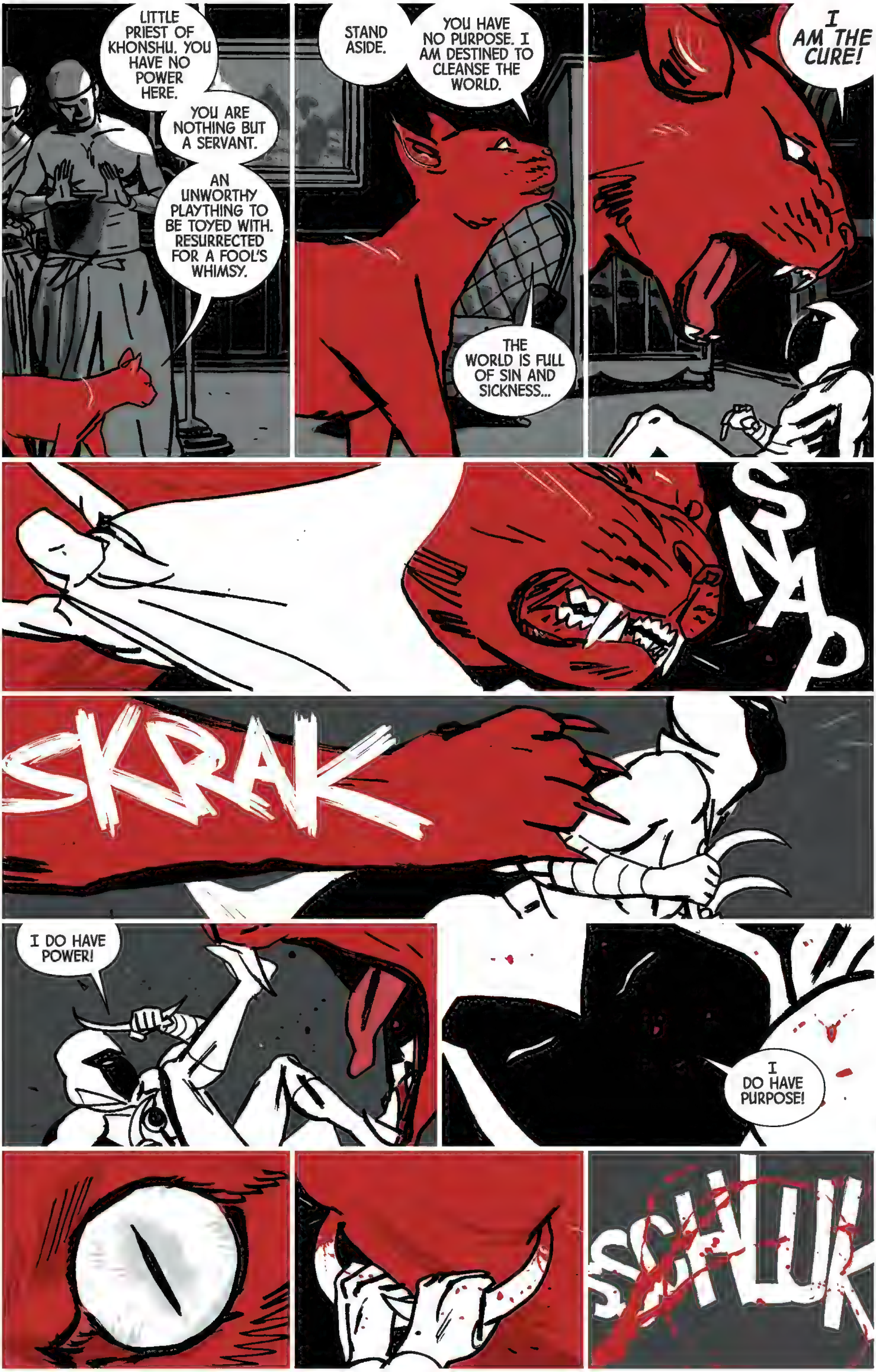

UGH!
MAN, MY HEAD IS POUNDING.
I REALLY NEED SOME...
...SLEEP?
CAT? WHO THE HELL LET YOU IN?
AM I SLEEPWALKING AND OPENING WINDOWS NOW?
JUST ADD IT TO THE LIST. DISSOCIATIVE IDENTITY DISORDER, BRAIN INJURY, ACID REFLUX AND NOCTURNAL WINDOW-OPENING SYNDROME.
COME ON, CAT. STOP RUNNING AROUND AND JUST LET ME SLE--

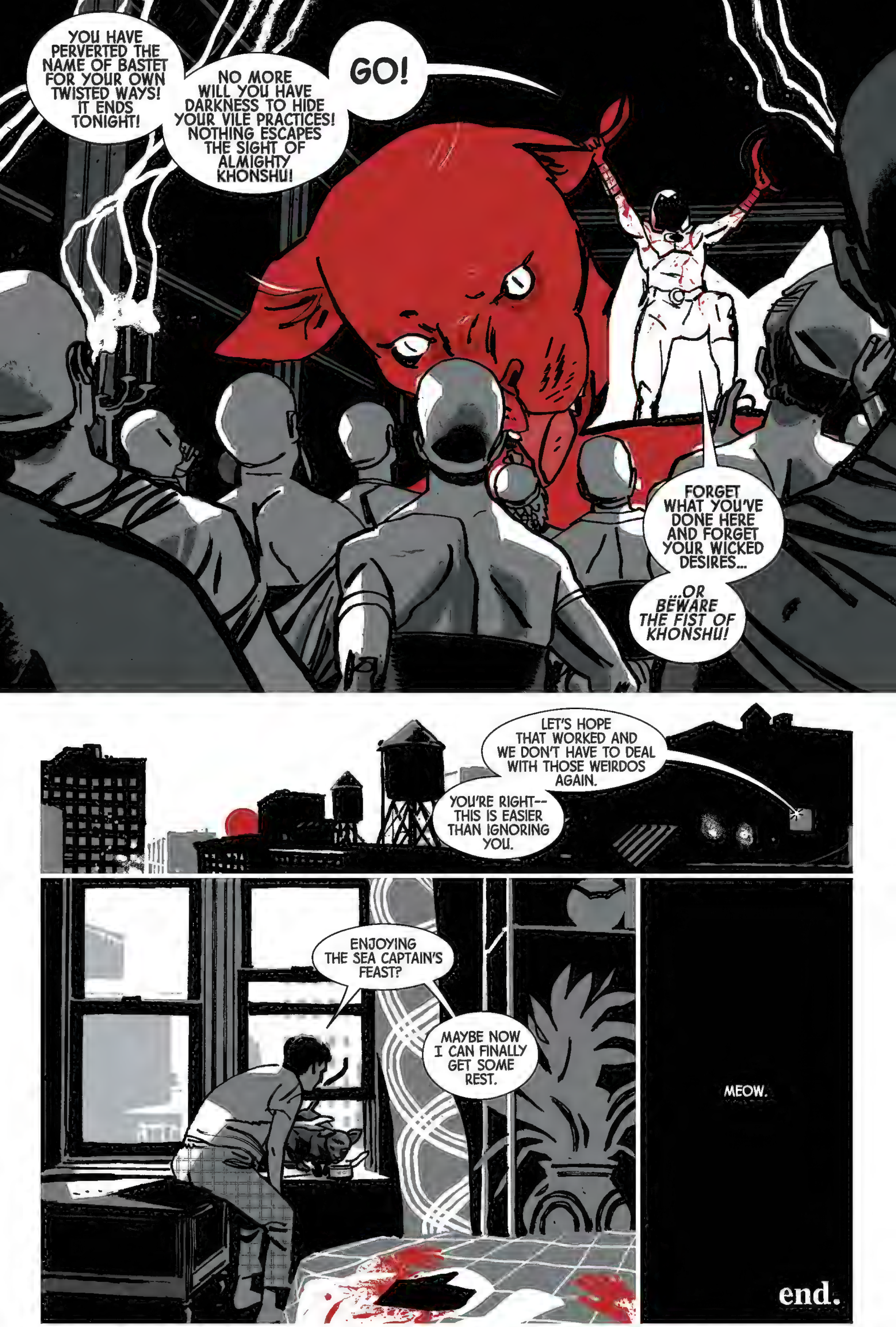

WAIT, YOU'RE NOT...
WHAT IS THIS, A PARTY?
HEY!
GET OFF!
WHERE ARE ALL THESE DAMN CATS--?
WAIT--
JUST LET ME--
I AM THE CURE.


UGH!
ANOTHER DREAM? I CAN'T EVEN TELL WHAT DAY IT IS...
THERE IS WORK TO BE DONE.
THERE.
IS THAT WHAT THIS WEEKLONG GNAWING IN MY GUT IS?
CAN'T I JUST POP OVER TO MY BED FOR A QUICK NAP FIRST?
THERE IS WORK TO BE DONE.
THERE'S ALWAYS WORK. I THOUGHT EVEN GODS TAKE A DAY OF REST.
EVIL DOESN'T REST. THERE IS LITTLE TIME.
ALWAYS IN A RUSH TOO. I'M GOING, BUT WE REALLY NEED TO TALK ABOUT SOME ME TIME AFTER.


WHOA, I'M SENSING A THEME HERE.
THIEVES LIVE HERE.
THEY'VE STOLEN AND ROBBED FOR THEIR SELFISH ENDS.
YOU MUST PUNISH THEM.
SO I'M BEING ABUSED BECAUSE SOME JERKS STOLE A COUPLE OF TRINKETS?
HANNNAMMARUNGMMAAANARUMAAANNNAARUNG NAAAH
THAT'S OMINOUS...
I'M GUESSING THE JERKS ARE UP THERE?
I AM NOT IN THE MOOD FOR WHATEVER IS BEHIND THAT DOOR.
DAMN YOU, KHONSHU FOR MAKING ME DO THIS.


KRAK
BRING FORTH YOUR CHILD TO CLEANSE THE WORLD OF ITS DARKNESS.
OH BASTET!
DELIVER US THE POWER TO FIGHT AGAINST THOSE WHO OPPOSE YOU.
BRING FORTH YOUR CHILD TO CLEANSE THE WORLD OF ITS DARKNESS.
OKAY, THAT'S PRETTY BAD.
OH BASTET! DELIVER US THE POWER TO FIGHT AGAINST THOSE WHO OPPOSE YOU.
AAAAAAAAH!


LITTLE PRIEST OF KHONSHU. YOU HAVE NO POWER HERE.
YOU ARE NOTHING BUT A SERVANT.
AN UNWORTHY PLAYTHING TO BE TOYED WITH. RESURRECTED FOR A FOOL'S WHIMSY.
STAND ASIDE.
YOU HAVE NO PURPOSE. I AM DESTINED TO CLEANSE THE WORLD.
THE WORLD IS FULL OF SIN AND SICKNESS...
I AM THE CURE!
SNAP
SKRAK
I DO HAVE POWER!
I DO HAVE PURPOSE!
SCHLUK


YOU HAVE PERVERTED THE NAME OF BASTET FOR YOUR OWN TWISTED WAYS! IT ENDS TONIGHT!
NO MORE WILL YOU HAVE DARKNESS TO HIDE YOUR VILE PRACTICES! NOTHING ESCAPES THE SIGHT OF ALMIGHTY KHONSHU!
GO!
FORGET WHAT YOU'VE DONE HERE AND FORGET YOUR WICKED DESIRES...
...OR BEWARE THE FIST OF KHONSHU!
LET'S HOPE THAT WORKED AND WE DON'T HAVE TO DEAL WITH THOSE WEIRDOS AGAIN.
YOU'RE RIGHT-- THIS IS EASIER THAN IGNORING YOU.
ENJOYING THE SEA CAPTAIN'S FEAST?
MAYBE NOW I CAN FINALLY GET SOME REST.
MEOW.
end.

#1 VARIANT BY Chris Bachalo

#1 VARIANT BY **Jeff Dekal**

SAKAI
e.FUJII

#1 VARIANT BY **Stan Sakai & Emi Fujii**

#2 VARIANT BY **Dustin Weaver**

#3 VARIANT BY **Nic Klein**

#4 VARIANT BY **Alexander Lozano**

KAMIC RIDER MARIKA